THE BIG SHAKE-UP IN MEDICINE

ANATOMY OF A LOVE AFFAIR / HOW GOOD IS YOUR SWEEP TICKET?

MACLEAN'S

APRIL 1967 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 25¢



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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

APRIL 1967 VOLUME 80 NUMBER 4

So you think you've got legal rights? Ha ha ha

It was two o'clock in the morning. Jim O'Connor had had a couple of drinks, now he was standing there shivering in a cold empty police station in Toronto's North York while a couple of big cops nagged him into a breathalyzer machine — well who *could* think clearly in a jam like that? Not Jim. It didn't enter his mind to ask if it was all right to call up his lawyer. But then nobody had actually *accused* him of anything, had they? The police who'd pulled Jim's Dodge over to the curb out on Weston Road 45 minutes earlier hadn't said he was under arrest and the guys running the breathalyzer hadn't mentioned a charge or anything. Maybe there were no worries after all.

The cops took two breathalyzer readings — 2.0 at 2 a.m., 1.9 at 2.15 a.m. Not good. One cop started to lead Jim down the corridor to the cells out back and on the way he said kind of off-hand, you're under arrest, fella, we're charging you with impaired. That's when Jim panicked. He asked to use the phone and the cop let him make one call. His lawyer was out — not just for the evening, out of town. The cop said, OK, that's your one call, and Jim spent the night in a cell.

Fifteen days later, on Feb. 20, 1964, Jim O'Connor was convicted in North York Magistrates Court of driving while his ability was impaired by alcohol. He was fined $100. But the case didn't stop there. Jim decided to fight the thing all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada, and because he did, Regina vs. O'Connor stands as a kind of small landmark in Canadian jurisprudence. The case makes the point, in perfectly explicit language, that a man in a Canadian police station — unless he happens to be a Mafia overlord, the president of General Motors, a professional man, *anyone* sophisticated enough to know how to handle himself around the cops — has few rights, little protection and not much hope. The O'Connor case makes it clear, in short, that all those fancy privileges that the United States Supreme Court has been handing out lately to American citizens who find themselves hauled in by the police just don't wash up here in Canada.

Three superior courts had a crack at Regina vs. O'Connor along the way — the High Court of Ontario, the Ontario Court of Appeal and the Supreme Court of Canada — and among them they managed to make or to reaffirm these points:

- There is no onus on the police at any time to tell someone in Jim O'Connor's position — or someone facing a much more serious legal jam — that he's entitled to have his lawyer in the station to advise him.
- There's nothing wrong either with the cops' failure to make it clear to a citizen they've brought in off the street that he's under arrest.
- As for the breathalyzer test, anyone can legally refuse to take it, but the police's silence on that point — they certainly didn't tell Jim O'Connor he could refuse — doesn't prevent the test results from being used in evidence against an accused at his trial.
- Even if an accused man *can* show that a breathalyzer test was in some way taken illegally the test results can still be used in court—against him.
- The section in the Bill of Rights that seems glowingly just — no law of Canada shall be construed so as to deprive a person who has been arrested or detained of the right to retain and instruct counsel without delay" — applies only to court proceedings not to what happens in the station house.

But it's precisely in the station house, as Jim O'Connor for one learned to his endless sorrow, that any citizen, no matter how slight or how serious the charge he might have to face, most needs the advice of counsel. If the police wring an admission from him there — never mind whether it's true or false, or how it's obtained — the trial becomes a sad formality. The suspect, like poor old Jim, has already cooked himself. And it's in the station house, too, that the cops have all the weapons on their side, not excluding the suspect's own nervousness.

These are the hard facts of North American life that the United States Supreme Court, unlike its Canadian counterpart, has recently chosen to recognize, and in a couple of remarkably enlightened decisions the American court has extended the protection a citizen can normally expect in a courtroom into the police station. The cases:

- Escobedo vs. Illinois (1964). As soon as a police investigation makes a man a prime suspect, the court ruled, then he is entitled to consult his lawyer. To bar legal aid from the station house, wrote Justice Arthur Goldberg before he left the court for the UN, would make the trial no more than an appeal from the interrogation."
- Miranda vs. Arizona (1966). Every suspect must be reminded by the police "prior to questioning" of his right to remain silent and of his right to have his own counsel present. What's more, the court said, if the suspect is an indigent the police must advise him that the court will provide him with free counsel.

None of these protective rights apply to a citizen in Canada who finds himself in trouble with the police. And that isn't the worst of it for the poor suspect. Canadian court tests of what is and what isn't admissible as evidence in criminal proceedings are considerably more lenient than they are in the U.S. and it's the man on trial who's the loser.

In a Canadian court, to begin with, the judge alone decides at his discretion whether a statement to police was made voluntarily and is therefore admissible as evidence against him. But in U.S. courts there's no discretion. The judge must follow hard and fast rules — the rules established by the Escobedo and Miranda decisions, for example — that decide the voluntariness of the confession for him.

Then there's the doctrine of "poisoned fruit," an American concept that has no application up here. A hypothetical illustration: police snatch X to a third degree grilling and X finally blurts out, "The gun is under my porch." Police find the gun under his porch and take it and X's admission to court. In Canada, the illegally obtained confession is out but the gun is allowed in. In the U.S. the confession is out and because the gun was located only as a result of evidence illegally obtained, "poisoned evidence," it is excluded too.

Once a man is taken out of the station house and into the court house no longer a suspect but now an accused defendant, his rights to protection are again more secure in the U.S. than in Canada — especially if he has the bad luck to be broke.

The U.S. Supreme Court, in another landmark decision, Gideon *vs.* Wainwright (1963), ruled that all indigents get free legal counsel in the court room in felony cases without question. A Manitoba lawyer recently quoted the Gideon case to the Manitoba Court of Appeal in an effort to win a new hearing for his client. The client, an indigent, had appeared in Magistrates' Court without counsel, without asking for counsel and without being advised by the magistrate that he qualified for free counsel, and was convicted of escaping from the Manitoba Penitentiary.

The court looked at Gideon and at that section of the Bill of Rights that guarantees "the right to retain and instruct counsel without delay." Its ruling: "It would have been preferable if [the magistrate] had informed the accused that he might request the services of the Legal Aid Committee but ... there was no infringement of a right guaranteed by the Bill of Rights since he was not deprived of the privilege to retain and instruct counsel." Noted.

All of which leaves Jim O'Connor, who turned out to be an Escobedo or a Miranda in reverse with a criminal record attached to his name — simply because he did his driving in Canada, to the U.S., it's true, a court might still have convicted him but not unless these things had first happened: (a) the cops had told him that he could have a lawyer, any lawyer of his own was off in Acapulco; (b) they mentioned to Jim that he could keep his mouth shut if he wanted; (c)

It's happening to him; it could happen to you. If it does, don't expect Gideon's trumpet to blow this far north.



they'd given him a choice to take the breathalyzer test or refuse it

And don't forget (d) supposing the police failed in any of these duties, then the U.S court would throw out the breathalyzer tests throw out any admissions Jim made in the station— and it would probably throw out the whole case against Jim too

JACK BATTEN

Backstage in Ottawa

Why cheer Carter and boo the bi-bi?

When we're all experts, it's easy to be critical of a royal commission

WHY DID the Carter Commission on Taxation, after taking twice as much time and spending twice as much money as anyone had contemplated at the outset escape serious criticism for its protracted labors and then get deferential, almost reverential treatment when its six-volume report was finally published at the end of February? And why has the Dunton-Laurendeau Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, which has not yet equaled the Carter Commission's four years, been known for a year already as the Bye-and-Bye Commission and seen its recommendations mocked and disdained in advance?

The first question is easier to answer than the second Tax structures are a mystery to the average citizen, as deep and dangerous as nuclear physics. It was no surprise, it was even a kind of reassurance, to learn that the experts got lost in the impenetrable jungle of Canadian tax laws even as you and I They're human too, we thought, and felt better for it Then when we found they were suggesting that the poor should pay less and the rich pay more, our approbation was complete We didn't need to know why or how they agreed with us

The Bye-and Bye Commission has suffered a fate almost precisely opposite Far from being baffled by the problems of a dual culture the average Canadian knows exactly how to solve them The 20 million of us may have 20 million different answers, but each is sure his answer is self evidently correct To spend time and money looking for others or even documenting the one we know in our heart is right is a palpable waste of the taxpayer's money

This much of the B-and-B's trouble was unavoidable So were the caravans of cranks and the cascade of clichés set off by the public hearings But unhappily, some of the commission's methods — especially its questionnaires — tended to confirm rather than correct these inevitable misgivings Most unhappily of all, the worst of these methods were the very ones with which the press came into direct contact

Of several questionnaires circulated among journalists I went through only one but colleagues assure me it was typical At a guess I'd say at least one third of the questions had not the remotest relevance to bilingualism or biculturalism Worse at least one third were so naive as to be infantile

An example of both groups ran something like this

On what sources do you chiefly rely for your information?'

The interviewer was to tick one of the following replies: "Cabinet ministers, senior civil servants, backbench MPs informatio.i officers other sources." No tick was provided for the only answer that made any sense "It depends on the story."

But even the relevant questions are often useless One I saw had to do with the British North America Act and all the answers provided would have given comfort to a Quebec separatist

Another cause of doubt was the commission's inability to meet its own deadlines We heard a year ago that stern orders had gone out to complete Volume I by September 1966 and the rest of the report by Christmas By September the rumored deadline had been shifted to February Now it's said to be June, but realists are already talking of another September

To newsmen whose professional skill is meeting a deadline every day, these shortfalls are self-damning They can see the difficulty of writing hundreds of thousands of words on schedule, and the greater difficulty of having each paragraph passed by a committee but they can't quite understand it or excuse it The failure guarantees the commission a bad press

This is unfortunate There's good reason to believe that many B and B reports will be uniquely valuable They will bring precise facts into a territory ruled until now by unsupported opinion No matter what the commission recommends, and whether or not its recommendations are accepted, this solid body of work will still be useful But its chances of being quickly approved ar appreciated by the Canadian public are virtually nil

BLAIR FRASER





A flying-wedge of protocol experts handed by Cat Kenneth Kennedy Behind them, a board to keep track of three VIPs n week

CAPITAL PRESS

How protocol HQ will handle Expo's 60 VIPs

ONE QUEEN wanted to bring an entourage of 42, including a pedicurist A nervous president announced he would be accompanied by his personal bodyguards, armed with submachine guns Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco wrecked the schedule by insisting on traveling in separate planes so if one crashes the other will live. And all Ottawa shudders at the rumored possibility of Charles de Gaulle making a grand entrance to Canada's 100th birthday celebrations by landing at the same place Wolfe did in 1759 to take Quebec.

Somewhere between 55 and 65 very top people — kings, reigning queens, princes presidents, national representatives, prime ministers and lesser breeds of dignitary — are making state visits to Canada and to Expo this summer. The first to arrive in Ottawa will be Emperor Hade Selassie, of Ethiopia, on April 30 Thereafter they'll come at a peak rate of three a week in what's probably the biggest celebrity shuttle in world history And the protocol problems that presents are horrendous

Appropriately, the government has appointed two generals to solve them operating under Lionel Chevrier Commissioner General for Visits of State Gen Howard Graham will manage the three visits of our own royal family and Gen Robert Moncel will handle all other nabobs

Gen. Moncel has the biggest headachas it takes awesome tact to shuffle kings and presidents around on a schedule so disciplined it makes a military manoeuvre sound like a children's party, to explain why we can't accommodate an entourage of 42 (including pedicurist), to convince an anxious president that the RCMP don't need the help of bodyguards toting machine guns

The biggest protocol nightmare would be to have two heads of state in the same provincial capital or in Ottawa at the same time So Gen Moncel's staff of about 100 many of them ex-officers, has produced a basic general-purpose timetable. It is, fundamentally.. a logistics problem and a simple, repeatable schedule is the best way of handling tha problem ' says Col Kenneth Kennedy, a militarily dapper Englishmann seconded from the Defense Department to be Gen Moncel's chief of staff

Each visit is keyed to national days at Expo, when each participating nation mounts special displays and entertainments These are to be on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and the appropriate chief of state, or his representative, must be at Expo that day A sample schedule for, say.. a king whose national day is on a Tuesday would go something like this

Two a.m Sunday: arrive Dorval airport Montreal (Ottawa's Uplands airport can't take big jets), 2 30 p.m., board special train from Dorval 4 30 p.m , arrive Ottawa station for state drive to Parliament Hill and a formal greeting near the Centennial Flame by the governor general That evening an official banquet at Government House, with the governor general as host (It will never be a *state* dinner since such functions are long on protocol They require the presence of the chief justice and the prime minister, and Pearson will need the odd night off to get on with the job of running Canada.)

Next morning the visiting king will be given the chance to meet a cabinet minister of his choice, and the opportunity to hold a press conference At midday Prime Minister Pearson will hold an official luncheon At 2 30 a m (around the time the next visitor in the shuttle is landing at Dorval airport) the king must be aboard his special train for the return trip to Montreal where he will be met by Mayor Jean Drapeau entertained at a civic dinner accommodated at one of several hotels, and (if he wishes) escorted to a command performance of the ballet, the theatre or an orchestra Next day — Tuesday — being his national day at Expo he'll preside at the celebrations and tour the fair

Therenfter he enn visit two provincial capitals at Canada.s expense, though if he wants to stay longer (like Queen Juliana of the Netherlands who spent part of the war in Canada) he.s on his own Most visitors who have announced their intention of coming to Canada have accepted invitations to visit Quebec City Their second choice depends often on the location of ethnic groups the president of Italy if he comes is expected to visit Toronto the official party from Iceland waats to visit Winnipeg the German party wants to visit Alberta One visiting president wanted to drop in on Banks Island in the West Arctic a place best known for the Arctic fox and flocks of lesser snow geese, but was dissuaded because of the problems of getting him there Another wanted to see Indians in their native habitat in the free hour between five and six during his Montreal visit And the Quebec government is expected to fly Prince Albert of the Belgians and his wife Princess Paola to see eskimos at Fort Chimo on Ungava Bay

This basic schedule slightly varied will be repeated about 60 times If the visitor is not a king or president or official head of state, but only a representative then the governor general still meets him — but the salute is of 19 guns not 21

Kings reigning queens.. presidents and other heads of state will stay with the governor general at Rideau Hall, his official residence All others will stay at 7 Rideau Gate, a 7 bedroom house bought by the federal government and recently redecorated and refurnished This refurbishing has been overseen by Mrs Pearson and Mrs. Gwendolyn Blair formerly Judy LaMarsh's executive-secretary, who has been appointed official government hostess at the Rideau Gate house

Catering is one major headache *Coq-au vin* is a banquet chef's favorite so to make sure no visitor is offered the dish, or any other, tuna and again.. chefs along the celebrity shuttle will swap menus They share other problems too. President Shazar of Israel must be served only kosher food No one will serve pork to the Indian party And one Asian president is allergic to shellfish

The biggest problems, however are imponderables Organizers may for instance, fear a repetition of the Kwame Nkrumah incident in which a military junta took over Ghana in his absence Already we've lost one visitor to a revolution in December President Grunitzky of Togo a new African state accepted the invitation to visit Canada, was deposed in a *coup d'etat* in January — and his successor hasn't announced whether he'll risk the same fate by leaving Togo to visit Expo

To plan for such eventualities, Ottawa's VIP greeters are working overtime in four stories of offices ou Ottawa's Sparks Street They've even set up a Pentagon-style operations room, dominated by a vast board that covers one wall VIPs' movements preferences and probable problems are plotted on the board with multicolored pins Visitors might mistake it for a ground plan of the D-Day landings "We know something will go wreng sometime' says ex army major Terence Larkin the man who runs the ops room. "But with sufficient advance planning it shouldn't be anything serious it's already assuming the proportions of a major military exercise.'

But what may well prove to be the greatest protocol embarrassment can't be solved by any amount of advanced planning It centres around the possible shortage of reporters in Ottawa. Naturally the newspapermen will show up in droves for a press conference given by LBJ or Le Grand Charles but by mid-summer the pageant of lesser VIPs will begin to palt Few things could be more damaging to Canada's friendly relations with Togo, say or Mauritius than for the chief of state to call a press conference and find himself addressing one lonely wire-service man

ALAN EDMONDS

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"It's easy. All you do is walk in and yell 'Carter Report.' "

The move to harness the snowmobiliacs

With six-year-olds at the wheel, is the snow-sled situation under control?

UNTIL A FEW YEARS ago, motor-driven snow sleds were the exclusive conveyance of Mounties, trappers and progressive Eskimos Now with more than 150,000 in use in Canada, snowmobiles have created the biggest transportation boom since the introduction of the lightweight motorcycle And like their summertime counterpart.. they've created a major problem in vehicle control

In Quebec, where about half of Canadian snowmobiles are made and operated, the problem last winter reached the proportions of a minor scandal In the space of three weeks last February and March snowmobiles were involved in four fatal accidents. One victim was a 10-year-old boy whose snowmobile hit a train at a private crossing Another was a 13 year-old boy in St. Jerome whose snowmobile collided with a taxi But the case that attracted the most comment involved a five year-old girl in St. Eulalie who died after the snowmobile in which she was riding collided with a truck. The snowmobile's driver was injured but survived He was police reported in wonderment, six years old.

Underage drivers aren't the only problem Conservationists are alarmed by reports of snowmobile drivers chasing deer until the animals dropped dead from exhaustion And police are wondering how to discourage snowmobilers from taking shortcuts along the clear tempting expanse of snowed over railroad lines Rail riding caused at least two fatalities in Quebec last winter Police say the practice is especially insane because few drivers can hear an approaching train above the roar of the snowmobile's two-stroke engine Besides, added the CNR in an announcement last February the machines are heavy enough to cause a derailment

All the abuses — plus the acme of the snowmobile's engine, which sounds like a chainsaw — have prompted plenty of complaints but few solid legislative proposals Clearly, children shouldn't be allowed to drive them wherever there is traffic — but Quebec transport department officials point out that this is already illegal There are no licensing requirements on private property, but a valid car license is needed to take a snowmobile on a public highway Rail-riding is illegal ou the grounds of simple trespass and deer-chasing is forbidden under the provisions of existing game laws

In Manitoba last fall after two snowmobile riders were killed in a head-on crash with a car the legislature passed a bill that severely restricts access of snowmobiles to public highways As to Quebec, no license is required for traveling on private property But the driver must be licensed before he can legally cross a road and snowmobiles must meet formidable equipment requirements — "to the extent of extreme modification" — before they're allowed to share public roads with other traffic Saskatchewan is reported to be considering similar legislation

But apart from keeping snow-sledding moppets off busy highways, there's little that legislation can do to reduce the hazard — which, according to snowmobile industry spokesmen, is lower than the accident rates for both cars and pleasure boats You'll always have your nuts and your hot-rodders," says one manufacturer, "but we don't need any new laws to deal with them Basically, it's a question of education and enforcement."

DON BELL

"That steak was raised on turkey litter..."

THE TORONTO housewife didn't consider herself any more squeamish than the next girl But there are limits Here she was enjoying her first dinner out in months — a nice juicy filet mignon in a downtown restaurant — and then her stupid husband had to tell her Say darling, did you know that they're feeding poultry manure to cattle? That filet could have been raised on turkey litter " Gulp The evening was ruined

No one knows just how many beef and dairy farmers use protein rich turkey litter as a feed supplement But Dr George Jones, professor of crop science at the University of Guelph.. says the practice is pretty common across Canada Most farmers keep quiet about it They are worried

Farmer Bechtel with calf no more turkey-litter beef from him



Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

about consumer reaction — and with reason.

Consumer groups have been fulminating about litter feeding for years. Their objections aren't just aesthetic. They also claim the litter could be responsible for communicating salmonellosis (a form of food poisoning) and avian TB to the entire. Moreover, says Mrs. R. E. K. Pemberton, former president of the Ontario Consumers Association, the litter is known to influence the flavor in cheese, milk and possibly meat.

So far extensive federal government tests have failed to prove any of these charges and the Department of Agriculture has issued no formal directive against turkey litter. But at least one farmer — university graduate Robert Bechtel, has been told by government veterinarians that he might not be able to market his animals for beef if he continues to use turkey litter.

Bechtel has prudently switched to urea as a feed supplement for the 500 head of cattle on his modern farm near Kitchener, Ont. Urea, an approved feed supplement, is basically the same compound as turkey litter except that it is produced artificially and costs about 25 percent more.

"It costs me about $3,000 extra a year to use urea instead of turkey litter," he says. "The consumers don't seem to realize that this additional cost will be passed on to them. Poultry litter is one way we can keep the price of beef down."

Prof. Jones agrees. "Consumer hostility to turkey litter is voodooism," he says. "It's like the people who told Galileo he was nuts."

JIM ROMAHN

Science

A disposable toothbrush and other devices

All designed to make life faster, easier, cleaner. When will it ever end?

WHAT CAME first: people on the go looking for shortcuts or shortcuts for people on the go? Obviously there was a time when people didn't care about brushing their teeth after every meal; were resigned to the fact that they couldn't play golf on some courses until June, and expected to spend months looking for the new house that would best suit them. No longer. For better or worse, our way of life is being changed by these inventions.

▪ The Disposable Toothbrush. It solves the between-meals problem for the estimated six million Canadians who don't have a toothbrush handy. Slide 25 cents into the vending machine and out pops a cellophane-wrapped toothbrush. The treated nylon bristles foam with peppermint-flavored dentifrice when the brush is dipped in water. Brush vigorously, throw away, and enter the business meeting with a confident smile. The vending machines will soon be installed in many busy public washrooms.



▪ Electric Golf Greens. Bizarre changes of temperature on the mile-high Banff Springs Hotel golf course (the Chinook can bring a swing of 60 degrees overnight) have meant that greens are seldom ready for golfers before June. Six years of experiments by Dr. J. B. Lebeau, head of plant pathology at the federal government's research station in Lethbridge, Alta., have resulted in a thermostatically controlled electric earth warmer. Cables laid 10 inches below the greens in a predetermined pattern maintain a constant heat of 28.4 degrees throughout the winter. Grass flourished despite climatic changes, and golfers should be able to tee off as early as April. The system isn't exactly cheap. Engineers estimate it will cost $60,000 to wire the entire course. Other possible applications: all-weather football fields.

▪ Real-Estate Computers. Looking for a three-bedroom house with a southern prospect three minutes from a bus stop? There's no need to wear your feet out any more. At least one major real-estate firm in Toronto has installed a computer that will do the looking for you — and firms in other cities are likely to follow suit. The computer is programmed to categorize all details about available properties — everything from swimming pools to fireplaces — and within 60 seconds can feed the relevant information back to prospective buyers.

▪ Instant Op Art. Anybody can be an op artist with a British-designed gadget called a Spirograph. Put a ball-point pen in any one of the Spirograph's various holders and a series of intermeshing plastic gears, racks and rings create an infinite variety of perfect designs. First marketed in 1965, the Spirograph won best toy awards in France and Britain and will soon be available in Canada. The gadget also has commercial and therapeutic possibilities. It is already being used by fabric designers, art schools and hospitals.

EDITORIAL

What are the admen selling? Prosperity

IT HAS BECOME fashionable lately to blame the cost of advertising for driving up the price of goods. This is roughly equivalent to logic to condemning doctors for an epidemic of Asian flu. Advertisers and their agents, the so-called hidden persuaders, are in fact the most visible performers in modern society, their very exposure makes them enticing targets in the consumers' shooting gallery. It is therefore refreshing to note, as Jack Batten reports on page 24, that some advertisers may at last turn their persuasive talents to presenting the case for advertising as a force for social and cultural as well as economic progress.

Advertising is socially useful because it is informative — the best and cheapest method yet devised of guiding consumers to the variety of goods and services available for better living. It is economically useful for precisely the reason some critics deplore: because it makes people want things. The demand for goods creates jobs, and according to the Economic Council of Canada, we need to provide 750,000 new jobs in the next four years.

All the evidence indicates that advertising tends to hold down the price of goods for which a high sales volume is needed to support mass production. When food prices went up steeply in Canada last year, 80 percent of the increase was in the cost of farm products which required little or no processing and to which advertising was not a factor. Processed and packaged foods — the advertised products — accounted for just three percent of the price increases.

Andrew Kershaw, managing director of Ogilvy and Mather (Canada) Ltd., in a recent speech quoted two opinions from widely different sources. One was John T. Connor, U.S. secretary of commerce: "Without advertising we most certainly could not have had the unprecedented prosperity of the last five years."

The other was an article published by the ministry of trade: "We should spare no effort in the organization of good advertising. Neither should we economize on advertising because expenditures for it are regard a hundredfold."

The Ministry of Trade in Ottawa? No, the one in Moscow.

Don't knock royal commissions

IT'S PROBABLY a symptom of our current political malaise that government-appointed royal commissions, which have never been more useful, have never had a worse name. The commonest criticisms are that they're either (a) a device for political procrastination or (b) an archaic, monarchy-oriented institution that could beneficially be replaced by well-equipped parliamentary committees.

There's some merit to these arguments. Royal commissions *have* sometimes been used as a substitute for action, and there are many instances where a parliamentary committee equipped with adequate research machinery could have done an equally capable job.

But this month, with the massive Carter report on taxation still warm from the presses, it's timely to assert that there'll always be a place for royal commissions in the Canadian political system. The Carter Commission spent more than four years studying the archaic hodgepodge of Canada's tax laws. Its recommendations for reform are, in the main, unassailably brilliant. If the government adopts the bulk of these suggestions, this country will have the world's most modern, most equitable tax system — something most of the world's finance ministers would regard as desirable, but beyond hope of achievement.

Thanks to the efforts of other long-sitting royal commissions, it's been possible to evolve a basis for federal-provincial relations that's served us for nearly three decades (the Rowell-Sirois Report), to follow a long-term blueprint of where the Canadian economy can and should go, and why (the Gordon Report), and to effect a massive overhaul of our financial institutions (the Porter Report).

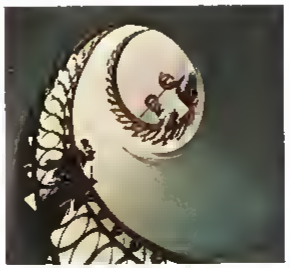
It's odd that our royal commission system isn't more widely appreciated by Canadians. Abroad, it's often the object of envy.











IF
YOU APPRECIATE
VARIETY
YOU'LL LOVE
NEW BRUNSWICK

Vacation this year in a Province that's different —where the slower pace, the things to see and do, and the balmy sea washed air make every day a fun day. And where modern motels and hotels, camp sites and trailer parks cater to restful nights.

On the South and East coasts, colorful fishing villages are the delight of photographer and painter—charming and interesting to visit for the whole family. Fascinating cities, rich in history, stimulate the imagination and bring alive Canada's beginnings. In the city of Saint John, for instance, which boasts Canada's finest all-year harbour, you'll find an historic museum which graphically tells the story of the sea, including models of the great sailing vessels that traded throughout the world from this port. In Saint John, too, there are hand some houses from the 18th century, mementoes of the Loyalists and relics of the War of 1812. In Fredericton, the Province's capital, you'll find the famous Beaverbrook Art Gallery, home of many fine paintings, both contemporary and classic... a new, comfortable playhouse offering fully professional theatre throughout the season; and some of the finest examples of colonial architecture grace the west bank of the broad St. John River.

The St. John River Valley stretches almost the entire length of the Province from North to South—a true sylvan beauty spot settled and tamed by New Brunswick's pioneers, including many thousands of United Empire Loyalists who fled the fledgling United States in 1776. Some of North America's finest warm water beaches are located on New Brunswick's East coast. You'll discover mile upon mile of sandy foreshore washed by the sea which averages 70° in July and August. It's easy to find your own stretch of beach or you can join the swimmers at carefully supervised play areas.

No vacation in New Brunswick is complete without a visit to the many wonders of nature for which the Province is world famous. The Reversing Falls at Saint John, for example, caused by the surge of the Bay of Fundy's 30 foot tides; the Magnetic Hill near Moncton where you'll swear you are free wheeling UPHILL; the Tidal Bore on the Petitcodiac River in Moncton...and the famous vase shaped rocks at Hopewell.

Pay a visit to Fundy National Park. 80 square miles of scenic beauty equipped with all the ingredients for a complete vacation. Parklands





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Should proceedings of the House of Commons be televised? To find out what kind of show it would make, SUSAN DEXTER spent a week watching what goes on. Here's what you're in for if MPs get the word

SMILE! THERE'S A CAMERA IN THE HOUSE



RECENTLY THE great debate about televising the proceedings of the House of Commons was resurrected. Those opposed said it would turn parliament into a circus; those in favor, including Opposition Leader John Diefenbaker, said it would of anything change the House for the better.

The talk went on and on. But no one seemed to be considering what the TV camera would see — and what it wouldn't see. To be fair, it wouldn't see the work done in cabinet, caucus and committees; it wouldn't see members at work or at play in their offices. But surely it would show exactly what happens in the Commons chamber.

To find out what a camera could bring to your television screen from parliament today, I spent a week observing the debates. Here's what I saw.

MONDAY, 2:30 P.M. Question time. Some 135 of the 265 members are present. Papers rustle and members talk as the Speaker calls the House to order after the daily prayer. George Mcllraith, the soft-spoken government House leader, announces that the Christmas vacation is to start in 17 days. Frank Howard, of the New Democrats, jumps to his feet and tries to catch the eye of the Speaker, Lucien Lamoureux. "The honorable member for Skeena," intones Mr. Speaker. I wonder," asks Howard, a look of boyish innocence on his face, "whether the minister has taken into account the fact that some honorable members already may have gone on their Christmas vacation?" Mcllraith doesn't reply; the House bursts into laughter; some members pound their desks in approval, and the Speaker recognizes another questioner.

3 P.M. MPs start drifting out of the chamber. George Hees, the ruddy-faced contender for the Conservative leadership, is first to go. He stands in

continued on page 44

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Pickersgill: "Oh, what a phony"

his place bows formally to the Speaker turns walks back past the five rows of desks through a curtain at the side of the chamber and disappears

As Hees leaves, Opposition Leader Diefenbaker is into his second minute of a question to Immigration Minister Jean Marchand. It concerns three Yugoslavian ship jumpers, two of whom have been deported. "I ask the minister to give serious consideration to this situation because surely we in Canada do not want to drive back those who have left Communism."

MR. SPEAKER: Order please. MR. DIEFENBAKER (Hurt): "Mr. Speaker, you rose to interrupt me—" MR. SPEAKER: "Order, please. I rose because I felt the question had been asked in that point." Diefenbaker sits down. Marchand answers his question. Diefenbaker promptly asks another.

3:20 P.M.: The House moves into discussion of a guaranteed income of $105 a month for old-age pensioners. Between $260 and $300 million is involved. Health Minister Allan MacEachen is on his feet for 28 minutes by his watch. Only five cabinet ministers are left in the House. (Some are designated each day by House duty, just so cabinet ranks won't be completely depleted after question time.) Prime Minister Pearson and Minister of Finance Mitchell Sharp sit alone on the front row, looking like two deserted birds on perches, both leaning their heads tiredly on their left hands. About 10 minutes after MacEachen starts talking, Pearson begins twirling his ear piece (used for translation). Sharp notices his leader's fidgeting, moves over to sit beside him and the two laugh and talk together.

George Chatterton (PC, Esquimalt-Saanich) picks up his pipe, and takes up a position behind the curtains, leaning his head through to hear what MacEachen is saying. (Smoking is forbidden in the House itself.)

Harold Danforth (PC, Kent) moves from desk to desk on the Conservative side of the House, joining five different groups of his colleagues in their jokes and conversations, looking for all the world as though he is circulating at a civil-service cocktail party.

MacEachen is still talking.

Chatterton returns to his seat and asks MacEachen two questions. Once they are answered, he resumes his post behind the curtains.

There were 90 reporters in the press gallery at question time now only five remain. Tudor J. Zink, a columnist with the Toronto *Telegram*, has his reverie broken — he's a left-hand neighbor, too — as MacEachen concludes his speech and his fellow Liberals pound their desks in applause. Zink straightens up, pauses and walks out.

4:20 P.M.: Danforth, his wandering complete, leaves the House.

"Not many people will get $365 more per year," Social Credit Rally member C. A. Gauthier is saying. "However, there will be a lot among the patronage hoodlers, the Liberals, some families I know."

About a dozen of the 31 members remaining in the chamber protest. One says: "Come off it." Another shouts, "Come on." A third yells, "No." But *Hansard*, the daily record of parliament, reports all this hubbub in its prosaic but time-honored fashion as simply, "Some hon. members: Oh, oh."

As Gauthier continues in French, Michel Starr, Conservative House leader, sits wiggling D. Cleaver's empty chair. He doesn't bother to put his translation device in his ear until Margaret Rideout, the only bit of female color on the government side of the House (Judy LaMarsh is away this week), calls across to Fisheries Minister Hédard Robichaud, "He's crazy," she says, gesturing toward Gauthier. Starr picks up her remark and puts in his ear plug. Three minutes later, he leaves for a smoke.

My scorecard for Monday — newspapers read, five question time lasts 50 minutes, the old-age pension resolution passes after six hours and 20 minutes, private conversations during debate, dozens, unrecorded asides, at least seven, House attendance, less than a quorum of 20 members (four times, though no one even objected to that).

Three breaths and a gasp

TUESDAY, 2:30 P.M.: Question time. Immigration Minister Marchand finishes his reply to John Diefenbaker on the ship jumpers. He sits down. Diefenbaker, his hands on his hips, walks back and forth by his desk, occasionally stabbing his right index finger and gesturing with his glasses.

The minister has added to the cloud of doubt which surrounds the actions of his department," he says. Jack Pickersgill, now minister of transport but once minister of citizenship and immigration, brings up what he feels to be a skeleton in Diefenbaker's closet — the admission of George Christian Hanna during the Diefenbaker regime. (Pickersgill had been roasted for not admitting him) and Hanna's later deportation is an undesirable. "I am glad to see the Minister of Transport back in the House again," says Diefenbaker, his voice oozing sarcasm. "Oh, what a phony," Pickersgill rejoins as he settles back in his chair in disgust.

Robert Thompson, leader of the Social Credit, is not so succinct. In fact, he manages the longest single-sentence question of the week — one concerning the Canadian position on Rhodesian sanctions. It lasts for 112 words, three breaths and a gasp.

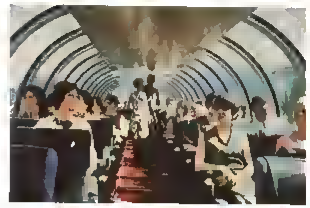
I. M. Brand (PC, Saskatoon) expresses concern that the report of the advisory council on physical fitness and amateur sport is five months overdue. "I will be glad to check immediately," says MacEachen. "And advise my hon. friend when he may expect to read this exciting document." (Gentle titters heard in the chamber.)

3:20 P.M.: The House resumes its consideration of medicare. Just before debate begins, Margaret Rideout leans forward to MacEachen, who's re-

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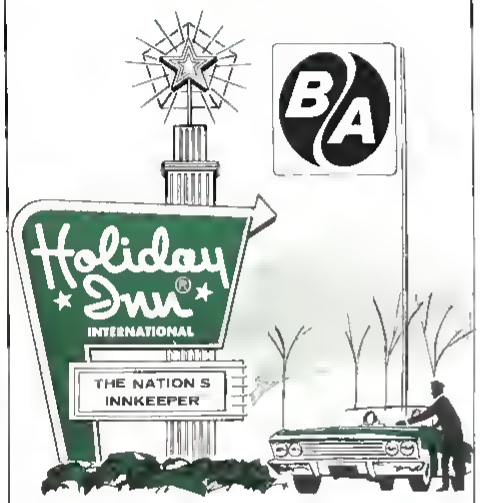
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ARGUMENT

Murray Barnard says: John Cabot discovered Canada. So what do we do? Ignore him



John Cabot's mistake discovering Canada — if he'd landed farther south he'd now be as famous as Columbus

QUICK, NOW, all you Centennial-spirited Canadians: can you tell us who discovered our country in the first place? Smart pupils would probably insist it was that anonymous Mongolian who several millennia ago, first made his way across what is now the Bering Strait. Others would plump for Leif Ericsson, the Viking Ulysses who almost certainly explored parts of the east coast around the year 1000. But the Mongolian discovery belongs to prehistory, and the Viking discovery didn't take. The man who really discovered Canada in the modern sense was — remember? — the Genoese merchant captain John Cabot.

Cabot, whose little ship Matthew set out from Bristol, England, in 1497, made two fundamental mistakes — neither of which was really his fault. First, he discovered Canada instead of the Orient he was seeking, which disappointed his English backers. Second, he discovered Canada instead of the United States, which virtually assured his everlasting obscurity. Had he made his landfall somewhere around Cape Cod instead of at Newfoundland and Cape Breton, he would probably now be as famous as Christopher Columbus.

Having accepted Columbus as its discoverer (although, in fact, he never so much as sighted the coastline of continental North America), the U S has gone all out to establish him as such, with a national holiday and several major place names. Cabot, in contrast, receives scant attention even in Canada — a few lines in the standard school texts and two paragraphs in the Encyclopedia Canadiana which tend to stress how little is known about him. No particular emphasis is placed on his achievement. Canada, with an authentic discoverer, has chosen to ignore him.

It's a strange kind of reticence. Is there an Australian child who does not know Cook, an American schoolboy who has not heard of Columbus or the Pilgrim Fathers? Certainly Cabot should rate equal space in our pantheon of national heroes. Instead, he gets short shrift and is overlooked or forgotten by students partly because the queasy pedants who compile Canadian history texts hold dullness to be a virtue and have no stomach for fresh research. The school books need rewriting.

Cabot was no itinerant sailor who happened to bump into our coast by mistake. His discovery was not an isolated event. Cabot was part of an impressive team composed of some of the best scientific minds of his day. They were drawn from two separate nations, England and Portugal, both of which were rising in importance on the Atlantic seaboard of Europe at that time. One purpose was to improve the technology of navigation and extend man's knowledge of the Western Ocean. The other was to put a man on the far distant continent. Given the difference in 15th century knowledge and technology as compared with ours, their program to reach this continent bears a distinct analogy to the present-day space program. In fact, Cabot's discovery of Canada required almost 20 years of intense and tireless exploration, about the same length of time our scientists say is needed today to place a man on the moon.

Preparations for the vast exploration program began in 1480, when state officials were sent by Portugal to the old Norse colonies which still existed in Greenland, to learn what whatever they could about the fabled land lying beyond the Greenland sea. We know today that the Vikings who colonized Iceland with the help of Irish serfs in medieval times sighted our country as early as 986. The legendary Vineland mentioned in their Sagas may have been anywhere from Cape Race to Martha's Vineyard or even Wisconsin. But this much is certain: the Norsemen did have at least one settlement in Newfoundland in the 11th century. Archeologists recently located it on the northern peninsula at L'Anse aux Meadows near St Anthony. *continued on page 65*

Murray Barnard, a Halifax writer, is author of Expo book on the Atlantic Provinces

The time to think about selling a car is before you buy it.



When it's all said and done, most of us buy a new car because of how it looks and handles. Which helps explain all of the '67 Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Beaumonts, Acadians, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs you see on the road. But we at GM have always thought a new car should bring you more than just new car excitement. We think it should bring you a good return on your investment, come trade-in time, too. And resale prices show our GM cars do just that. In fact, most GM cars historically have the highest resale values in the industry. And indications are that history will repeat itself again this year. Look to the General Motors mark of excellence. It's your sign of a car that will look as good to the second owner as it will to you. It's something to think about.

Look to the General Motors mark of excellence

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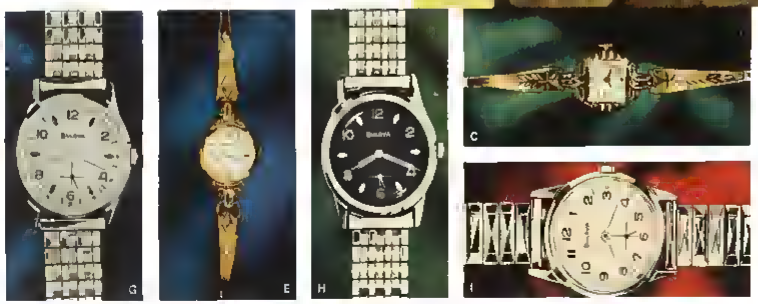
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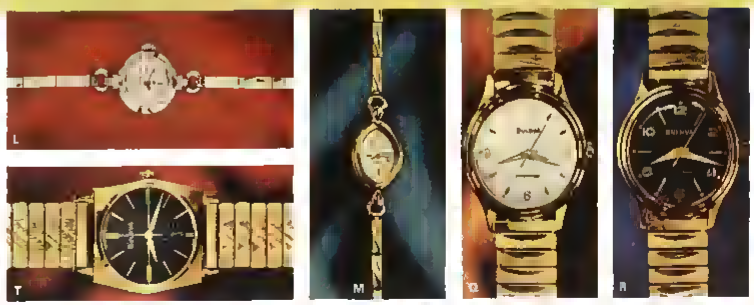


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Choose any two of the 17 Jewel Masterpieces on this page for just $67 Built to Bulova s exacting standards all are shockproof and feature Bulova s unique unbreakable mainspring Model "A" (in jewel gift case above) an elegant lady s model available in white or yellow "J" his model a handsome yellow dress style "G" is waterproof and comes in stainless steel "E" is as feminine as the passion wheel it receives in your choice white or yellow "H" a masculine waterproof stainless steel model (black or white dial "C" another charming model for her in white or yellow and "I" a waterproof watch in stainless steel All watches illustrated with bracelets as shown These watches may also be purchased individually at your Bulova Jewellers.



Select the two you like the best Model "S" (shown in jewel case) is a handsome, slim 17 Jewel executive model "O" the female half of the set is a delicate 23 Jewel square model with round dial in white or yellow "L" is designed in the popular round style 23 Jewels white or yellow "T" is a slim thin 17 Jewel style charcoal dial "M" a tiny 23 Jewel model featuring the feminine oval styling in white or yellow "O" is a 17 Jewel waterproof watch with sweep second hand luminous hands and dial "R" is same as "O" but with black dial Each model has a smart expansion bracelet These timepieces are shockproof and come with Bulova s unbreakable mainspring Each is made to Bulova s standards of precision-excellence Any 2 on this page may be purchased in the gift jewel case at the exceptional price of 2 for $130 or individually in a single gift box (not shown)

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MAILBAG

Who was belled? / Frontiersmanship

Ra Dalton Camp Tim Vun Who Fundly Ballud The Cat He may have had it on himself

WINIFRED MCCARTHY TAMWORTH

* Anthn Alexandni Ross says "Ottawa seems to be run by spinsters Smm spinsters have never had a chance to run Ottawa is it fun in sporting in applthn Kent in the ineptitude of the polithns who do run Ottawa" Ross also says "Ottawa a city of mld women Is it necessary to continue to threaten spinsters and old women in this manner"

MRS I I MIDDLEHOUSE ISMAILITHS DIST

Alexander Ross replies "I guess I do turn an apologetic to the elderly women and spinsters of Canada for comparing them with unsophisticated to federal politicians Sorry girls"

* Most disturbing thing in the article is the suggestion that the kind of leader the young Conservatives are looking for is someone like the late President Kennedy Kennedy was a conservative all right but a study of his career shows that his only consistent political principle was how to get power and to keep it We have trouble enough getting rid of our present leader whose appeal like Kennedy's is not to reason but to the emotions — R I FLORA VANCOUVER

Praise be, we're different!

In *Fresh Canada* photographer Robert Fresen sums up what I have discovered about Canada by coming to the U S "There's a feeling about Canada that I don't get in the States Yes me a little slower a little kinder more polite And that's the most delightful thing of all" My wish for Canada is that though the population grows she not lose that slower pace that feeling of having time for people that she recognizes herself as a smaller power than America that she doesn't have to mean that she is different

VALERIE GARSTIN BURNHAM MICHIGAN

That new frontier

As a Barbadian living in Regina I can graduate *Maclean's* on Nicholas Sleeth's very well written *Tan Caribbean Our Sunny New Frontier* I was particularly pleased at this statement "Barbados is a splendid island of 250 000 highly educated people it claims its literacy rate is 99 percent which would make it more literate than Canada" Why then does not the education department here recognize our high school standards? Why does it insist that we take senior matriculation before we can enter first year university?—BETTY WILLIAMS BARBADOS

* I'll welcome the day when we will have reciprocal rights and West Indians can truly say Canada Our New Fatherland"—C BENJAMIN TORONTO

* West Indians want to emigrate to Canada because there population is too high and is rising at an excessive rate Proper birth control would be a better solution and Canada should channel its help in this direction coupled with aid in education and trade

MISS R CAMPBELL MONTREAL

* Congratulations on the suggestion that Canada should do much more to help the islands Instead of spreading our largesse so thinly throughout the needy parts of the world as to be meaningless, why not concentrate on doing a really worthwhile job in the Caribbean where we are admired and loved much more than we deserve?

ARCHIBALD NEWMAN OTTAWA

* Canada's immigration laws are open to criticism but do not discriminate on grounds of race color or national origin To draw all highly skilled people badly needed at home or to encourage large scale immigration of unskilled workers for whom low jobs are available in Canada would scarcely benefit the West Indies The Jamaican People's National Party described by Sheed as Marxist oriented is about as Marxist as the British Labor Party Equally wide of the mark is his prophecy that Jamaica is apt to go completely Red and his suggestion that Communism is rampant in Trinidad The definitive answer to such views was given by the Jamaican Minister of Trade and Industry in a moving American lady who inquired whether the island was likely to follow in Cuba's footsteps Madam he replied with commendable restraint we are not Cubans We are members of the British Commonwealth and we play cricket"

LISABETH WALLACE HELP OF POLITICAL ECONOMY UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Nicholas Sheed replies Color discrimination may not be explicitly written into Canada's immigration laws but this has not stopped the laws being used as a barrier to colored people wishing to enter Canada I suggest Miss Wellman talk to any working class West Indian who has tried to gain entrance to Canada As to the PNP in theory it may still be a moderate left wing party similar to the British Labor Party In practice the powerful men within the party wanting to take it into what Norman Manley stepped down were almost to a man extreme left wingers Not the least of these was Manley's son Michael

"Parents are stupid"

Your Reports article *What Canadian Kids Get A Rotten Deal in Daniel Coit* implies that the majority of North American parents are stupid—and you're right Intelligent people—present company excepted—are looking on the dullness when the dunces is dim Don't tell me poor people reading *Maclean's* can't afford to buy candles

Z GOMBERG MR CORNWALL ONT

Listen, Stranger

"*A Stranger In My Own Land* by Solange Chaput Rolland will certainly do nothing to make the rest of the country feel more kindly or sympathetic toward Quebec She cannot expect the other provinces to change their attitude toward Quebec unless Quebec changes its attitude toward the rest of Canada

J M FERRIMAN PONOKA ALTA

* Methinks she crossed the border of Quebec with a sizable chip upon her shoulder — a chip from the knotty block that long since should have been ground in pulp to blend with the all-Canada blend

CHARLOTTE HUNTSMAN TRURO NS

Continued on page 116



Visitors on P E I's Lone beaches



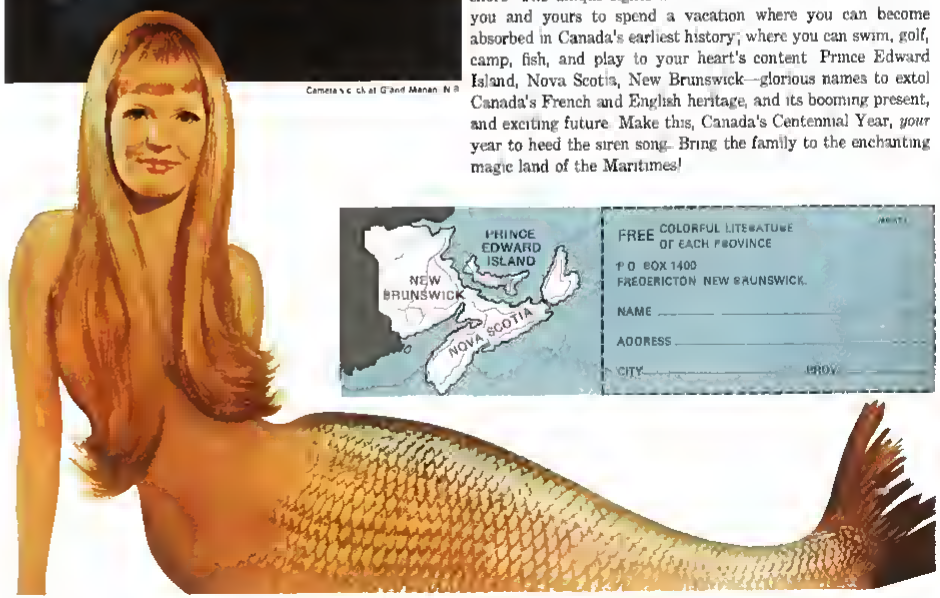
The age of steam in N S



Camera sketch at Grand Manan N B

Magic of the Maritimes

Heed the call of the sea—the siren sound of the Maritimes is abroad in the land Listen, and you'll hear the restless surf, the indrawn hiss of a returning tide, the crash of wave on rocky shore The unique sights and sounds of the Maritimes beckon you and yours to spend a vacation where you can become absorbed in Canada's earliest history, where you can swim, golf, camp, fish, and play to your heart's content Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick—glorious names to extol Canada's French and English heritage, and its booming present, and exciting future Make this, Canada's Centennial Year, *your* year to heed the siren song Bring the family to the enchanting magic land of the Maritimes!



FREE COLORFUL LITERATURE OF EACH PROVINCE
P O BOX 1400
FREDERICTON NEW BRUNSWICK.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY PROV

Now... LTD hardtops from Ford with Comfort-Stream Ventilation . . simulated walnut door panels . . . and all the luxury of Twin-Comfort Lounge Seats that hold 3 or divide into separately adjustable lounge seats with armrests

Now... XL hardtops from Ford with a sweeping fastback roofline . . Thunderbird bucket seats . . standard 289 cu. in. V-8 . . Command Console for the SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission that you can shift manually if you wish!

Now... A Mustang hardtop from Ford with a Tilt-Away Steering Wheel that moves out of your way when you get out and tilts to your favourite driving position . . . Integrated Stereo-Tape System that lets you hear your favourite music anywhere!

Now... Fairlane hardtops with championship performance up to a 390 cu. in. V-8 . . power front disc brakes that give you extra braking power under severe conditions . . . and all the sporty excitement you get from driving a bucket-seat beauty!

Now...isn't it time you tested a '67 hardtop from Ford?



FORD XL 2 DR HARDTOP

See all the '67 Ford hardtops—the quiet Ford, the performance-minded Fairlane and the sporty Mustang—at your Ford Dealer. Talk to him about Ford hardtops, you could be talking yourself into a new kind of excitement!

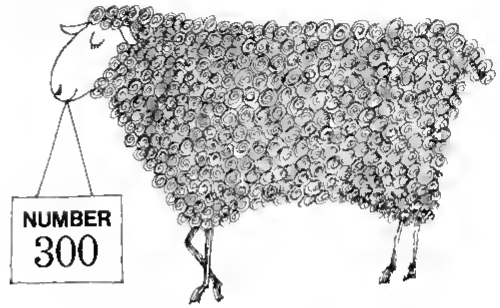
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FORD



Ever seen a book made out of 300 sheep?

Or people getting an education by drinking words? Or paper made from watermelon? Or paper scissors that can cut steel? We'll show you all these things—and more—in the Canadian Pulp and Paper Pavilion at Expo 67.

In a dazzling theatrical setting we'll immerse you in the drama of paper—past, present and future. We'll show you films, cartoons, live stage presentations bringing the story of paper to life, vibrantly, before your eyes.

We'll show you why pulp and paper is rightfully called Canada's most spectacular and progressive industry. Just bring us your eyes and ears —we'll do the rest.

The Canadian Pulp and Paper Pavilion



QUICK NOW: WHAT'S YOUR DOCTOR'S FIRST NAME?



If you can answer that question, you're part of a vanishing generation. Increasingly, medical care is coming to involve a team of specialists, batteries of expensive machines, and a hurried encounter with someone you've probably never met before. Is this trend desirable? Or is there still a place for the old-style family physician? Doctors themselves can't agree. Until they do, your chances of getting the best medical care — or even a hospital bed — are lower than they should be

BY ALAN EDMONDS



At Nightingale School of Nursing [illegible] Toronto, girls get new style instruction stressing professional duties not slave-labor chores, and graduate in two years. For report on nursing crisis see page 91

AT A TIME WHEN medical science can do more for what ails us than ever before, we the patients are asking with disturbing frequency "Can I trust the doctor?" And we ask the same question about nurses, hospitals and other medical people. It hasn't yet reached the proportions of a crisis of confidence, but it is a symptom of a largely unrecognized revolution that is quietly agitating the world of doctors, nurses and hospitals — the people in whose hands we place our lives.

Doctors who sometimes seem unable to agree whether a toenail is ingrown or not currently display an alarmingly unanimous belief not only that Canada is perilously short of doctors, but that many of those now treating patients — general practitioners particularly — are badly or inadequately trained and not necessarily good at the job. Nurses whose principal off-duty concern has long been the alleged paverty level of their pay are beginning to show even more concern at Canada's dependence on immigrant nurses and the way nurses are trained, then misused. And the nation's hospitals faced with waiting lists of thousands are privately plagued by the question "Are hospitals a safe place to be sick?"

The medical profession is split with bitter wrangling over whether Canada should stake its future health on the general practitioner or the specialist. Nurses are muttering rebelliously about "slave-labor" training which has them doing menial jobs in hospitals and which may be the real reason for the so-called nurse shortage (Canada actually has a better nurse-to-population ratio than most other nations). And the hospitals are openly admitting they spend too much time on the chronically sick, the aged and the convalescent while thousands of the curable go begging for attention, suffering physical and psychological agonies while waiting for it.

Somewhere at the eye of this hurricane we patients sit a little frightened, not as confident as we once were that doctors, nurses and hospitals really are good for us, and only vaguely aware of this largely uncoordinated revolution that's swirling about our heads and being conducted in our name.

Two months of studying the problems that beset the world of medicine have simply shown me that there's an alarming lack of agreement about where this revolution is leading, or should lead, and about the best way to harness its energies. Everyone agrees new training methods for doctors are needed, and a new concept of medical practice must be evolved. Yet medical educators and doctors' organizations can't agree on how to produce the doctors and what this new concept should be. So they're currently spending a billion dollars, *a billion dollars*, on new and improved health-education facilities — and can't agree whether they're spending it wisely or not.

Anyone who has tried to get a doctor to make a house call lately has found evidence of the doctor shortage, but it's the doctors themselves who are most alarmed at their own shortcomings: they sponsored one survey which suggests that around a quarter of the nation's estimated 10,500 GPs are so incompetent their patients are "probably exposed to severe risk."

This, along with the numbing pace of scientific discovery and the upheaval in social and moral standards, has split the nation's doctors into two camps. One, which could be called the right wing and is supported by GPs, doctors' organizations and medical schools in western Canada, says that a new style GP, trained as a specialist in family medicine, should be the pivotal figure in Canadian health services. The other camp, the left wing which draws most of its support from specialists' organizations and in eastern Canada, believes the GP is obsolete and that specialists in group-practice clinics should take over the job of providing basic medical care for us, the patients. This left wing argues that / continued on page 93

If teams of specialists like the one at left do replace the old-style GP, what do we lose? See overleaf



I think the country [illegible] is a rewarding life. I like a good living, but thank the Lord the hours. Early each morning patients call asking Dr. Bruce Crowe to put medicines on the mail truck for drivers this day. "I do a lot of my work by dispensing, and if I know the patient I'll prescribe on the phone," he says. But they often call before 8 a.m., when he leaves the hospital 17 miles away at



Everybody in town knows this doctor's first name

It's Bruce — Dr. Bruce Crowe, of New Germany, Nova Scotia. He delivers babies, cures the sick — and even fights fires. Is he medicine's best hope for the future — or is he already obsolete?

IT'S A SMALL WORLD and a lonely one. Sometimes you can only see the rewards in an old man's eyes or a boy's trust or a newborn baby's first wriggle as you slap it to life. And Bruce Crowe, MD 49, the only doctor for 10 miles around his home in New Germany, Nova Scotia (pop. 623), is hard put to explain why he's stayed 21 years when, in a bigger town, he'd make more money and have more time with his wife and two teenage daughters. "I like the country. I like the people, and most of the time I like the job," he says. He is a general practitioner, perhaps one of a vanishing breed that is threatened by the new science of medicine and the specialists who practise it. Still, it's hard to imagine what New Germany and the 3,500 people in the neighborhood would do without him. He even fights their fires, as chief of the village volunteer fire department. And because he is given a godlike role in matters of life and death, and because he is privy to the secrets of the people around him, Dr. Crowe is of the village, and yet not wholly part of it. "A pedestal is a lonely place," he says.



If you know your patient well and what's going on at his hour, you can do a better job. Dr. Crowe has known Leigh Veinot, 80, and an ex-logger for years, now checks his progress following an operation for a perforated stomach ulcer.

I like to help people. Nothing makes me feel better than bringing someone back from death's door. Dr. Crowe pauses for coffee (left) after a session at the Bright Water Lanpad. Next, he'll return to his office and waiting patients.

Those vessels are as big as crab apples and they'll have to come out. Dr. Crowe tells his wife (right) about a few weeks ago his wife was in hospital. Now, he has a different



CONTINUED



I know I'm important to this community and that in itself is a reward. But his my town and I like it and I'm involved in its affairs. As well as running the New Germany volunteer fire department, Dr. Crowe is also clerk of session of the local United Church, sings in the church choir as well. "Between the hospital, the office, emergency calls, fire alarms, I never have a dull moment," he says. But sometimes he mourns, "There's never enough time to spend with Jessie" (his wife below)

When Dr. Crowe hung up his shingle in New Germany, a logging and farming town 85 miles from Halifax, one of his first patients was a woman who announced, "There's some as says you're good and some as says you're not worth a damn, and I've come to find out." In those days there was another doctor in the area, but he retired and no one replaced him. "I don't think you'll find many more GPs coming out to the country," says Crowe. "Medicine's too complex, too commercialized today. A fellow can set up in practice anywhere and be swamped almost immediately. Me — oh, I'll stay now. I'll probably die here." Until then, he'll work hours no unionist would tolerate. They begin almost daily with a telephone request for medicine or a visit, and by 8 a.m. he's driving 17 miles to the hospital in Bridgewater, where he's chief of medicine and performs an average of one operation a day. At 11 a.m. he's back in his front-room office at home, and between then and 9 p.m. may see 25 or more patients. Each year he takes a month's holiday because "if I didn't I'd pretty well go haywire," and wishes he could take refresher courses annually. "But every time I'm due to go, I find there are a few babies due, and I can't." His income is about $18,000. Mostly, his patients pay in cash, and his fees depend on their circumstances. On house calls to one of the poorer families Dr. Crowe charges only car mileage. He makes up many of his own prescriptions and rarely charges a dispensing fee. "This place would be in a mess without him," says one local storekeeper. "He fights a pretty mean fire, too." ★



Food for leisure living

The Prairies

A Ukrainian Easter breakfast

By Marjorie Harris/Photo by Tom Saunders

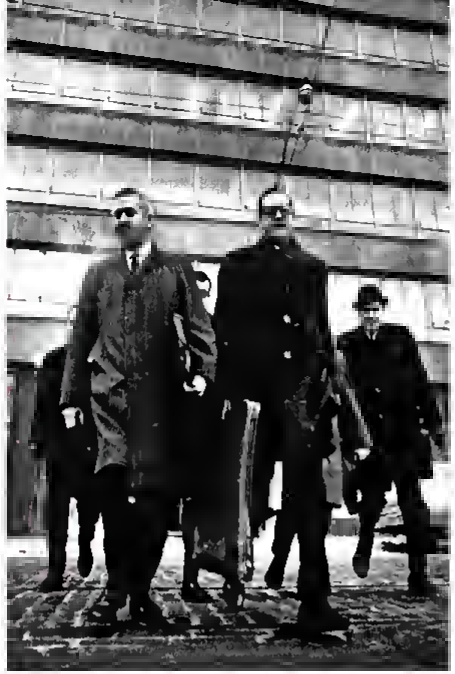
Kuteyn[illegible] (Easter)

This is the triumphant Ukrainian hymn that rings across the Prairies on Easter morning. Families descended from the Ukrainian pioneers who settled in the west at the turn of the century flock to church for the ritual blessing of their baskets of *paska*. *Paska* the round, richly ornamented bread shown on this page is one of the holiest of all foods, and it still plays a central role in Ukrainian-Canadian ceremony. As for the palate, *paska* is an aristocrat among breads. It is much richer than ordinary bread, with a very light, doughy quality. Bread is never wasted in a Ukrainian-Canadian household. It is used as thickening, stuffing, coating and garnishing. Along with the delightful breads (the tall iced loaf is a *babka*), the basket of food blessed at the church holds another ancient Ukrainian item, *pysanky*—intricately decorated and artfully dyed eggs. But they're strictly for looking at, not for eating.

Complete menu and paska recipe page 67

THESE GUYS ARE TRYING TO SELL YOU SOMETHING:

They're members of our most visible industry but we still persist in calling them "hidden persuaders." So what's the odvertising profession reolly like? For the answer, take a laak inside the natian's biggest advertising ugency. A corporate profile BY JACK BATTEN



THE PISTOLS With an ad campaign mapped out Ted Hough and Bill Vernon stride from MacLaren offices leading a clutch al agency talent off to see the client



THE BRASS MacLaren President George Sinclair (foreground) discusses agency policy with some of his senrai executives in his private office (from left) H M Turner Allan Fleming, George Elliott Gerdon Reneau Harry Rowlands, Peter Webb and W H Graham

MACLEAN'S

OH LORD these *rubes!* What's George Sinclair supposed to say to them? Here's George a suave buttoned-in guy, class stamped right on his forehead the president of MacLaren Advertising Co., Limited, biggest ad agency in Canada out in front of number two by an easy $10 million worth of billings Sharp, successful George and here he is gracing a chair in one of these Ottawa committee rooms sitting across from a line of senators and MPs propped up behind a table over there The Special Joint Committee Of The Senate And House Of Commons On Consumer Credit. And now — oh Lord — this Warren Allmand, MP starts grilling and *he doesn't understand!*

The thing is George didn't even have to be there It was mostly his idea in the first place to come down with his fellow ad guys from the Institute of Canadian Advertising and talk to the committee

THE POETS Word-and-picture treatments for ad campaigns come from creative" teams. Bearded Marty Myers, with his group cracks, "We're so anxious to get to work we start in the elevator."



Well he'd thought a couple of months earlier we've taken it from all these Vance Packards for years all these *intellectuals* who don't understand about the ad game So let's just once do something for the old image We'll go to Ottawa and it'll be decorous you see and gentlemanly and nice atmosphere and these people will listen and get the message about what ad guys are really like and we'll straighten out some of their little misconceptions Okay? Right So what's happening now? Young Allmand is happening—W Warren Allmand 34 Liberal lawyer Notre Dame-de Grace—coming on like the great, angry, giant cliché anti-ad voice of everyone who doesn't comprehend

Whiter than white " Allmand snarks " 'Things go better with Coke" And You meet the nicest people on a Honda How do you *prove* these things are true? How do you explain that something nice happens every time you drink Salada tea?"

George keeps his constant cool So easy to be exasperated but he's used to these beside-the-point cricks sir "First of all we are not here before you to defend vulgarity I happen not to think the examples you have chosen *are* vulgarity but we have no suggestion here to you that *every* advertisement —cautiously for this Allmand— has been utterly free of some questionable taste in some people's eyes and a "

Come clean, Sinclair! Allmand butts in I AM ASKING IF IT IS TRUE

A senator Let him answer

Allmand "I want to know if the claim is true

Well George Sinclair wants people like Allmand to understand how the ad business is different now how we've changed and George knows that a lot of silly nit-picking over some clever ad guy's clever line is a waste of time really, but—what the hell So he stays deadpan and he says straight

"I don't happen to have anything to do with Salada tea but — nodding nuck-wisely—"I'm entirely happy to agree that something nice happens when you drink it " And that night, heading back to Toronto he's thinking that maybe after all these years of sitting around feeling defensive about the damn business actually suffering but silently maybe we'll show them yet Maybe maybe we'll answer back

THAT WAS on December 13, 1966 and two months later in the halls of MacLaren's five floors—11th 12th 14th 15th 16th—at 111 Richmond Street West in Toronto, the windows of the front offices zeroing out on Viljo Revell's City Hall and Henry Moore's Archer, there are 400 ad people ready to tell you that definitely George Sinclair is so right The advertising business is an okay stylish tough and really *creative* way to make a living Forget about the three Bloody-Marys for lunch stuff, they say Forget about *The Hucksters* and Sydney Greenstreet spitting on the conference table for the greater edification of the agency men Just forget all the condescending intellectual-critical nonsense like James Agee's line writing in a letter to Father Flye "The general verdict is that I can do a lot if I don't give up and *write advertisements* "

The ad business has changed Up there on the 15th, the executive floor Peter Webb MacLaren's account management chief talks about the New Think for his contact men — these are the account executives who chivvy along MacLaren's clients "If my contact guy is a pistol he says leaning over the desk riveting you with a pair of Indian-scout's eyes "and he's up against a round-earth company" — he means a company that's got sophisticated management — "he can get his hand close to its throttle He can make it go It's beautiful stuff "

And along the corridor here's George *(continued overleaf)*

Photographs by Frank Grant



PRODUCERS There's more to the ad-agency business than making a TV, radio or print pitch. There's the touring Imperial Oil Revue. Russ Moore supervises a rehearsal

Elliott MacLaren's political man — he handles the Liberal Party, nothing less — and a writer who had a queer dark collection of stories called *The Kissing Man And Other Stories* published by Macmillan in 1962. "No, no, no. Advertising isn't all Vance Packard and three martinis. Nuts. It's sort of grey at the temples and a quiet life in the suburbs."

"Four or five years ago, you could sell out in this business. Not now." This is Allan Fleming, head of the creative department on the 14th floor. "Now you've got to do a fantastically high quality job — by anybody's standards. A TV guy around our shop comes to a commercial with something like John Updike's fasemation with the short story. He's got these 58½ seconds to make his statement and persuade the people he's right. Not everybody can do it, of course. Nine people in the business are great, you know, and the rest just use the dialogue and wear a decent suit, which is still enough to con a lot of people."

Barry Harris, one of Fleming's TV producers: "A lot of creative people who could be doing the job for the CBC are working for MacLaren. Actually, if it wasn't for the ad business, the talent drain out of this country would accelerate incredibly."

IF YOU LISTEN to Marty Myers and his MacLaren group, the key moment in recent advertising history occurred a few years ago when a New York agency named Doyle Dane Bernbach designed an ad for Volkswagen that simply showed a nice big photo of a Volks and under it, in nice big print, one word: LEMON. ("This Volkswagen missed the boat: the small copy went on. "The chrome strip on the glove compartment is blemished. . . preoccupation with detail means the VW lasts longer. . . .") Oh revelation! Someone had at last substituted simple wit for corn in advertising. Doyle Dane also proved that Avis tries harder because it's number two, and asked what idiot changed the Chivas Regal bottle and generally advocated that Advertising Is An Art — or at least a subtle, witty, intuitive kind of craft.

This fresh thought had about the same impact on a lot of frustrated agency copywriters that Thelonious Monk's cliché-free piano playing had on a lot of jazz musicians. It was liberating — at least it struck Marty Myers for one, that way. He's a tall, big-nosed, rabbinical-looking man with a black beard and a lot of *chutzpah*, and he's the head of one of the seven creative groups that operate within MacLaren's creative department. Each group contains a couple of copywriters, an artist or two, a broadcast producer, maybe an apprentice writer, and each group works on its own accounts in its own style. Myers' group is, for MacLaren, the Doyle Dane pocket.

"All it is, it's just sell the product but do it in a nice palatable and, you know, *whimsical* way," Myers says. "Don't yell, don't insult the people. We did an Atlas tire commercial a while ago, and for 60 seconds you had this boy swinging back and forth on an old tire tied to a tree branch. There were lots of pretty pictures of the boy against the leaves and the sunlight and nature, and this voice-over talking very quietly about tires. The whole thing was just meant to say, Hey, we're nice guys at Atlas. It wasn't soft-sell, not even super-soft-sell. It was *non*-sell. But that's good."

Or take batteries. After all, a car battery is something that, if it's working, you don't want to think about. You certainly don't want to hear some guy talking about it on television. So for this battery commercial we decided it'd just be a seed-planting operation. We showed a film of a battery and then we used all this post-hypnotic technique — beeps, a flashing dot, whirling lights, suggestive voice-over saying things like, 'In 60 seconds you will forget this battery, but when you need a battery, you'll think of us,' and so on.

The CBC commercial-approval people were *stunned* when they saw it. "You can't use this," they said. "There's danger of mass hypnosis." I said, What? Are you crazy? I don't know the first thing about hypnosis. But anyway, I took the thing to this expert, a doctor of hypnotics or something, and he said the CBC's right. There are six elements you need for successful hypnosis and somehow I'd got them all in there. So I took out the sonar beep and the flashing lights and went ahead and used it. I wasn't happy — the cuts hurt the commercial. But it's going to sell batteries, which is what the client wants. It's a nice thing to look at, which is what the guy in front of the TV set wants. And it wasn't insulting or anything to work on — it was good *hard* work — which is what we want."

But not everyone around MacLaren happens to want the Doyle Dane Bernbach school. MacLaren is like J. Walter Thompson in the U.S., which is to say BIG," Barry Harris says. "We've got the variety and we can do every style of ad, depending on what fits the client. The only thing we don't do is *schlock*. If you want a lot of nasal passages or pictures of a pill gurgling through your intestines, you go to another shop."

Thus, speaking jargonwise, MacLaren will whip you up a "Lucky Girl" commercial if your product resists any other approach. Lucky Girl is the kind that promises you something wonderful if only you'll try our hair spray, our deodorant, our brassiere, our car. They'll say, The Closer He Comes The Better You Look, and then prove it on paper or on film. They're the ads that threaten to fill every girl's bedroom with 100 handsome men — or perform the same service, in reverse, for the fellas — and they make up probably the largest percentage of the 1,500 commercial messages you're hit with every day. Or MacLaren will deliver you a little David Ogilvy (if that's what'll work). Ogilvy is the adman who put the eyepatch on Baron Wrangel for Hathaway Shirts and invented Commander Whitehead for Schweppes and his ads are known in the trade as "encyclopedia time" because they give you facts, facts, facts about the product, a picture at the top of the ad, a newsy headline followed by several yards of very crafty body copy. ("The more you tell," Ogilvy philosophizes, "the more you sell.")

So MacLaren will do Ogilvy for / *continued on page 84*



BY JON RUDDY

YOU'RE BUYING A DREAM—AND NOT MUCH ELSE—WHEN YOU BET ON THE SWEEPS

AS FOR THE ODDS, they are pretty bad. Sergeant of Detectives John Wilson of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Department figures they are just about as lousy as the odds in favor of drawing a royal flush in poker: about one in 1,200,000, he says.

But the several million Canadians who buy Irish Sweepstakes tickets three times a year don't care about that. They are not buying a scrap of paper. Like the consumers of all get-rich-quick schemes, they are buying a dream. In this case, a lovely, lingering dream of the Sweeps' top prize money of $140,000, tax-free. One hundred and forty thousand dollars! That is still enough to change a man's life overnight. That is enough to . . . to tell old Hinkley at the plant where to put his chip-board, to buy a T-bird and a chicken farm and a river of champagne, to feel on the back every night the private glory of raw-silk pyjamas and in the stomach every morning a bright golden glow of digestive distress.

The Irish Sweepstakes is the oldest, the biggest and probably the best bet — as bad bets go — of several dozen professionally organized lotteries that Canadians bet on. Lotteries are still illegal here. Under Section 179 of the Criminal Code both sellers and buyers of lottery tickets are liable to a two-year prison sentence. But there is no minimum sentence and the buyers are hardly ever prosecuted; the sellers, when caught, usually get off with a light fine.

With the Sweepstakes it's a case of the police trying, not very hard or effectively, to enforce an unpopular law. A Vancouver police official admits privately that / *continued on page 59*

THE AFFAIR

A true report, by the three people involved in a tragic triangle, on the how and why of a messed-up marriage.

An inquiry by IAN ADAMS

1. THE WIFE

I KNOW IT'S SUPPOSED to be a crummy thing for a wife to do. But in those days I was horribly suspicious and lonely, so every chance I got I would go through his briefcase or the pockets of his clothes. One evening he went to the bathroom and left his jacket hanging over a chair. I quickly went through the pockets and found this letter. I couldn't read it right there, so I put it under the sofa cushion and waited until he went out, "back to the office," he said. My God, when I think now about all those back to the offices!

Well, anyway, I put the kids to bed. Then I got the letter out and read it. Then I started to shake, and shake. It was really quite an innocuous letter, except for one phrase — one awful crude phrase, about what she wanted to do to him the next time she had a chance. I guess I behaved like an awful idiot. Every woman thinks in a sort of abstract way just how she is going to handle the news that her husband is having an affair. You know, with dignity and quiet restraint and all that. But when it really happens it doesn't work like that. The first thing I knew, I was in the apartment upstairs, telling this woman, whom I only sort of vaguely knew, I just went up there to borrow some tranquilizers, but I was in such a state I cried all over her and even showed her the damn letter. Then I went in a great phoning jag and tried to phone everyone who knew us, even remotely. I told them I had found out and all I wanted to know was who she was and how long had it been going on. You know, you really find out who your friends are when you pull something like that. Most of them backed off very quickly, and a couple of real bitches sort of cooed into the telephone, "But darling, I thought you knew all along."

I must have read that letter a hundred times before I crawled into bed. I was still awake when he came home after midnight. I could hear him in the bathroom and I lay there rehearsing exactly what I was going to say to him. But he came in and got into bed without switching on the lights. He put his arms around me, and I thought, *Oh no, he's going to make love to me.* I was really frightened. Then I thought *This is the way to do it. The cold contempt bit. Then I'll tell him afterward.* I thought I could just lie there and not feel anything. But of course I was just kidding myself. Later, when he was asleep, I got up and put the letter back in his jacket.

I sort of crawled through the next three or four days on my hands and knees. I didn't know what to do. On an impulse one afternoon I went over and had coffee with the wife of one of the architects who works with my husband. I wanted to find out if she knew anything. I had met her only once before, at one of those awful office party things they hold at Christmas. She is really quite a poisonous woman. But she told me everything. In fact, once she got going she couldn't shut up, not even after I had been in the bathroom to throw up.

It was one of those office affairs. I had already half-guessed that. But what really frightened me was that it had been going on for more than six months. We've been married almost 10 years. I'm 32 now, and I'm not saying I was a saint, but I've been unfaithful to my husband once, and I deeply regretted that. It happened because he was away on a long business trip, and I was lonely. It happened because the person was there, and because I'm human, and

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2. THE HUSBAND

YOU CAN CALL IT chemistry, magic, whatever you like. I don't care. But it was there the very first time we met. *Whew!* I had just walked into another architect's office and there was this new secretary sitting there, waiting for her boss to get off the phone. He had his feet up and was looking out the window, so he didn't even see me come in. I can remember my stomach did a flip-flop while I just stared at this girl with all this white, white skin and black hair. The great pair about it was that it was going two ways. She just stared right back at me. And we knew. We both knew that something was going to happen. The funny thing is we didn't even exchange a word and, after a couple of minutes of all this electricity going back and forth, I turned around and got out of there.

Nothing happened right away. Because, well, frankly I'm not a lady's man. I'm not even very good at meeting them. The only woman I knew anything about was my wife. We met and married when I was still in my third year at university. I never regretted that. She was good for me. Everything I knew about sexuality and love was tied up with her and I didn't want anyone else. And since our marriage I had never been unfaithful. I loved her, I guess I still do.

Another reason why nothing happened immediately between this girl and me is because a couple of days before I had come back from Houston, and I was very depressed. I was the third project architect to be called in on that job and I inherited all the mistakes and compromises of the first two. Before I left, the vice-president of our firm had called me in and told me this was my first big break and to give it everything I had. Well, after I had been down there for a while I realized that, no matter what I did, I would come out of the job looking bad. And that's the way it happened. When I got back I realized that I was going to have to work good and hard to re-establish myself in everyone's eyes.

About two weeks after my return we had this horrible evening at our place. We had invited over four other couples, two of the men worked in the same firm as I did. I remember my wife was going on about how hard I must have worked in Houston because of all the weight I had lost. Houston was the last thing I wanted to talk about, especially in front of those guys from the office, so I cut her off fast. I guess I didn't do it very gently because she looked hurt.

Then there were all these little secret glances going on between her and one of the other men. Once while I was talking to him, I suddenly realized he wasn't even listening to me. I turned around to follow the direction of his eyes and I realized he was looking at my wife. I could hear her saying something about how she had missed me while I was away and that the only good thing about it was that she'd found it a lot easier to keep the place tidy and didn't have to go around picking up my dirty socks and shirts. Right away all the other wives chimed in with all their favorite little tricks for getting their husbands to pick up their own clothes. It really turned me off. You know, there [illegible] couples. All the men are making five-figure incomes. One of my best friends is trying to flirt with my wife. And all these women can talk about is how to get their husbands to pick up their underwear. I remember thinking to myself, *After nine years,*

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3. THE OTHER WOMAN

HE HAS THESE beautiful big hands. They're very wide, and the fingers are very long and muscular. I love to see them on my body. When we go for walks in the country I close my fingers up in a little ball and wrap his hand around mine. We walk along like that, and I feel as if all of me is inside his hand, nice and warm and protected.

He is a big man, tall and very lean. He has these little wrinkles under his eyes and when we lie down together I like to kiss them and touch them with my fingertips. I think that he is a beautiful man, and when I tell him so he always laughs, not at all gently, and he gives me that special look. He is the first man I've met who listens to what I say. And he tells me things. He knows so much. You know, when I first went to work there I didn't know anything about architecture, but now I'm fascinated. We can walk through the city together and he points out buildings to me and tells me how they were built. He can even see when the architect has made a mistake, and when he tried to do about it. I know enough now that I can spot different architectural styles myself and I can recognize where different designers got their ideas from. It's as if he opened my eyes to the world and really showed me how to look at things. I'm never bored when I'm with him. I know that I fascinate him and knowing that delights me. There are times when he just can't leave me alone. It's a very hungry, physical thing. It's almost as if he can't ever get enough of the love I have to give him. And it makes me feel — well you have to be a woman to understand how it feels to be sought after like that.

When I'm not with him it's very lonely. I don't have any of my old friends any more. It just became too complicated, and they didn't seem to understand when I tried to explain. Gradually they just drifted away. I have always known that he was married. Most of the time I won't let myself think about his wife and children. But sometimes I can't stop myself, and then I get the horribles. I become terribly afraid of what's happening to my life. And I tell myself that I must break my way out of the little world I have built around me. But then I see him again, and I realize that without him I'm nothing. He just turns on everything that's inside me. When that happens I know that I just can't let him go, and that I'm going to hang on, even if it's going to be for just a little while longer.

He doesn't tell me very much about what goes on between him and his wife, but I think it must be horrible for him sometimes, too. I really don't know what to think about her. I've never seen her, and I don't want to.

We tried living together once, but looking back now I don't think we were ready to do that. It ended very badly, and I felt it was all my fault. Then he stayed away from me for such a long time. I had a few dates, but they were just boys. He suddenly showed up one night when one of them was here. I was never so happy to see anyone in my life. But then he started saying all those terrible things, and I got very angry because I was still so much in love with him. When I saw him the next day I was afraid that he wouldn't come back, ever.

I don't know what I'm going to do. Sometimes I think I'll just disappear one day. But I know I don't have the courage. He says he needs me, and I believe him. Whatever happens, I know that I'm going to love him for a very long time. ★

A BUNNY TURNS WAR REPORTER IN VIETNAM

Broke and stranded in Vietnam, Rena Briand earned a dangerous living by going where the action is

BY RENA BRIAND

As told to JACK BATTEN

I WOULD NEVER even have stayed two years in Vietnam, let alone have worked there as a front-lines war photographer, if my smooth, charming but apparently reckless French husband hadn't deserted me in Saigon. He was the one who took me into Vietnam in the first place and though I don't have much to thank him for now, I am grateful that inadvertently he gave me the chance to live the great experience of my life.

I'd met my husband in 1962 in Montreal, where I lived after I came to Canada from my native Germany in 1954 when I was 18, and for the next three years I traded him dutifully all over North America. He was constantly scheming over some enterprise or other that was supposed to make us rich, but meanwhile to keep us eating I had to work as a Bunny at the Gaslight restaurant in Toronto, teach French in Acapulco, sell expensive junk in a gift shop at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas and impersonate a Bunny again at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco.

Then in the winter of 1965 my husband landed a steady job. He was hired as a purchasing agent for the KMK Construction Company in Saigon. He flew out of San Francisco almost immediately, and a little while later, after I'd stored my clothes and boarded my dog, I set out to join him. Except that I traveled by ship, an ancient freighter that seemed to stop at every obscure port in the Orient during the 22 days it took us to reach Vietnam.

I was happy to see my husband again and that was the main thing on my mind during my first days in Saigon. But like everyone else who arrives there, I couldn't help being slightly overwhelmed by the place. The *people*! — the streets just teemed with hundreds of thousands of hopeless-looking Vietnamese, refugees who had fled from the battle zones and swarmed into Saigon with their few belongings to set up house in some old discarded packing case or simply on a vacant patch of sidewalk. I was constantly coming across families eating, sleeping, washing right out on a busy street corner. (Little did I realize then that I'd soon be joining those roadside diners.) And because of all the terrible overcrowding, the city struck me at first as the smelliest, dirtiest place I'd ever seen. The only bright spots seemed to be the garish neon-lit bars that lined the streets by the hundreds, all of them jazzed up with American-style names (Playboy, Flamingo) and American-style bar girls on lor the GI dollar.

In those early few weeks I took it easy for the first time in years, and I cooked, shopped, kept house in the small apartment my husband had found and wandered around Saigon soaking up, if that's the right expression, the gamey at-



The faces of war: Rene's camera catches the egony of wounded Montagnards (above); war-weary peasents watching U.S troop carrier et Bung Teu herbor neer Saigon.



mosphere. Then suddenly everything collapsed around me. I arrived home late one afternoon and found a note from my husband announcing, without any ceremony or warning, that he had walked out on me.

The first thing I did was cry — I was alone. I had barely 300 *piastres* (about three dollars) to my name, and the rent was due in a week. So I cried. The second thing I did was look up a man I knew. Horst Faas, the head of Associated Press's photo department in Vietnam. I told him that back in Montreal I'd worked in a camera store and that I knew how to take a pretty good picture. To my endless relief, Horst gave me a test assignment: shooting candid photos for hometown U.S. papers of GIs strolling around Saigon. And when I successfully passed that little trial, Horst hired me as an AP stringer with carte blanche to take pictures, not just in the relative safety of Saigon, but wherever the real action was, provided I could reach it.



"You've got two choices: ride inside an armored carrier and be roasted alive if it hits a mine; ride on top and be an easy target for snipers." Rene Briand decided to take her chances on top (left).

So for the next 20 months I ranged all over South Vietnam, walking alongside American patrols into jungle thick with Viet Cong guerrillas, riding on helicopter rescue missions, living in bivouacs out in the boondocks where you were never quite sure whether the rustling you heard in the bush might be a VC sniper eating drinking, talking, arguing with young American GIs many of whom I soon discovered were led up with what they considered a dirty little war.

My very first assignment gave me a taste of the fear I had to live with all the time I remained in Vietnam. I was sent to the country around Danang to accompany a convoy of three am-trucks (some call them am-trucks), the amphibious vehicles that cruise through the jungle. This trip was to look after sick Vietnamese in the sampan villages along the rivers. As soon as I climbed on one of the trucks, a Marine handed me a poncho and a warning: "It's going to rain, sweetheart, and you've got two choices," he said. "You can sit inside and keep dry — but remember, if we hit a mine you'll be roasted alive. Or you can put on the poncho and ride up top. But I'm telling you, look out for those goddam gook snipers."

I sat on top, scared still, but after awhile I began to push the fear to the back of my mind as I got involved in photographing the Marine medics at work. Our trucks would wheel up to a river bank and plunge into the water near a cluster of sampans that hundreds of Vietnamese called home. Small sampans would detach from the fleet to wheel the sick over to us. And then the doctors, working under ponchos held over them by Marines to keep the rain off, would examine their patients and carry out their treatments.

All this while, one of the am-trucks would stand guard a little farther up the river because the Viet Cong paid 50,000 *piastres* for every am-truck destroyed. That was more than an entire sampan village earned in six months, and the fact was that the Marine medics weren't really certain that they could trust even the patients they were treating. For 50,000 *piastres* anyone might try hurling a VC grenade from a fast-moving sampan.

A few months later I did a little doctoring, or rather nursing, of my own. It happened one afternoon when a convoy of South Vietnamese soldiers left into an ambush near Cai Nhi. I headed out with an American rescue team, and on our way we met a truckload of the wounded Vietnamese survivors. I rode with them back to Cai Nhia's hospital, *Hospital*[2] — a few dingy ruins, cots without sheets, a wooden operating table covered with a dirty grass mat.

Anyway, in those miserable surroundings I spent the next few hours putting to work a six-month nursing course I'd taken years earlier. I cleaned and bandaged wounds, tried to calm the frightened young soldiers, prepared the worst cases for evacuation to a better-equipped hospital and generally managed to forget that I was supposed to be a photographer. I got my reward next day, though, when the chief of the local province, Colonel Manh, gave a dinner party at his home in my honor.

I'm afraid I wasn't always as cool to the hold as I was that day. Once, in fact, I almost panicked completely. I was out on a patrol with the U.S. 101st Airborne in the Tuy Hoa valley on a calm, sunny afternoon, and as we ambled along everything seemed as peaceful as a stroll through a gentle Canadian countryside. Then, with a swiftness that literally took my breath away, the cracking and popping of rifle fire broke out of the bush in front of us and on both sides. We'd walked straight into a U-shaped Viet Cong ambush.

I was vaguely conscious of bodies falling all around me, and I could hear moans from the boys who'd been hit, but I was too busy trying to crawl into the ground and protect my own tail to form a rational picture of the action. I just lay there quivering — until in a very few minutes the shooting stopped almost as suddenly as it had begun.

I looked around. Some of the boys were rising from their cover, still wary of possible sniper fire, a few were writhing silently on the ground, grabbing at bloody patches on their uniforms; one boy wasn't moving at all. Out of a patrol of 26 men, we had seven wounded and one dead.

We summoned a medevac chopper to evacuate the casualties and then moved a little farther into the bush to check the VC dead. We searched their bodies for papers that might clue us into their activities, and in one dead man's knapsack I found a book of poems. It was written in lovely flowing characters, and someone had illustrated it with some graceful pen drawings. I looked at the book and at the limp, bloody body I'd taken it from, and in that

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The *other* quiet revolution



Photographs by Horst Ehrlich

February's Restigouche by-election became a high-level battle when Premier Louis Robichaud (above) campaigned for Liberal candidate but Conservatives' ebullient new leader, Charles Van Horne, won.

The Establishment is worried, the have-nots are restless, and the government is shaking up a province that will never be the same again. Quebec? No, it's happening now in Louis Robichaud's New Brunswick

BY BLAIR FRASER

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, is proud of its school system — as good as any in Canada, local citizens say, and they can cite facts to prove the boast. Saint John students win an average $100,000 a year in scholarships all over Canada, the U.S. and Britain, the minister of education told me. One girl from Saint John High School, he added, went to Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia as a freshman and was put forward to junior year in some courses in her second term. New Brunswickers don't go so far as to say this student is typical, but they'd insist she is not unique.

Cities such as Moncton and Fredericton are equally proud with they say equally good reason. So are towns such as Sackville, the site of Mount Allison University, and Oromocto, the ex-village that serves the military base Camp Gagetown. A New Brunswick committee recently traveled to many parts of Canada and the U.S. to inspect new school buildings, came back with the word that the best they saw anywhere was in Oromocto.

That is one extreme in New Brunswick. The other extreme is a place such as McKendrick in Restigouche County on the north shore, a hamlet of 523 souls (1961 census) about seven miles from the small city of Campbellton.

McKendrick has a two-room school in which, until January of this year, 178 pupils were being taught in grades one to eight. Now the 57 older ones, grades five to eight, are being taken by bus to schools in and around Campbellton, so the total for the two junior classes in McKendrick is only 121.

McKendrick has never been able to employ a qualified teacher. Both the women who are struggling to teach the Three Rs and the catechism to their 121 charges are what is known in New Brunswick as "local license" teachers. There are 608 of these among the 6,800 now employed in New Brunswick schools — less than 10 percent of the total. But in the 20-odd one-room schools of Restigouche County 82 percent of the teachers are "local license."

True, not all are without qualifications. Some are even university graduates who have merely neglected the teacher-training courses that would give them an advanced certificate. Others, less educated, are nevertheless qualified by experience to be fairly competent. But the rest, a large proportion (though nobody knows exactly how large), are the stuff of which horror stories are made.

In one rural schoolroom the inspector found the teacher instructing her class in fractions. She told them how to add one half and one third. The answer, she said, was two fifths.

"How did you get that answer?" the inspector asked.

"Simple," said the teacher. "You add the figures on the top line — one and one, to make two. Then you add the figures on the bottom line, three and two — you get five. So the answer is two over five, two fifths."

The dazed inspector undertook there and then to show her the right way to add one half to one third. The teacher was indignant.

"I've always taught it my way," she said, "and I'm certainly not going to change now."

New Brunswick's Minister of Education, Wendell McIntyre, confirmed that this story is true and added another to match. A girl in another rural school failed grade eight in June. In September she was licensed by the local authority to teach all eight grades.

To bridge the gap between these two extremes is the purpose of the massive reorganization, called the Program For Equal Opportunity, that was put through the New Brunswick Legislature last year by Premier Louis Robichaud's government and went into effect January 1. It is a revolution. No matter who wins the general election that's expected this year and that must come by next April at the latest, New Brunswick will never be the same again.

The Program For Equal Opportunity is complex in detail — it involved no fewer than 130 bills in the legislature, of which about a dozen were major — but in principle it is simple enough. It does two things in the main. First it imposes a uniform assessment (100 percent of market value) on all real estate in the province, and a uniform provincial tax thereon now 1½ percent. (Incidentally it does away with such nuisance taxes as a poll tax and a personal-property tax that farmers had to pay on every piece of farm machinery or head of cattle, and fishermen on every net.) Second it places authority for education, justice and social welfare in the hands of the provincial government. Fifteen county councils are abolished and 422 local school boards are replaced by 34 new boards with sharply reduced powers.

In the legislature and in the press the new program was fought with a bitterness exceeding anything in human memory. K. C. Irving, the multi-millionaire who owns almost everything of importance in New Brunswick, took the unusual step of attacking it personally and openly — he appeared on the floor of the legislature before the law amendments committee, to denounce the proposed Assessment Act. Thereupon his newspapers (he owns four of the five dailies in the province) fell upon the government's project with unaccustomed fury. */ continued on page 77*



Busy campaigner Robichaud visits children's ward at St. Joseph Hospital in Dalhousie, NB, during Restigouche fight which saw premier and most of cabinet in county during final week

EXPLORE CANADA 67

The Centennial has added several hundred more reasons for holidaying in Canada this year, from Expo 67 to the naval cavalcade in Victoria. In the following pages we've plotted a west-to-east tour of a nation with a century to celebrate, and added a four-page guidebook of the best centennial events across the country

BRITISH COLUMBIA

British Columbia is a good starting point for a cross-Canada Centennial sojourn. Not because it's the province with the most Centennial projects (it isn't) or the most to see (it has its share) but because it's the most experienced province when it comes to celebrating hundredth birthdays. There was one in 1958 marking the founding of the Crown Colony of British Columbia (and Victoria) and another only last year observing the merger of the Vancouver Island colony and the mainland colony. There will be a fourth centennial party in 1971 to mark BC's entry into Confederation.

But don't get the idea that BC is taking its third centennial lightly. If Victoria, starting point of the tour, seems less than frenzied, that's because the capital city of 55,000 has a reputation to live up to: a reputation for being A Little Bit of Olde England all hearty with ivy and tradition, with its spiritual headquarters in the baronial Empress Hotel (which has its own Centennial project in the shape of a discreet renovation). Victoria will celebrate decorously with such traditional festivities as a cricket tournament and the visit of a Centennial naval assembly of the ships of several countries. There will be international naval parades, ships' band concerts, fireworks and ship illuminations (July 14-20). The city's principal Centennial projects are the Confederation Garden Court on Signal Hill — the combined museum, archives, library, auditorium and art gallery (still abridging) — and the 300-foot aluminum Skydeck Observation Needle soaring above the picture-postcard harbor.

The highway from Victoria traverses the Saanich peninsula through fir forest, little lakes, fields all chipped and green and homes that can only be described as uniformly trim. Of course the Saanich homeowners, mostly retired people people always keep their properties spic and span, but it's a foretaste of something you'll notice clear across Canada: there's scarcely a community that hasn't staged its "paint up, clean up, beautify for Centennial year" campaign. Canada has never before been as well manicured. Don't be surprised either if on the late desk you drive into a town that is lighted up as if for Christmas. A national "decorate with lights for Centennial" campaign is finding some support.

Vancouver Island ferries leave Swartz Bay every hour for a 90 minute voyage to the mainland through the Gulf Islands, off the track home of fourth generation pioneers, writers and artists who've turned their backs on civilization's rat race.

The ferry hurls into Tsawwassen Terminal 17 miles from Vancouver now locked precariously into a sprawling lower mainland area with a million souls. There will be many more than a million present if you happen to be in Vancouver between August 19 and September 4 when a souped-up Centennial version of the Pacific National Exhibition — North America's fourth largest annual fair — is held.

Vancouver is a city with an unprepossessing downtown but with a style few North American cities can match — a careless blend of the forest primeval and the sophisticated affluent life that can become distractly habit forming.

But you must tear yourself away from Vancouver eventually for all Centennial Canada lies ahead. By actual count there are more than four thousand Centennial things happening in this country in 1967 ranging all the way from a small-town square dance to celebrate the opening of a Centennial community playground to the Pan-American Games at Winnipeg and Montreal's Greatest Show on Earth, Expo 67. Crossing Canada, you will have the opportunity of watching many of the major Centennial events at more than one place for they are national in scope — and mobility. (See special listings of cross-country events elsewhere on these pages.)

So you head eastward from Vancouver along the Fort Mann freeway gleaming new through the lush Fraser Valley. Over to your left lie the blue hills of the Harrison Lake country where dwell the Sasquatch, the hairy giants Canada's own Abominable Snowman. Nobody has ever seen one of course but many people believe that they exist. What a Centennial project it would be to bring back a photograph of one!

At Hope 100 miles east of Vancouver the traveler is faced with his first choice of alternative routes. Pastmaster farther east is celebrating with a lavish peach festival (August 2-6). But the north beckons along Simon Fraser's perilous explorers route of 1808 and that of the California gold seekers of 1858.

At Williams Lake if you're there between June 29 and July 1 you'll run headlong into a real up-country no-holds-barred rodeo and stampede. At Quesnel another decision: turn right to Barkerville, historic mining town of the Cariboo gold rush, now meticulously restored to its former glory or keep on north to the Yukon and Alaska, the young state which is sharing its own centennial with Canada's by joining the Yukon in several projects including mount-climbing and mass navigation of the Yukon River by flotillas of boats.

Backtrack now to Kamloops, jumping-off point for some of the finest trout fishing in North America. A turn-off past Kamloops leads into the Okanagan Valley famous for fruit, clean busy towns, fishing, boating. It's worth any family's dis to tour this warm dry valley called the California of Canada — even by Californians who come by the thousand every year and are expected in record numbers in this summer. Next is the Shuswap Lake country gradually being discovered as a fabulous resort area.

You leave British Columbia via one of the most spectacular stretches of the Trans-Canada Highway, the Rogers Pass. The highway sails on along the grey Rockies into Yoho National Park until suddenly, although nothing else has changed, a sign welcomes you to Alberta.



Cross country tour begins in Victoria. The gaily lit BC parliament buildings overlook busy harbor — where one ex-MLA millionaire Gordon Gibson used to moor his yacht when legislature was sitting.

Canada from a helicopter



National Film Board cameraman "Jeep" Boyko spent 18 months getting a new slant on Canada coast to coast (Vancouver, far right), from a helicopter. Here's how he did it — on following pages his reactions

One of the best places to explore Canada this year is in your neighborhood movie palace. Many have booked Helicopter Canada, *a film commissioned by the Centennial Commission and produced by the National Film Board. It was shot entirely from a helicopter and it is one of the best travelogues ever made. The film's pulsating genius is Eugene (Jeep) Boyko, an ex-taxi driver who has been an NFB cameraman since 1951. Using a French-built helicopter and a specially designed camera mount that eliminates vibration, he spent the better part of 18 months hovering over several hundred thousand miles of Canadian landscape shooting 24 miles of wide-screen color film.*

Sometimes it wasn't easy. Once when Boyko and pal Claude Fournelle became absorbed in pursuing a golden eagle, they almost crashed into a mountain. During one Arctic sequence Boyko's hands froze in the 60-below temperature and he lost the use of three fingers for several days. And then there was the time a film clip sprang open, hit him in one eye and blinded it for eight days. "It wasn't that bad," says Boyko. "I could still see out of my skating eye."

But the results were worth it. Helicopter Canada shows the country in its better-seen-before. On the following pages Boyko tells the stills from the film with Boyko comments. If every thing looks tall and skinny, it's because we took the pictures direct from Boyko's film frames uncorrected by a projector. We thought they looked more interesting that way.



On the Centennial agenda: raft-racing, powwows, flapjack breakfasts, and "the greatest birthday party of all"—the Stampede

THE PRAIRIES

ALBERTA The Trans-Canada Highway runs 741 miles through Alberta—all but 58 miles within Banff National Park. If you're camping or trailering, you'll have nothing to worry about clear across the province. There are 143 camp grounds, adjacent to the highway in the park, and over 400 roadside campsites strategically located along the route—fees range from 50 cents a day to two dollars. The latter at Tunnel Mountain, one and a half miles from Banff townsite, features 618 serviced camp sites with individual water and sewer connections and electrical plug-ins for 322 trailers.

There's plenty to see and do in Banff. August 7-9 the town stages its "Indian Days" celebration, a colorful pageant of Indian dances and ceremonies topped off with an all-Indian rodeo.

After Banff you sweep around mountain giants into the foothills that rise until all you see is checkerboard green. On the banks of the Bow River live miles from Calgary is Happy Valley, a 400-acre playground with 800 picnic tables, more than 100 barbecues, a train, a miniature "Kiddyland" and a trailer-and-tent park—all rated "superb" in a recent North America survey.

If your schedule takes you to Calgary between July 6 and 15, come equipped with cowboy hats, blue jeans and gingham dresses because this is Stampede time when Calgarians and visitors from around the world indulge in an unabashed Mardi Gras of broncos, bulls, chuckwagons, cowboys, Indians doing the chicken dance, square dancing and flapjack breakfasts on the streets, wild-cow milking, bronco busting, bulldogging, wild steer riding and all the other rugged rodeo events that have made the Stampede famous. To top them all there's a draw for a $100,000 Pot O' Gold. For Centennial year, the Stampede has been extended to nine days and is billed as "The greatest birthday party of all."

With the Stampede behind you, continue along the Trans-Canada Highway and stop at Strathmore on August 1 for Centennial Whoopee Upper Dry, with a rodeo and a monster pit barbecue. Another 56 miles take you to hot bannocks and beans at Bassano's Centennial Indian Dry and Rodeo, where you're apt to rub shoulders with some of Chief Sitting Bull's descendants.

Medicine Hat—the city with "all hell for a basement," according to Kipling—also aims to be the earliest community in Alberta in 1967 celebrating Centennial with a week-long corn festival, August 14-19, a Corn Princess, corn roasts, corn-eating contests and street dances.

Something unique in Canada in Centennial celebrations will be Lethbridge's official opening of its four-acre Nikka Yuko Centennial Garden, the largest authentic Japanese garden outside Japan (complete with Geisha girls and a pool of royal carp from Emperor Hirohito's estate).

Then there will be an exciting re-enactment of the old stagecoach run between Fort Macleod and Fort Whoop-Up on Lethbridge's outskirts, with a mock Indian raid and a hold-up. (The last great Indian battle in the Canadian west was fought near Fort Whoop-Up in 1870. The Lethbridge Kinsmen Club is a Centennial project is reconstructing historic buildings, including Fort Whoop-Up, on 23 acres of the city's 50-acre Indian Battle Park.)

Klondike Days, a nine-day spectacular in Alberta's capital of Edmonton, July 20-29, is a good reason to make the 179-mile journey north from Calgary. The miles slip by quickly on the four-lane, divided highway with a minimum of curves and a 70-mph speed limit.

The show commemorates those hardy adventurers who went north seeking gold before the turn of the century. You'll see the hilarious Sourdough Raft Race on the North Saskatchewan River and, if you're lucky, pan for gold alongside Prime Minister Pearson at the Chilkoot Mine. The mine will be heavily salted with real gold nuggets and prospectors keep what they find. If you've never been to Edmonton before, a fleet of "Centennial Tourist Pilots" on motorcycles will serve to guide and assist out-of-province motorists and finally send them on their way eastward.

SASKATCHEWAN Saskatchewan started its birthday celebration — its Diamond Jubilee — in 1965 and just never stopped. So Canada's Centennial becomes the climax of two years of continuous celebrating.

Inside the western border is the frontier town of Maple Creek and one of Saskatchewan's four Trans-Canada campsites — large, ultra-modern overnight stops along the main highway. A few miles south is Cypress Hills Provincial Park, a superb vacation spot and a geographical wonder in that Saskatchewan and the site of old Fort Walsh, an original NWMP outpost restored as a Centennial project.

At Swift Current, 80 miles east (two hours on the Trans-Canada Highway or about a day on the Long Lance Vacation Trail, one of eight opened during Jubilee-Centennial observations), the Frontier Days celebration (July 3-5) will feature a rodeo, frontier costumes and parades. Traveling eastward you reach Cornwheel City (in any other year but 1967 known as Moose Jaw), named after the $100,000 in silver dollars that will be the city's favored Centennial currency.

North from Moose Jaw on the way to Saskatoon is the province's most exciting side trip of the year — to the new Gardiner Dam, to be officially opened July 21. Here is a unique opportunity to watch a new natural resource and vacationland being born as an earth dam more than two miles long, the largest in the world, slowly backs up water to fill Lake Saskatchewan.

Saskatoon will sponsor more than 70 events during the year, but the big one is Prom Era (June 30 to July 8). In action will be the ancient, ponderous machinery and pioneer relics from the city's Western Development Museum, and Saskatoon will take on the combined appearance of a 1920s threshing bee and an 1890s hoedown.

Along with Regina, Saskatoon will present a Gala Night in mid-June, climax of a province-wide talent hunt. Other Saskatoon events over the summer include Highland games, harvest barbecues and the National Ladies Golf Championship.

The new Riel Vacation Trail (opening July 22) goes north from Saskatoon through the area of the 1885 Riel Rebellion—relics of which fill the museum at Batoche, Fairbet north, several provincial parks, as well as Prince Albert National Park, after the best of freshwater fishing.

The trip south to Regina should be made in time for the July 1 official Centennial ceremonies. In the city's famous Wascana Centre, a complex of ultra-modern buildings bordering an artificial lake. Other summer programs in Regina include Buffalo Days (July 31 to Aug. 6), called after Regina's earliest name, "Pile O' (Buffalo) Bones." Specially minted 50-cent pieces will be legal tender for tourists. Centennial Square Dance Festival (July 14 and 15), culminating a province-wide "Month O' Dancing," with exhibitions by dancers and callers from all over North America three weekly. (From July 14 to Aug. 26) performances of the play *Riel*, re-enacting the rebel's life, trial and execution in Regina in 1885.

Regina's provincial exhibition (July 31 to Aug. 5) this year includes the Commonwealth Centennial Hereford Show, largest ever held in Canada. The Jubilee-Centennial Bowl Game (Sept. 30) amounts to a replay of the last Grey Cup game between Ottawa Rough Riders and Saskatchewan's Grey Cup winning team.

East of Regina, at McLean is the third Trans-Canada camp, and just beyond is the Fishing Lakes resort region only 20 miles off the highway in the Qu'Appelle Valley. A Centennial Indian celebration will be held in August in Fort Qu'Appelle, an eye-filling powwow that attracts tribes from all of western Canada and the United States.

MANITOBA When you enter Manitoba you're expected to stop at the first town and attach a special plate to your car announcing your intention to participate in Centennial fun and games. And let's face it, the emphasis is on "games"—the Pan-American Games, first to be held in Canada (at Winnipeg, July 2 to Aug. 7).

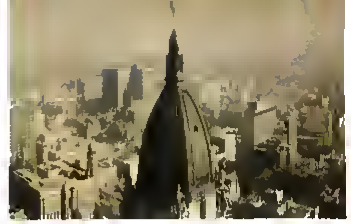
True, there's scarcely a community without a project of local importance or regional interest from a new hockey or curling rink to a fishing derby or an ethnic museum, and a full share of all the national traveling attractions. But the big event—Manitobans are calling it the second most important event of Centennial year next to Expo 67—will be the 400 Pan-American events in 24 sports participated in by 2,500 athletes from 33 countries.

But many smaller Centennial projects in Manitoba should fascinate the traveler, for they emphasize the things that make Manitoba unique.

Manitoba is a province of minorities. The Ukrainian, French, Icelandic and Mennonite constitute a large enough proportion of the population to add their own particular flavor to the community. So you may want to switch north from No. 1 Highway at Winnipeg and travel through the flavorful mixed-racial region of North Winnipeg and on up between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba to the Icelandic Celebrations—the *Islendingadagurinn*—at Gimli, or drive west of Winnipeg and turn up No. 10 Highway to the colorful Ukrainian Festival at Dauphin. And a visit to the new Mennonite museum at Steinbach, south of Winnipeg, would be an easy hour of driving and an introduction to another interesting racial group that leavens the Manitoba fabric.

If fishing is your idea of fun, swing back west and north and visit the canoe festival and trout-fishing competitions far to the north at Flin Flon, before heading for Ontario.

'Copter: Canada





"Nobody," says NFB cameraman Eugene Boyko, "has been this close to the Golden Boy on top of the Manitoba Legislature dome — except maybe the odd steeplejack. They don't talk about him much in Winnipeg, possibly because, in the classical tradition, he's naked. It's true, he is — I saw him close up. The shot below is the grain elevators at Findlater, Saskatchewan. They were easy to shoot. The toughest part was getting a sequence of the combines cutting wheat. It took a lot of arranging, but we finally persuaded a farmer to harvest some wheat just for our camera. He cut 1,200 bushels for us, but it turned out to be too wet to sell. But he didn't mind; he was pleased to be part of our film."

As harvesting gets under way across its horizon-to-horizon fields, Saskatchewan will be well along in its second year of birthday celebrations. Its Diamond Jubilee began in 1965 — and it's never stopped





A symbol of Canada's past, a visitor's delight in Ontario today: the vaulted, richly carved, 91-year-old Parliamentary Library in Ottawa.

1,000 things to do and see, including sightseeing from Canada's tallest skyscraper

ONTARIO

Stick a pin almost anywhere — make that anywhere — in the map of Ontario's 412,820 square miles and you'll come up with a Centennial project: local improvement pageant or program of some sort. No fewer than 1,000 different items are listed in Ontario's Centennial program for 1967, more than 100 in Ottawa alone.

The first major operation after entering the province from Manitoba is at Fort Arthur, where a new hush camp at Centennial Park depicts what a logging site looked like at the turn of the century. Stroll around the lumberhouse and grounds long enough to work up a man-sized appetite, then tackle a typical lumberjack meal.

If you're planning your trip for early August, try to take in the Wikwemikong Indian Powwow on Manitoulin Island. If not, just enjoy the scenery en route east — particularly in the forest-fringed, bay-indented Algoma section of the Trans-Canada Highway along the shores of Lake Superior, pausing at Marathon long enough to enjoy trout for lunch, fresh out of cold water, and admire the town's new Centennial library.

Stay with the scenic Blue Water Highway as long as you can on your way to Stratford, where you should book well ahead for at least one of the Centennial year plays (*Antony and Cleopatra, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Richard III* and Gogol's *The Government Inspector*). The Shakespearean Festival opens June 12 and a full week of Centennial celebrations will be held July 1 to 8. If you can't get tickets for a play, visit the theatre anyway to see the fluted-roof design and apron stage that have made it one of the most-copied structures of its kind. Sample the smorgasbord at the nearby Victorian Inn, where there's dancing and a revue.

If you're traveling on July 1, try to spend Dominion Day in Brantford. This is one of the smaller cities in Canada, but its 58,981 residents are planning a Centennial parade bigger than the Pasadena Rose Bowl's — with 100 floats and 10,000 marchers.

No one should visit Ontario without seeing Niagara Falls. The tourist industry is so well organized here that in addition to the famous Falls, you can see everything from a 3,400-year-old mummy of General Ossupunphotem to a display of World War II airplanes. Niagara Falls boasts as large an area of parks as any city in Canada, but one of its principal Centennial projects is — what else? — a fine new park. A Niagara Falls conversation piece is lunch or dinner in the new Skylon Tower, high above the Falls, which brings the scenery to you the easy way by making a complete circuit in the time it takes to eat a meal.

If you're in the area on June 30, it's worth a stop in Hamilton for a special Sunset Service that evening and the lighting of Centennial fireworks from the top of their "mountain." Even if you can't make it on this date, visit Dundurn Castle, there a 72-room mansion built in 1834 by Sir Allan MacNab and completely refurbished for Centennial year. After dark, there's an intriguing *son et lumiere* spectacle that recreates the atmosphere of a century ago — down to the rattle of coaches and chatter of wedding guests in the great hall — through concealed lighting and stereophonic sound effects. Hamilton's famous public gardens will be ablaze with special Centennial floral displays through the summer.

From Hamilton it's a fast 42-mile drive down the multilane QE to Toronto. If you're there between August 18 and September 4 you'll be able to see the world's biggest annual fall fair, the veteran Canadian National Exhibition which this year will compete with a brash newcomer, Montreal's Expo 67. And almost any time you'll find great shows at the $12-million O'Keefe Centre.

Toronto has come a long way from the days when it was called "The Good." Now it boasts a city hall described as the "sexiest building in Canada." Standing in its front yard is possibly the most controversial of all Centennial projects: Henry Moore's sculpture "The Archer." And throughout the summer it will be surrounded by other modern sculpture chosen by a committee headed by equally controversial art connoisseur Dorothy Cameron.

Toronto's second most publicized building is the new 740-foot Toronto-Dominion Centre, which will offer the highest view in the Commonwealth from its 55th-story observation deck.

En route to the nation's capital along multilane 401, stop off in the history-steeped "limestone city" of Kingston, much of which still looks as it did when young John A. Macdonald first ran for political office there. His home, Bellevue House, has been restored as a Centennial project and visitors are welcome as they are at Fort Henry where university students in 1867 red tunics do century-old drills. Exciting yacht racing by youngsters is promised at the Navy League Sea Cadet world yachting championships at Kingston August 16-18.

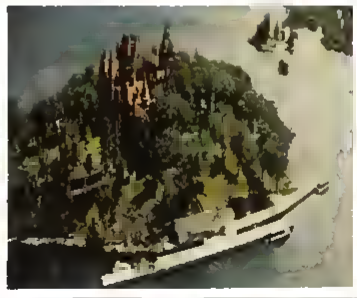
Twenty miles east of Kingston is Gananoque, gateway of the Thousand Islands. Take a river cruise through the islands (there are about 1,835 of them), and if you're there on Sunday attend the interdenominational church service held in one of the bays for a congregation gathered in small boats.

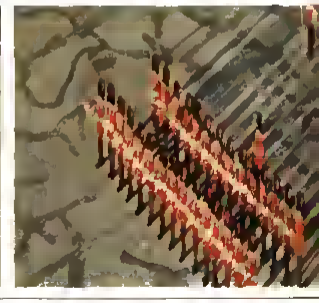
Make one more stop — Upper Canada Village near Morrisburg, where costumed attendants re-enact the life of 100 years ago in authentic pioneer surroundings — and then head for Ottawa.

See the Parliament Buildings where tomorrow's history is being made and the no-cost Mile of History along Sussex Drive which takes you past the home of the prime minister and the governor general's residence, Rideau Hall (the grounds are open to the public). Every evening at dusk a *son et lumiere* spectacle will portray 300 years of Canadian history against the impressive backdrop of Parliament Hill. And if you're there between August 2 and 16, try to see Sir Tyrone Guthrie's much-touted Centennial show in front of the Peace Tower.

Interested in target shooting? Ottawa is the scene of the all-Canada Centennial prize meeting August 10-19. Also in Ottawa the Canadian Open tennis championships will be held August 14-17. If you happen to be leaving Ottawa for Montreal early in August, it might be fun to join the Centennial tour of antique automobiles in their valiant attempt to span the distance between the capital and Expo 67 from August 2 to 5.

'Copter: Canada





"A castle on the Rhine? No, it's a castle in the Thousand Islands (actually, there are 1,835 islands in the chain), built along medieval European lines by a wealthy New Yorker — who never lived in it. For a touch of military pomp and circumstance (at far right), we eased down to get a new-slant look at troops in ceremonial bearskins and scarlet tunics."

'Copter: Canada





As part of our coverage of Quebec City (right), we wanted to get a shot of French sailors passing three girls on the board walk then wheeling and following. But no French sailors — or French uniforms. So we dressed three Canadian soldiers in Canadian Navy uniforms which we'd converted to look French. To get face shots of the bicycle racers (far right), we had to fly about a foot off the ground, hopping over houses in our way.

QUEBEC This year all roads lead to Expo 67. Or to give it the proper title the Universal and International Exhibition, 1967. It's the first true world's fair ever to be held in North America. It is also Canada's largest single Centennial project.

By early 1967 some 90,000 Canadians had booked advance hotel accommodation in Montreal for the six months of Expo 67. The majority of the reservations came from Ontario (next was British Columbia), so it stands to reason that most Canadian travelers will cross over to Montreal Island at the Ile Perrot where Highways No. 17 from Ottawa and No. 2 from Toronto converge. But 60 percent of the advance bookings (another 150,000) have come from south of the border. Visitors from the United States will likely arrive via the new eight-lane No. 9 which is being rushed to completion this spring.

Driving to Montreal isn't nearly as chaotic as it was just a few years ago. Decarie Boulevard has become part of the Trans-Canada Highway link that will take you right into the heart of Montreal. But whichever direction you approach — it takes a newcomer a little time to adapt himself to the average Montrealer's aggressive driving habits. Besides it will give you the opportunity to use the newest, quietest and most eye-pleasing subway system in North America.

Mayor Jean Drapeau of Montreal made the decision himself to use the Montreal subway system on that of Paris's famous Metro — after he had spent weeks trying out the subways of Toronto, New York and London. Torontonians used to the ear-piercing screech of metal against metal will quickly recognize the advantage of the rubber-tired wheels used by Montreal's Métro. The comparison doesn't stop there. Someone recently described Toronto's subway stations as looking like an unending succession of public washrooms without plumbing. Not so in Montreal. Each of the 26 stations has been designed differently. Glass, concrete, colored tile and steel have all been manipulated by the designers for aesthetic appeal.

And now Mayor Drapeau has talked Montreal firms into donating a specially commissioned work of art for each station. Among the first to become involved was Steinberg's Ltd., the Montreal based food chain. Says Nathan Steinberg, the company's senior vice president: "Culture today is for everyone and we feel we have a responsibility to give something back to our customers." The Steinberg mural at the Place des Arts station adjoining Montreal's concert hall will depict the history of music in Montreal as depicted by Canadian artist Frederick Back. A small brass plaque beneath the mural will identify the donor.

The next problem to solve in Montreal is accommodation — that is of course if you already haven't booked in advance through Jacques Bélanger at Tourexpo. The number to phone is EXP 9397. A girl will take down the details how many in the party, children, the price range you're willing to pay and the type of accommodation you want — hotel, tourist home, private residence. She will then feed it all into a computer and in 30 seconds will have an address for you to go to.

Bélanger insists that his staff of more than 70 will always be able to find a bed for visitors and that they have prepared for a peak load of 160,000 visitors a day. Another 70 workers have been installed in a special information services department that will keep in continual contact with hotel and motel owners to serve as a backup function to the computer. "People forget," says Bélanger, "that Montreal is an island 13 miles by nine miles long. And in the *normal* period there are enough hotels, motels and tourist camps to take care of 80,000 people a day." For those visitors who have come prepared, Bélanger's computer will have the information on 20,000 spots available in campsites within a 50 mile radius of Montreal. One of them on the south shore is a natural park on the side of Mount Bruno and offers a spectacular view of Montreal and the St. Lawrence.

Much has already been written about the Expo site on St. Helen's Island, the prosaic of 70 nations and the Man And His World theme. (See *Maclean's*, Oct. 15). But little has been published about the fantastic array of world talent that will be presented every night of Expo's 183 days. It is being called a World Festival and it really is that. For example in the opening weeks alone you can see the Los Angeles Philharmonic, a production by the Théâtre de France, Ballet du Vingtième Siècle of Belgium, the Red Army Chorus and Dancers, the Stockholm Royal Opera Company and Alvin Ailey's Dancers — a collection of the most death-defying stunts performed in circuses around the world.

If you tire of the city, the best answer is an excursion into the Laurentians easily accessible by the Autoroute des Laurentides which runs directly north from Montreal for 80 miles into the mountains. The Laurentians (which include a provincial park) are Montreal's playground and no matter what time of year you visit you will find every summer and winter sport available: tennis, water skiing, golf, skating, snow skiing. And at all the resorts there are professional instructors for the beginners.

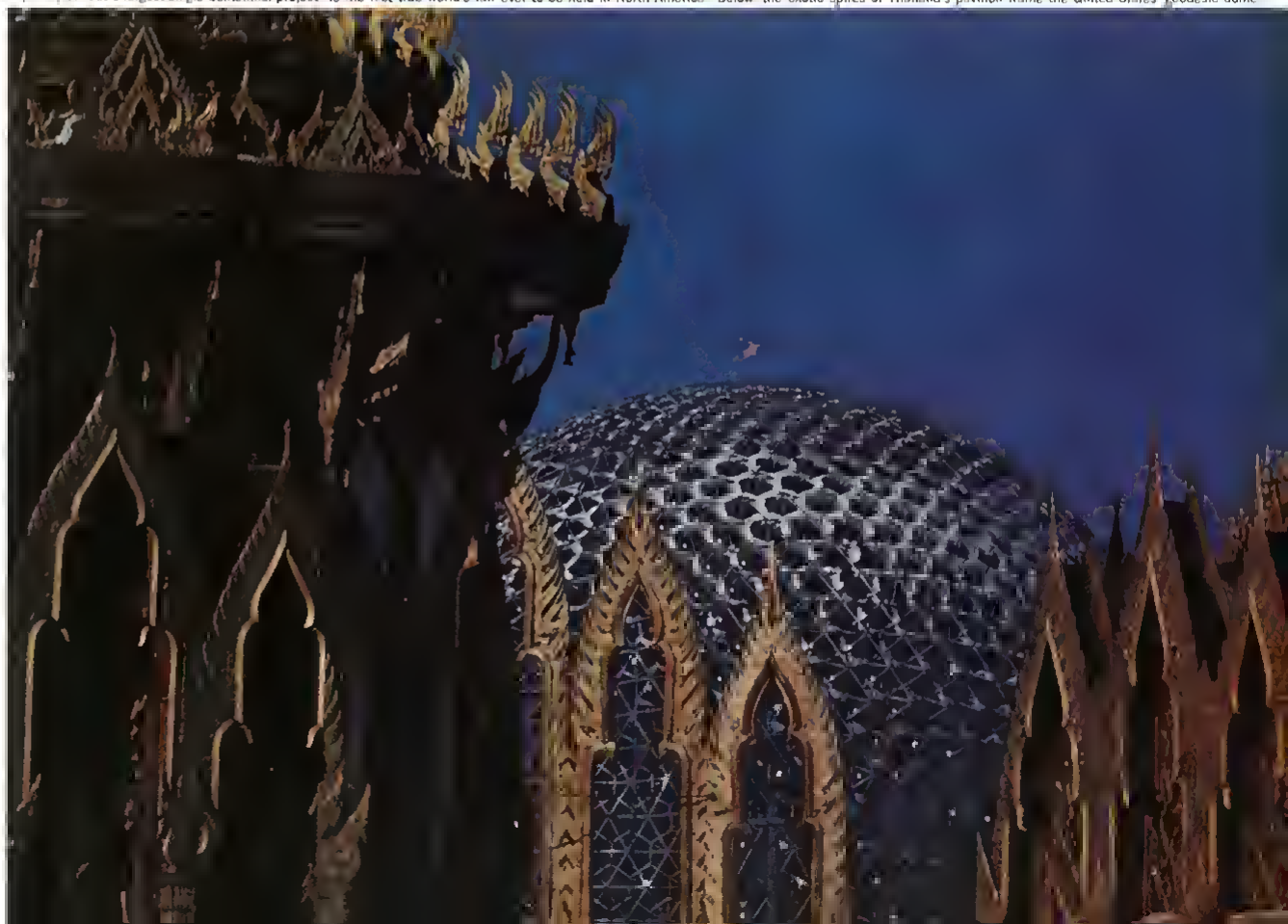
Accommodation in the Laurentians is well organized and caters to the vacationing secretary as well as the millionaire. There are sophisticated and intimate hotels such as the Manoir Pinoteau, located on the shore of Lac Fremblent and at the foot of ski-famous Mont Tremblant. The cuisine is French and the hotel offers penthouse apartments, cottages with five bedrooms and luxurious suites. Registration at the hotel includes unlimited use of all ski lifts throughout the Laurentians. Then there is the more reasonably priced Mont Gabriel Lodge, just 45 minutes from Montreal and located at the top of Mont Gabriel. There are 15 ski hills, a giant heated swimming pool, sleighing, horseback riding and all the other usual resort activities.

To tie in with Centennial year celebrations Quebec province has scheduled a number of events — some new, some traditional — that should be noted by vacationers traveling through the province.

On June 24 the annual St. Jean-Baptiste torchlight parade is staged through downtown Montreal. Valleyfield will be the setting for the country's largest speedboat races July 7-16 when the international regatta is held. The Eighth Montreal International Film Festival and the Fifth Annual Festival of Canadian Films will be held in Montreal August 4 to 18. A 24 mile marathon swim is all be held on Lac St. Jean between Peribonka and Roberval on August 5. And on September 2-4 an international canoe race will take place on the St. Maurice River between La Tuque and Three Rivers.

Three Rivers is on a vastly improved highway along the north shore and only 80 miles south-west of historic Quebec City. The traveler can continue east by crossing the St. Lawrence at Quebec and following the Trans-Canada Highway on the south shore to Riviere du Loup where it strikes south to Edmundston, New Brunswick. But to go south so soon is to deny yourself the pleasure of the Gaspe Peninsula. The alternative is a circuitous one but worthwhile. Follow No. 10 Highway along the coastline to Mont Joli and then No. 6 around the rugged Gaspe Peninsula itself through Ste. Anne des Monts, Gaspe, Perce, Bonaventure and finally down around to Matapedia at the border of New Brunswick and Quebec. It's a little Centennial project in itself and an unforgettable two-day drive.

Expo 67, Canada's largest single Centennial project, is the first true world's fair ever to be held in North America. Below, the exotic spires of Thailand's pavilion frame the United States geodesic dome.





From towering Signal Hill, where Italian inventor Guglielmo Marconi astounded the world in December 1901 with the world's first transAtlantic wireless message, long silent cannon still brood menacingly over harbor at St. John's, Newfoundland





'Copter: Canada

"The Bluenose symbolizes the Maritimes. The original world-beater has gone, but we sent her namesake to sea and hovered close for shooting. I was going to skip Peggy's Cove, NS — it's been overdone — but as we chased some gulls, I took another look . . . and shot a gull's-eye view."

A journey through time, back to the foothold lands of explorers, where Canada was born

THE ATLANTIC

Driving through the Atlantic provinces this summer will be like driving through history. From Acadian fishing ports to capital cities the Centennial festivals generally reflect an era before Canada was born — an era in which Scotsmen, English men and Frenchmen fought and worked to lay the foundation for a nation.

NEW BRUNSWICK. Entering New Brunswick from Quebec for instance, the highway along the province's fabled North Shore from Campbellton to Caraquet parallels the route Jacques Cartier took in 1534. This is mainly Acadian country and throughout the summer the North Shore communities will celebrate their epic heritage. In July Caraquet holds its fisheries festival in which the Gulf fishing fleet is blessed in an ancient and colorful ceremony.

Swinging south to Fredericton, the road passes through Newcastle where lumberjack legends are revived in the Miramichi folksong festival in August. Fredericton, elm shaded and serene in its UEL memories, offers a chamber music festival, Maliseet Indian festivals, an international horse show, parades, military pageants and summer theatre. A side trip west from Fredericton could take in Woodstock's old home week, the potato festivals at Hartland and Grand Falls, and the Danish festival at New Denmark.

South from Fredericton the highway winds down to the harbor of Saint John, discovered by Samuel de Champlain in 1604. The city celebrates that event June 24 with a ceremonial visit of the fishing fleet, regattas and a rollicking fishmongers' ball. The national finals of the Canadian Centenary Music Festival will be held here July 6-15. Earlier in the summer the city is producing a pageant-drama commemorating the romantic Marie La Tour. She died of heartbreak in 1645 after her husband's fort fell and all the defenders were hanged. Suburban Rothesay is also mounting a Centennial drama festival of its own, in addition to its now traditional annual Highland games.

Heading east from Saint John, the scenic route passes through lush dairy country and Fundy National Park to Moncton. The city opens its Centennial park and holds a week-long bicultural birthday party in August. Gourmets should not miss the strawberry festival at Memramcook and the lobster festival at the beach resort of Shediac — both in July.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. From Shediac it's a short drive east to Cape Tormentine and the ferry to Prince Edward Island. Drivers taking the ferry will have a perfect view of the early stages of the $148 million causeway bridge-tunnel complex that will link the North Shore of New Brunswick with Fort Borden. Five miles inland at Albany Junction the road forks — right for Charlottetown and left for Summerside. This summer it will make little difference. Centennial celebrations abound throughout the island.

Most Centennial travelers will probably bear right and head for the birthplace of Confederation on Charlottetown, naturally is going all out on Dominion Day with Centennial Eve balls, 100-gun salutes and the ringing of church bells all over the province. On July 3 Charlottetown's Confederation Theatre will open its Festival 67 season. In mid-August the capital holds Old Home Week and the provincial exhibition. On Sept. 1 and 2 special ceremonies in the new Confederation Memorial Centre will mark the 103rd anniversary of the first meeting of the Fathers of Confederation.

Throughout July six major communities on the island will be having special days with the dedication of Centennial projects, parades, public meals, pageants and evening dances. At Summerside in mid-July the annual Lobster Carnival will be under way, offering all the lobster anyone could wish to eat. Trenchermen still feeling hungry for seafood can move on to the village of Tyne Valley where an oyster festival started in 1964 is now an annual event in early August, despite the absence of an R in the month.

The island is so small that no community is much more than a couple of hours' drive away. Visitors who thrill to the sound of bagpipes will want to take in the Scottish Festival at North Rustico and the Highland games at Eldon — both held in early August. Visitors touring the island in July will probably spot Queen Mother Elizabeth taking part in the festivities. Based aboard the Royal Yacht Britannia, the Queen Mother will make a three-week tour of all four Atlantic provinces.

NOVA SCOTIA. Crossing back to the mainland and into Nova Scotia across the Isthmus of Chignecto, the driver passes through the border town of Amherst and on toward New Glasgow and northern Nova Scotia's Scottish communities, including Cape Breton Island. As part of the general Centennial celebrations, the clans gather at Pugwash on July 1, the Nova Scotia Arts festival opens in Tatamagouche August 11, the Pictou Lobster Carnival opens July 7 in New Glasgow, the Tartan Festival begins in mid-August.

Heading southwest, the highway passes through Truro, established by New Englanders in the 18th century, and then south to Halifax, founded by Britons in 1749 as a counterthreat to the French fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton.

Halifax celebrates its own birthday on June 21. Dartmouth across the harbor celebrates its anniversary on August 2 and rounds off the ceremonies with an arts festival. The province's Centennial showpiece, however, is a four-day Nova Scotia Folk Festival and Highland Games, expected to draw some 1,500 whirling dancers, hammer throwers and musicians to Halifax for a spectacle that starts August 24.

Marine and science museums in Dartmouth and Halifax will carry period shows throughout the summer. There'll also be craft exhibits in Edward Duke of Kent's handsome clock tower and the city's now-famous repertory theatre. The Neptune will perform six plays during the season, including a new Canadian drama. The Halifax Theatre Arts Guild is mounting *Highland Heart Of Nova Scotia* and three one-acters, another group has created a short opera called *Scottish Landing*, and Nova Scotia's Negro communities are together producing a play called *Coming, Here To Stay*.

South from Halifax the coastal highway skirts Mahone Bay where elaborate Centennial celebrations are scheduled from July 1 to 9 and moves on to the deep-sea fishing town of Lunenburg founded by German settlers in the 1750s. Here the last of the famous fishing schooners has been turned into a Centennial museum and a special Centennial display of fisheries exhibits will be on view during the summer. Farther down the coast at Barrington two Centennial plays have been commissioned to celebrate the first landings there by rugged New England settlers.

From Yarmouth on the southern tip of Nova Scotia, the highway loops through Clare County fishing communities where many Acadians were resettled. On August 15 the Acadian festival celebrates their return.

/ continued overleaf

A birthday trek ends on a windy hill, with a view east to where Canada's story began

ATLANTIC

continued

Then the road passes through the resort town of Digby (inches Annapolis Royal (once the capital of French Acadia) and winds northeast through the rich Annapolis Valley back to Halifax.

North from Halifax the interprovincial highway skirts the rocky eastern shore, passes through the former gold mining centre of Sherbrooke and on to the college town of Antigonish, where yet another Highland games will have its fling July 9-15. North across the Cape Breton causeway at St. Peters travelers should pause to glimpse at Nicholas Denys 1650 trading post rebuilt for the Centennial before moving on to the coal- and steel communities of Glace Bay and Sydney. At Glace Bay a brand new coal mine forms part of the Centennial miners museum and across the cape at St. Anns, the only Gaelic college on the continent plans to drink a cup of kindness yet that night till the week of August 7-12.

NEWFOUNDLAND. From North Sydney it's a comfortable eight-hour journey on the ferry William Carson to connect with the Trans Canada at Port aux Basques, Nfld. From there it's a 560-mile road trip through Canada's newest province to St. John's, the most easterly (and possibly the oldest) city in North America. The first major stop is Corner Brook, where a Centennial arts centre and library will be inaugurated during the summer. Swinging into the interior of the island toward Grand Falls, drivers will find a multitude of provincial parks and camping sites refurbished for Centennial visitors.

In St. John's itself, Centennial celebrations begin May 22-27 with the finals of the Dominion Drama Festival — hopefully held in the city's new Arts and Cultural Centre which is still under construction. The St. John's Folk Arts Council plans programs of dancing, singing, story telling and pageantry during the summer months. Some of these festivities will be held in conjunction with the city's annual regatta, August 2 on Quidi Vidi Lake, the continent's oldest sporting event.

The Centennial traveler's grand climax, however, should be the historical display on top of Signal Hill. For a six week period beginning July 22 members of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment dressed in uniforms of the 1850s and using equipment from the same Crimean War period will manoeuvre and hold mock skirmishes on the famous parade ground. From this continental lookout the Centennial visitor can gaze east across the grey Atlantic toward the far-off shores where in Britain and France and even Denmark the story really began.

For a detailed listing of national and provincial Centennial events, turn to page 49.

Land's end, where Canada begins: the grey Atlantic beats Newfoundland's granite cliffs, North America's closest lookout point to Europe.



Explore Canada 67.
Here's how to travel right, travel light and look great.

EXPLORER
Travel Right... Travel Light

All Eash on Photography shot on Anscochrome Film

This 4-page report on what to wear and what to take along on a high-spirited Explorer holiday is a Centennial project of The Men's Fashion Council of Canada, the Canadian National Exhibition (Aug. 18—Sept. 4), Creative Sportswear Company, and General Aniline & Film (Canada) Ltd., manufacturers of Ansco photo products. You'll find all travel tailored Explorer apparel in stores featuring Michaels/Stern clothing, Forsyth shirts and ties, Stetson hats, Terry Williams sweaters, Harvey Woods hose and underwear and Creative Fashion and Fashion Ties and young adult sportswear.

1 Forsyth permanent press finish all cotton check sport shirt. Tapered body, full sleeves and Brooks button down collar. $7. Ascot $3.50. Galler's V neck Alpaca knit cardigan with man's twin pockets, raglan sleeves. By Terry Williams $18.95. Harvey Woods lambswool/Kroy Wool/Cashlon/Stretch Nylon hosiery. Cashmin solids, 8 colors. $2.

2 Michaels/Stern 2h D all-wool blazer-suit with pearl buttons, slanted flap pockets. $100. Centre crease Macota straw from Stetson. $6.50. Button down paisley print all cotton shirt. $6. by Forsyth.

3. Powder blue Stetson roll up hat in stitched Nylon. $7.95. Ansco Antoset Cds 35mm camera. A precision camera that makes picture taking a snap. Automatic electric eye exposure self setting flash and exposure calculator. $75. with case.

4. Cool 100% Amel ottoman sleeveless suit fully lined with mandarin collar and A-line skirt. By Creative Fashion. $25. Coordinated pants $13.

All prices shown are "about".



MICHAELS/STERN

Forsyth

Have the good time of your life at the Canadian National Exhibition ... Pan-Am Games ...

EXPLORER
Travel Right...Travel Light

...Expo 67 ... Calgary Stampede ... Stratford Festival ...





It's the year to go places and do things. The CNE opens August 18th in Toronto and runs till Labor Day. It's still the world's largest annual exhibition — 350 acres celebrating Canada's 100th birthday. Attractions include an International Air Show, Track and Field events, a 1700 man Military Tattoo, the famous Grandstand Show and the RCMP Musical Ride. Personalities appearing include Art Linkletter, Guy Lombardo and Don Messer.

1. Tour the CNE in a comfortable embossed printed linen Carnaby suit. Fully lined floral print. From Creative Pantino. $25. Coordinated pants $13. Young adult bonded Orlon pantsuit is a ripple knit with V neck top. Tangerine with navy trim. By Panteen. $20.

2. The CNE Hockey Hall of Fame (open the year round) is a sight-seeing must. Michaels/Stern travel-weight 2 button Courier suit (right) $99.50. Matching travelcoat $85.00. (left) Imported silk and wool sports suit. Precedo styling. $100. By Michaels/Stern. Forsyth Tacoma shirts/ties. Stetson hats.

3. Light headed styling by Stetson. (From left) Milan telescope straw in coppertone $6.50. Beige Nylon travel hat with pinch front and bound brim $7.95. For evening wear Stetson's Marquis for left centre crease in Black Olive $20. Travel tailored Tacoma shirts, hall sleeve $6. Long sleeves $7. Wash 'n Wear ties $2. - $2.50. All by Forsyth.

4. Racing stripe Orlon and Wool pullover in peppy Chile shade. Ribbed cuff and mock turtle neck collar. $14.95.

5. Polka dot contrasts from Forsyth. All cotton Sanforized maize and green polka dots featuring Village button-down collar, hall sleeves. $7. Ascots $3.50 - $5. Coordinated olive Nylon travel hat by Stetson. $7.95. Cushion sole Kloy-Wool and stretch Nylon hosiery from Harvey Woods. Plain and neat patterns. $1.50.

Anscomatic S/8 Super 8 movie camera. Drop-in film cartridge, automatic exposure control, fast f/1.7 zoom lens and battery operated motor for 50 feet of continuous action. $95.

6. Shoot Canadian history at the CNE Marine Museum (open the year round) with an Anscomatic 326 instant load camera and Anscochrome film. Simplicity itself for indoor and outdoor use. Fully automatic electric eye exposure control and lens opening f/16 to f/8. $47.

For relaxed sight-seeing Forsyth dandy button-down Sanforized sport shirt in all cotton oxford. $6. The Terry Williams PRO cardigan is machine washable. In Pata Green. $18.95. Worn with Forsyth Arnel and cotton Bulk collar pullover. $4.

All prices shown are about.











Creative Pantino/Panteen.

STETSON

Terry Williams

Explore Canada 67 with picture-perfect Anscochrome films and Anscomatic Instant-Loading cameras.













Thousands of GAF Ansco dealers will help make your picture taking a snap snap snap

1 Anscomatic 726 instant-loading camera doesn't make mistakes. Features perfect exposure control. f/2.8 coated lens. Cds automatic electric eye built-in range finder and rapid-fire flashcube. With leather case. $90.
New Anscomatic ST/90 Super 8mm. 5 to 1 power zoom movie camera. Fifteen great features including through-the-lens electric eye exposure control, fast f/1.7 lens, view finder with shoot — no shoot signal. Power zoom lens for sharper movies, smoother close ups. $185.
Anscomatic 12b instant loading camera has automatic flashcube rotation, 2 speed shutter for daylight or flash, extra large view finder with tap mounted shutter release and double exposure prevention. $19.
Anscochrome — a premium quality film that guarantees pictures that satisfy or a new roll free. Available in either 126 instant loading cartridges, 35mm cassettes or 127, 120 and 620 roll film. For sharper black and white stills, all weather Anscopan in roll or cartridge. For movie making, Movichrome II — a new premium quality 8mm film. Available in ASA 25 daylight or ASA 40 Type A.

2 Comfort-country Harvey Woods Kroylon cushion-sole stretch sox in 100% Kroy-Wool Terry cushion. Unshrinkable. 20 shades. $1.50.

3 Dacron shorts and shirts by Harvey Woods in a new cumfort blend of combed cotton and stretch Nylon. Shirt and short (also Bermuda style). $2. T-shirts $2.50.

4 On the-town lisle rib anklet in Kroy Wool and Nylon. Kroy-Wool cushion sole. By Harvey Woods. $2.

5 Sportive Dacron Arnel and cotton knit with Henley collar (Boatneck also available). $4. Narrow banded straw by Stetson. $6.50. Cushion sole Bermuda hose. $2.50. By Harvey Woods.

6 For cool lakeside evenings a fine pullover. Dacron Terry Williams Chamlink cable, ribbed cuffs. Machine washable. Orlon and Wool. $14.95.

MICHAELSTHEN, FORSYTH, STETSON, TERRY WILLIAMS AND HARVEY WOODS MEMBERS OF THE MEN'S FASHION COUNCIL OF CANADA

All prices shown are "50 net

Harvey Woods

gaf

MACLEAN'S CENTENNIAL GUIDEBOOK

What to see wherever you travel in Canada's 100th summer

British Columbia

June 1-10, Silver City Centennial Fiesta. Trail **June 3,** Sports Day and Barbecue Okanagan Falls **June 3,** International Rowing and Sailing Regatta Centennial Ball, Shawnigan Lake **June 4,** Riding Club Centennial Sports Day Kelowna Centennial Sports Day Terrys and District **June 10,** Dinner to honor pioneers Lac La Hache **June 16-17,** Horticultural Society Summer Flower Show Victoria **June 17,** Square Dance Jamboree Lac La Hache Nicola Valley Rodeo Merritt **June 22-25,** German Song Festival Victoria **June 25-July 1,** Centennial Festival Week Mission City **June 26-July 1,** Centennial Elk nie Week Vancouver **June 29-July 1,** Stampede Williams Lake **June 30-July 1,** Centennial Square Dance Jamboree Victoria Golden Spike Days celebrating the completion of transcontinental railway Revelstoke **July 1,** Queen crowning contest and sports Merritt Gala Centennial Parade Burnaby Lunch Barbecue, Saturna Island Band concert and Naval Sunset Ceremony Langley Opening of Hedley historical exhibition Hedley Opening of Confederation Garden Victoria 4-H project — gymkhana, Trail Rod and Gun Club Canoe Race Legion Sports Day Pemberton Kennedy Lake Swim Club Regatta Ucluelet Family Picnic celebration honoring pioneer residents, Kimsquit Okanagan Logging Championships Lumby **July 1-3,** Centennial Port Days, Prince Rupert **July 2,** Centennial Sports Day Dawson Creek Centennial Square Dance Jamboree Nanaimo Bref Barbecue Children's Day Allison **July 2-8,** Festival of Music and Arts Langley **July 7,** Centennial parade, gymkhana Takysan Lake **July 8,** Giant Potlatch and Barbecue, Burnaby **July 13-15,** Centennial Aquatic Festival Departure Bay **July 14-20,** Centennial Naval Assembly Victoria **July 15-25,** Centennial Naval Assembly Vancouver **July 15,** All Sooke Day Sooke Family picnic and games Rock Creek **July 16,** Centennial gymkhana Pemberton Centennial community picnic Popkum **July 22-23,** Canoe Regatta Lac La Hache **July 30,** Land water sports Edgewood **July 31,** Dedication of Bright Angel Park, South Cowichan **July-Aug.,** Unlimited Hydroplane Boat Races, Kelowna **Aug. 4-6,** Sea Fair Powell River **Aug. 5,** Stage Coach Day Yale **Aug. 5-6,** Long Beach Days Ucluelet **Aug. 8-12,** Fourth Commonwealth Golf Tournament Victoria Golf Club Victoria **Aug. 9-12,** International Regatta, Kelowna **Aug. 11,** Centennial Flower and Art Show Houston **Aug. 11-13,** Centennial International Abbotsford Air Show Abbotsford, **Aug. 12,** Salute to Oldtimers Houston **Aug. 12-13,** Trail Rossland Country Club Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament Trail **Aug. 13,** Fish Derby Merritt Centennial Loggers Sports Day Pemberton **Aug. 14-19,** Canadian Amateur Golf Championships Colwood Golf Club, Victoria **Aug. 19-20,** BC Age-Class Track and Field Championships, Kelowna, **Aug. 19-Sept. 4,** Pacific National Exhibition Vancouver **Aug. 25-27,** Okanagan Art Festival Kelowna **Aug. 26,** Sports gymkhana Edgewood **Aug. 27-Sept. 2,** Homecoming Week Merritt **Sept. 2-4,** Labor Day Golf Tournament Revelstoke Annual rodeo and sports Merritt **Sept. 4,** Northwest Trapshooting championships, Trail **Sept. 5-6** Interprovincial Track and Field Meet Trail **Sept. 9-10,** Pine Tree Riding Club Gymkhana and Horse Show Kamloops **Sept. 14-16,** Powell River Exhibition Powell River **Sept. 15-16,** Victoria Horticultural Society Fall Flower Show Victoria **Sept. 16** Centennial Costume Dance, Kersley **Sept. 16-17,** Flying and skydiving. Trail **Sept. 23,** Rugby England vs BC Vancouver

Yukon

Weekly throughout the year, Film festival, Whitehorse Film Society Whitehorse **June 6-9,** Royal Canadian Regiment Band concerts Whitehorse and Dawson City **June 21,** Dedication ceremony, Yukon Territorial Monument Whitehorse **June 25, Dedication Day Mayo June 25-Aug. 17,** Old time entertainment at Palace Grand Theatre Dawson City, **Throughout summer,** Tours through steamship Keno and Palace Grand Theatre, Dawson City **June 19-July 7,** Ascent of international peak on Alaska-Yukon boundary Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition St. Elias Mountains **June 30** Midnight interdenominational church service Whitehorse Carmacks Fishing Derby Frenchman or Twin Lakes **July through Sept.,** Alaska Highway Travelnado commemorating 25th anniversary of opening of Alaska Highway, BC Yukon Alaska, Yukon Voyageurs Canoe Club regatta Whitehorse **July 1-4,** Yukon Bahai Conference Whitehorse **July 8-9,** Ascent of mountain peaks by 13 four man Canadian teams St. Elias Mountains, **July 14-15,** Bonanza Carnival — Holy Name Society Whitehorse **July 15-16,** First General Mountaineering Camp St. Elias Mountains **July 15-17,** Klondike Trail of 98 Carnival Whitehorse Dawson City Homecoming **July 22-29,** Centennial Camp — Yukon Girl Guides, Marsh Lake **July 27,** Watson Lake Lions Club Days of 98 Carnival Watson Lake **July 29-30, Aug. 12-13,** Second general mountaineering camp — Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition Internationally famed Alpinists will climb a mountain and name it Cen

ROYALTY COMES TO CANADA

Canada this summer will be the world's happiest hunting ground for celebrity watchers. Never before will so many members of the royal family and heads of other states from all parts of the world have visited one country. The Queen on Dominion Day will address parliament and officiate at ceremonies marking Canada's birthday. On **July 3,** with Prince Philip she will visit Expo 67 from the royal yacht Britannia. On **July 4** the Queen will give a dinner for Canadian leaders aboard the yacht at Kingston, Ont., then fly home on **July 5** from Ottawa.

The Queen Mother will visit the four Atlantic provinces on the Britannia during the last three weeks of July. Princess Alexandra and her husband Angus Ogilvie will visit Toronto **May 15-17,** and for the next three weeks will visit the capitals of the western provinces. Yukon and the Northwest Territories plus Calgary, Vancouver, Banff and Jasper, plus an unofficial visit to Expo on **June 6.**

Sixty heads of state will visit Canada during the summer. They include Prime Minister Harold Wilson, President Charles de Gaulle, Cuba's Premier Fidel Castro, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, King Constantine of Greece, the Shah of Iran and President Zalman Shazar of Israel. The world leaders will be given state welcomes at Ottawa, will visit Expo and other Canadian cities of their choosing.

(The arrangements given above, and other listings on this and the following three pages, are based on information available at the time of publication.)

MACLEAN'S CENTENNIAL GUIDEBOOK

At Yellowknife, a golf tournament, played in daylight — at midnight



tannial Peak **Aog. d,** Official opening of Centennial Community Hall Haines Junction Chilkat Dancers of Haines Alaska Haines Junction **Aug. 4 to 5,** Pancake breakfast—St Christopher's Women's Auxiliary Haines Junction **Aug. 5,** Joint Alaska Yukon Chilkoot ceremony reliving Gold Rush days, Skagway **Aog. 6,** Joint Alaska Yukon Chilkoot ceremony, Chilkoot Pass **Ang 8,** Yukon River flotilla of private boats will voyage from Lake Bennett down the Yukon past the Klondike and Dawson City to Eagle Alaska—a joint Yukon-Alaska event **Aog. 9,** Entertainment tours, 100 years of musical comedy and Barkerville western vaudeville, Watson Lake, Whitehorse, Mayo, Haines Junction and Dawson City **Aog. 12-13,** Second general mountaineering camp—Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition, St Elias Mountains **Aog. 17,** Discovery Day Celebrations marking the 1896 discovery of gold which triggered the Klondike Gold Rush Dawson City

Northwest Territories

Early April, World Championship Dog Derby Yellowknife Caribou Carnival dog races, ice-chiseling contests ice fishing Yellowknife RCMP 50-man band tour **May 1,** Fort Smith, **May 3,** Yellowknife **May 6,** Inuvik **Mny 7,** Cambridge **May 8,** Frobisher Bay **June 15,** Two barges start Centennial journey down Mackenzie River stopping at 16 communities — features include ferris wheel on one barge and models displaying industry and commerce of Canada **June 24,** Midnight golf tournament a unique sporting event in the land of the Midnight Sun Yellowknife **July 1 and rest of month,** Flotilla of Eskimo boats will travel from Churchill Man to Baker Lake paying Centennial visits to communities en route **Starting July 1,** Centennial exhibition and entertainers on Eastern Arctic patrol aboard ship C D. Howe, **July 1,** Celebrations in all NWT communities featuring Indian and Eskimo games dances by the light of the midnight sun and special fireworks designed to be visible in daylight **July 10-26,** 100 Eskimo children depart for Hillcrest Ont. from Frobisher Bay as house guests of Hillcrest residents

Alberta

Jooe 2-3, Jay Walker's Jamboree Camrose **Jnoe 9,** Melbourne Symphony Edmonton, **June 14,** RCMP Centennial Program with Musical Ride and Band re-enactment of first meeting between Asst Commissioner J F Macleod and Crowfoot Chief of Blackfoot Confederacy in 1874. Fort Macleod **June 15-17,** Alberta Music Festival. Calgary **Juoe 24-29,** Centennial Decorations Week Medicine Hat, **Joon 30-July 1,** Mormon Tabernacle Choir Calgary **July 1,** Highland games, Edmonton **July 1-2,** Massed Bands and Retreat Ceremonies, Calgary **July 3-Aug 12,** Summer Festival concerts, recitals and theatrical productions, Banff School of Fine Arts, Banff, **July 6-15,** Calgary Centennial Stampede Calgary **July 19 23,** Banff Indian Days Banff **July 20-29,** Edmonton Klondike Days Edmonton **July 24-29,** Old-timers Home Week with branding party horse show and exhibition and stampede Medicine Hat **July 29-36,** 4th Annual Canadian Antique Car Derby Hinton **July 30,** Junior Golf Championships Red Deer **July 31-Aug. 1,** Jasper Rodeo Jasper **Aug. 1-5,** Fair and exhibition with historic display of old railway lines, Red Deer **Aug 7,** Alberta International Air Show Red Deer **Aug. 7-9,** Camrose Agricultural Fair Camrose **Aug. 14-19,** Centennial Corn Festival Medicine Hat, **Aug. 19,** The Governor General's Canadian Derby Edmonton **Aug. 26,** Speed to Spare Handicap Edmonton, **Sept. 1,** Special "Alberta Day" programs, Calgary

Saskatchewan

June 1, Voyageur Canoe Pageant, Lloydminster **Jone 7 9,** RCMP Musical Ride and Band Regina **June 10,** RCMP Musical Ride and Band Moose Jaw; **June 13,** Gala Night Under the Stars Regina **June 14,** Gala Night Under the Stars, Saskatoon, **Jooe 14-July 15,** Centennial Square Dance Jamboree, thousands of dancers will tour province **Jone 19-21,** Saskatchewan Centenary Music Festival Yorkton **June 26-July 1,** Pioneer Era Days Saskatoon **July 1,** Frontier Days, Swift Current **July 14-15,** Centennial Square Dance Jamboree Regina **July 24-29,** Industrial Exhibition Saskatoon **July 31-Aug 5,** Provincial Exhibition, Regina Hudson Bay Route Excursion to Churchill Saskatoon.

Manitoba

Jooe 1-3, 8th International Square Dance Festival, Winnipeg, **June 23-July 2,** Red River Exhibition, Winnipeg **June 30-July 3,** Centennial Trout Festival, with displays of native skills moose-calling squaw wrestling Flin Flon **July 7-9,** Selkirk Interlake Fair and Regatta North American Professional Outboard Power Boat Championships Selkirk **July 26 22** Manitoba Stampede Morris, **July 22-Aug 7,** Pan American Games Winnipeg

(Pan American track and field events will be contested from July 29 through August 5 and for the information of visitors with special interests in other forms of sport the following are the dates on which various events will be held **July 24-27,** Wrestling **July 24 28,** Gymnastics **July 24 29,** Field hockey **July 24-30,** Yachting **July 24-31,** Shooting **July 24-Aog. 2,** Tennis **July 24-Aog 3,** Fencing football **July 24-Aog 5,** Baseball, basketball swimming **July 25-Aog 4,** Volleyball **July 25-31,** Cycling **July 27 31,** Weightlifting equestrian **July 29-31,** Canoeing **July 31-Aog 3,** Judo **Aog. 1-5,** Boxing, **Aog. 3-5,** Rowing.)

July 24-26, Northwest Roundup and Stampede Swan River **July 29 31,** Sunflower Festival Altona, **Aug. 10,** Horticultural Fair Butler **Aug. 22-23,** 12th International Flower and Fruit Show Winnipeg



RCMP MUSICAL RIDE

Devoted fans of the RCMP Musical Ride have been known to assert that they just couldn't see this colorful spectacle too often. Well this is their year. The Mounties and their magnificently trained horses will be performing in 21 Canadian cities almost continuously from early June up to their traditional final performances at Toronto's Royal Winter Fair in November. Here is the itinerary

Jone 7 9, Regina, **Jone 10,** Moose Jaw **June 14,** Fort Macleod, Alta. **June 17-20,** Calgary **June 22-24,** Edmonton, **Jooe 28,** North Battleford Sask. **June 30,** Saskatoon **July 3-5,** Winnipeg **July 7,** Fort William Ont. **July 14-15,** Fredericton, **July 18-19,** Charlottetown, **July 21-24,** Halifax, **July 25,** Sydney NS **July 28-29,** St. John's **July 31,** Grand Falls Nfld. **Aug 1-2,** Corner Brook Nfld. **Aog. 6-8,** Quebec City. **Aog 9-16,** Ottawa. **Aog. 18-26,** CNE Toronto **Aog 29-Sept 11,** Ottawa, **Sept. 15-26,** Expo 67 Montreal Nav. **10-18,** Royal Winter Fair Toronto

Ontario

May 30-June 1, Red Army Chorus, Ottawa **Jnne,** National Gallery Exhibitions 300 years of Canadian art masterpieces Ottawa Highland Games, Renfrew **Jooe through September,** *Son et Lumière* — Story of Canada's birth told in sound and light in an amphitheatre facing across water from Parliament Buildings Ottawa, Canadian sculpture exhibition outside City Hall, Toronto supplementing the controversial Henry Moore Archer **June 12-mid-Oct,** Stratford Festival, Stratford—special Centennial version of Canada's famous Shakespearean theatre **June 16 11,** 50th anniversary military flying Ottawa, **June 16,** Philadelphia Orchestra, Thomas Schippers conductor, Ottawa **Jooe 16-18,** International Dog Show Kingston **June 17,** Highland Tattoo Kitchener Waterloo, **June 17,** Pan American Games rowing trials, St Catharines, **June 19-July 3,** Centennial celebrations baseball games, bicycle rodeo, Welland **Jooe 24-July 5,** Centennial Rose Garden in full bloom, Hamilton **June 24,** Centennial Parade and Rose Festival, Welland **Jnne 25,** Open air concert and art exhibition, Kitchener Waterloo Old timers baseball game, Welland, **June 25-Sept 5,** Changing-the-guard ceremonies outside Parliament Buildings and governor-general's residence Ottawa **Jone 26-July 1,** Ethnic Folk Festival and "Come Home Week," Kitchener Waterloo, **June 30,** Centennial Costume Ball Ottawa, **July 1,** Canoeing and rowing races Toronto **July 1 2,** Fifth Annual Art and Folk Festival 100 years of folk music and dancing. Madoc Shevehenko Mala Choir Oakville **July 1-3,** Confederation Day celebrations Ottawa the centre of Canada's birthday celebrations **July 1-8** Centennial Home celebrations Stratford **July 8,** Highland Games, Brantford **July 9,** Regina Folk Dancers Fort William Orchestra Oakville **July 15-Sept. 15,** Summer display and trial garden Hamilton **July 18-22,** Horse show St Catharines **July 19-22,** Royal Canadian Henley Regatta, St Catharines, **July 21-22,** Muskoka Arts and Crafts Exhibition Bracebridge **July 29,** Western Division Canoe Championships Toronto **July 29-Aog. 12,** Dominion Rifle Championships Ottawa **Aog. 2-5,** Centennial Tour — Antique Automobile Club Ottawa to Montreal **Aog 2 16,** Centennial Spectacle, pageant on Parliament Hill directed by Sir Tyrone Guthrie Ottawa, **Aog. 6-18,** World Lightning Yacht Championships, Toronto, **Aog. 5,** Ontario Lawn Bowling Championships Ottawa **Aog. 7,** Highland Games Dutton **Aog 7-12,** Centennial Regatta, World Rowing Races St Catharines, Canadian Lakehead Exhibition, Port Arthur-Fort William **Aog. 10-13,** First North American Rowing Championships, Canadian Centennial Regatta, St Catharines, **Aog. 10-19,** Dominion of Canada Rifle Association Centennial prize meeting Ottawa, **Aog. 11-12, 18-19,** Six Nations Indian Pageant Hagersville, **Aog. 14-17,** Canadian Open Tennis Championships Ottawa, **Aog. 16-18,** Navy League Sea Cadet World Yachting Championship Kingston, **Aog 18-Sept 2,** Central Canada Exhibition Ottawa, **Aog. 18-Sept. 4,** Canadian National Exhibition world's largest annual fair special Centennial features, Toronto **Aog. 25-26,** Commonwealth Centennial Junior Tennis Championships, Ottawa **Aog. 26,** Tri-country Schoolboy Meet, track-and-field competitors from Britain France and Canada, Ottawa **Aog. 28-Sept. 4,** World Dragon Yachting Championship and John Foster Dulles Trophy Toronto **Sept 1-30,** Centennial Rose Garden display Hamilton **Sept, 1-3,** Canadian and International Senior Golf Tournaments Ottawa **Sept. 1-4,** Carling World Golf Championships Toronto—the $200 000 greatest show in golf **Sept 4,** Labor Day parade air show and variety concert, Kitchener Waterloo, **Sept. 8-16,** Western Fair at London with special Centennial features, **Sept. 12-16,** Welland Fair Welland **Sept 15-Oct. 14,** Canadian Opera Company season, Toronto Repertory *Tales Of Hoffmann Il Trovatore, Madame Butterfly The Barber Of Seville The Luck Of Ginger Coffey* (new Canadian opera) *Riel* (new Canadian opera) **Mid-Sept.—mid-Oct,** Muskoka Cavalcade of Color—parades, tours and celebrations through the Muskoka district featuring autumn tints of the maple woods Muskoka **Sept. 25 30,** Niagara Grape and Wine Festival, St Catharines.

WORLD SPORTS

Canada will be the centre of the sports world during its Centennial summer. The highlight will of course be the Pan American Games in Winnipeg, July 22 to August 7. Other international sports events are as follows

June - July, 12 World Yachting Championship events at Montreal, Toronto Kingston, Ont **July 7-9,** World Speedboat Championships Valleyfield Que **July 15,** Canadian Motorcycle Association World Championship races at Mosport **Aug. 8-12,** Royal Canadian Golf Association Commonwealth team matches, Oak Bay Club Victoria **Aug. 10-13,** North American Amateur Rowing Championships St Catharines Ont. **Aog. 12,** Junior Commonwealth Tennis Tournament, Ottawa, World Championship Water-ski Tournament Sherbrooke Que **Aog. 15** World championship horseshoes Toronto **Aog. 17-19,** World Invitational Amateur Boxing Tournament Montreal **Aog. 26,** Tri-country track-and-field meet, Ottawa **Aog 29 31,** World Invitational Lawn Bowling Tournament, Montreal **Sept. 10,** Invitational table-tennis tournament, Expo 67



VOYAGEUR CANOES

Twentieth-century voyageurs, wearing the garb, carrying the equipment and paddling the big canoes of a century ago will re-enact an epic 3,300 mile voyage across the heart of Canada from Rocky Mountain House Alberta, to Montreal—and Expo 67—during Centennial summer. The route will be basically that pioneered by explorers and fur traders. At larger towns and cities along the route the canoeists will hold a series of races as part of local Centennial observances. The following are the dates the voyageurs are expected at various centres

May 27, Edmonton **June 1,** Lloydminster **3,** North Battleford Sask **4-5,** Saskatoon **7-8,** Prince Albert **13-14,** The Pas **23-24,** Dauphin **26,** Portage la Prairie; **June 28-July 1,** Winnipeg **July 2,** Selkirk **9,** Minaki Ont. **10,** Kenora **12,** Rainy River **13,** Big Fork River Minnesota **14,** Fort Frances **22,** Partridge Falls, Minnesota **23,** Grand Portage **24 and 26,** Fort William **25,** Port Arthur **Aog. 1,** Terrace Bay **3,** Marathon **7,** Wawa, **11-12,** Sault Ste Marie **13,** Thessalon **14,** Blind River **16,** Little Current **22,** Trout Lake, North Bay **23,** Mattawa **26,** Pembroke **28,** Arnprior **29** Ottawa **30,** Hull Que **Sept. 1,** Hawkesbury **2,** Cardinal **3,** Lachine **4,** Expo 67

Quebec

April 28-Oct 27, Montreal's Expo 67 with an infinite variety of sights, spectacles and events **May 27-Jooe 11,** International Soccer Tourney Montreal **June 25,** Caughnawaga Indian Reserve celebrations, Caughnawaga **July 1,** Tri-service ceremonial Montreal **July 1-2,** St Lawrence Valley Annual Regatta Montreal **July 1-4,** International Softball Tournament, Hull, **July 2,** Bicycle race Hull **July 3,** Torchlight Dancers, Hull **July 3-7,** World OK Dinghy Championship, Montreal **July 6,** Ladies Golf Tournament St Jovite **July 7-9,** World Speedboat Championships, Valleyfield **July 8-9,** Annual regatta Pointe Claire **July 10-16, 28-29,** Eastern Division Canoeing Championship, Montreal **July 14-16,** World Hydroplane Championships, Valleyfield Canadian Lightning Championships, Montreal **July 14-21,** Sportsmen Pilots Air Meet St Jovite **July 17-21,** World Junior Championship Regatta, Montreal **July 21,** Lake Ouimet Regatta St. Jovite **July 22-23,** 5th Annual Sunfish-Sailfish Race Mont Tremblant **July 24-29,** Boy Scout World Championship Regatta Montreal **July 26,** Mixed Lawn Bowling Festival St Jovite **July 28-29,** Eastern Division Canoe Championships Montreal. **July 28-Aog. 3,** Canadian and International Y Flyer Championships, Montreal **Aog. 4-5,** Canadian Canoe Championship Montreal. **Aog. 4-6,** All-Indian North American Lacrosse Championship, Montreal. **Aog. 4-13,** Festival of Canadian Films and Montreal International Film Festival more than 30 feature films many of them world premieres, attended by film celebrities Montreal **Aog. 5-6,** Annual regatta Montreal **Aog. 6-8,** RCMP Musical Ride and Band Quebec **Aog. 7-9,** Royal St Lawrence Dragon Trophy, Montreal **Aog 9-10,** Europe vs Americas track and field meet Montreal **Aog. 9 11,** World Cadet Class Yachting Championship Montreal **Aog. 12-13,** North American Canoe Racing Championships Montreal. **Aog. 16-18** Jollyboat World Championship Montreal, **Aog. 19-26,** Baie d'Urfé Beaurepaire Regatta Beaurepaire **Aog 19-20,** Expo 67 Invitational Regatta Montreal **Aog. 24-27,** North American Flying Scot Yachting Championship Montreal **Aog. 28-Sept 1,** North American Senior and Junior Yachting Championships, Montreal **Aog 28-Sept. 3,** 10th World Water-ski Championships Sherbrooke **Sept. 1-16,** Quebec Provincial Exhibition Quebec. **Sept 4-8,** World Flying Junior Yachting Championship Montreal **Sept. 9-16,** World Flying Dutchman Yachting Championship Montreal

FESTIVAL CANADA

Festival Canada is described as "the largest live entertainment package ever assembled." Some 50 performing arts groups ranging from the Stratford Festival touring company to Don Messer and His Islanders, will perform in Canadian cities towns and villages During June through September many of the performances will take place at Expo 67 but summer tourists can catch three *Festival Canada* presentations at the following dates and places

National Youth Orchestra Fort William **July 31** Saskatoon **Aug 1;** Edmonton **Aug. 3,** Calgary **Aog. 4;** Winnipeg **Aog. 6,** Regina **Aog. 8;** Victoria **Aog. 9,** Kamloops **Aog. 11.**

Anne Of Green Gables a musical based on the famous Canadian novel Victoria **Sept. 11-12;** Edmonton **Sept 18-20;** Calgary **Sept. 23,** Toronto **Sept 25 30**

Montreal Symphony Orchestra Saint John NB **Sept 12;** St John's Nfld **Sept 14;** Charlottetown PEI, **Sept 16**



New Brunswick

Jone-Oct. 31, Reversing Falls Bass Fishing Contest Saint John **June 10,** Queen's Birthday — Gun Salute Fredericton Heliport Opening, Nashwaaksis **June 11,** Veterans' Sunday Parade, Fredericton **June 11-15,** Grand Orange Lodge of British America Meeting Moncton **June 11-17,** Veterans' Week, celebrations and observances honoring the province's veterans of all wars — provincewide Centennial Panorama Copter (helicopter on Trans Canada tour) Fredericton **June 19,** Danish Celebrations, New Denmark **Jone 24,** Champlain Day celebrations commemorating discovery of St John River Saint John **June 29-July 2,** Canadian Navy ships visit parades, Saint John **June 30,** Centennial Ball St Andrews **End of month,** Kiwanis Pipe Band Concert at Reversing Falls Saint John **July 1,** Dominion Day Celebrations, provincewide Fathers of Confederation — ceremonies by Boy Scouts at Canada at burial places, Saint John Fredericton Dorchester Newcastle Oromocto Junior Chamber of Commerce track and field meet Moncton **July-Aog.,** Jack Humphrey introspective art show, Beaverbrook Art Gallery Fredericton **July - Sept,** Rothesay Playhouse Centennial Festival Rothesay **July 1 14,** Annual Potato Festivals, Hartland Grand Falls **July 1 weekend,** Algonquin Golf Tournament St Andrews **July-Aug.,** hockey figure skating ballet schools St Andrews **July 1-8,** Inter-Faith Program Saint John **July 3,** Policeman's Centennial Ball Saint John **July 3-Aog. 18,** New Brunswick School of Arts and Crafts Fundy National Park, Alma **July 6-12** Shediac Lobster Festival **July 6-15,** Centenary Festivals of Music, national finals of competitions for soloists and choirs Saint John **July 10-15,** Canadian Centenary Music Festival National Finals (solos) Saint John, **July 14-16,** Maritime Orange Celebrations, Moncton **July 14,** Rothesay Pony Club Horse Show Rothesay **Mid-July,** Kiwanis Pipe Band Concert Reversing Falls Saint John Hampton Town Fair Hampton Nauwigewauk Town Fair **July 19-23,** Reunion for 200th anniversary of Arrival of Steeves Family in New Brunswick Hillsborough **July 23,** St Annes Indian-Day powwow and dances Kingsclear Reserve **July 23-31,** New Brunswick Festival of Crafts, Penobsquis **July 28-30,** Fishermen's Festival Cap Pelé **Late July,** Fredericton International Horse Show Fredericton **First week in Aug.,** Old Home Week Woodstock **Aog. 1-4,** Harness racing, Woodstock **Aog. 5,** Carleton York Veterans Association Reunion Marysville **Aog. 6-12,** Official opening of Centennial Park Moncton Moncton Natal Week, Moncton **Mid-Aog.,** Water events commemorating founding of New Brunswick Saint John **Aog 28-Sept 2,** Atlantic National Exhibition Saint John **Sept 1-2,** Trooping of Queens Colors and Beating the Retreat ceremony Saint John **Sept. 2,** Rothesay Highland Games, Atlantic National Exhibition Saint John **Sept. 2-4,** Moncton Open Golf Tournament **Sept 3-4,** Miliseet Indian Pageant Tobique **Sept 4-9,** Fredericton Exhibition and Provincial Livestock Show **Sept. 4-9,** Youth

MACLEAN'S CENTENNIAL GUIDEBOOK

Exhibition Fredericton **Sept 13,** Re enactment of Indian treaty of 1768 Saint John **Sept 15-18,** NB PEI Open Golf Tournament Fundy National Park Alma **Sept 18-21,** National Police Convention Moncton **Fall 1967** Ten Decades Ten Painters 1867 1967 Saint John **Sept 24** Fort Howe Treaty Observance Saint John **Late September** Theâtre du Rideau Vert Moncton **Sept 26-28,** Around The Bend Revue Moncton

MILITARY TATTOO

One of the most stirring of spectacles the military tattoo will be performed in 45 places across Canada during Centennial year

March 31-April 1, Peterborough Ont **April 7-8,** Kingston Ont **April 13-14,** Barrie, Ont **April 15-16,** Sarnia Ont **April 17-20,** Windsor Ont **April 21 23,** London Ont **April 24-26,** Kitchener Ont **April 27 28,** Sudbury Ont **April 29-30,** Sault Ste Marie Ont **May 2-3,** Brandon Man **May 4-6,** Regina **May 9-10,** Lethbridge Alta **May 11-13** Calgary **May 15,** Kelowna BC **April 2-3,** Oshawa Ont **April 10 11,** Glace Bay NS **April 13-16,** Halifax **April 17 18,** Moncton **April 19-21** Saint John **April 22,** Fredericton **April 23-24,** Sherbrooke Que **April 25-26,** Three Rivers Que **April 27 28,** North Bay Ont **April 30,** Timmins (Schumacher) Ont **May 2-3,** Fort William Ont **May 4-7,** Winnipeg **May 8-10,** Saskatoon **May 11-13,** Edmonton **May 15,** Prince George BC **May 25-27,** Victoria **May 31-June 5,** Vancouver **June 19-July 4,** Montreal **July 10-16,** Niagara on the Lake Ont **July 13-16** Quebec City **Aug. 16-19,** Ottawa **Aug. 28 Sept 4,** Toronto **Sept 8-9,** Hamilton Ont **Sept. 16,** Summerside, PEI **Sept. 19-20,** Charlottetown **Sept 22-24** St John's **Sept 27-28,** Corner Brook Nfld **Sept 30** Rimouski, Que **Oct 2-3,** Drummondville Que **Oct. 6-7,** Chicoutimi Que **Oct 10-11,** Shawinigan Que

Nova Scotia

Centennial year in Nova Scotia is Old Home Year" plus an emphasis that comes naturally to this province things Scottish things Maritime the latter ranging from naval tradition to the vital fishing and boat-building industries

Just about every city town and village in Nova Scotia is planning its own celebration—day long week long or year round Returning natives and first time visitors (Nova Scotia and the other Maritime provinces are expecting two visitors for every resident) can take their choice of places to visit and find themselves involved in pageantry (often with the populace garbed in the clothing of a century ago) street dances sailing races dory races, barbecues firemen's picnics carnivals music festivals Highland games fishing derbies military parades in fact one Centennial official described Nova Scotia's celebration plans as "everything that can be done within the bounds of legality"

Nova Scotia is concentrating its Centennial celebrations in the summer months which makes it more convenient for the visitor to list the province's program by location followed by dates of the special local celebrations and of additional attractions where they apply

HALIFAX **June 21-26** Centennial Atlantic naval assembly of 40 Canadian and foreign warships with naval parades concerts fireworks and ship illuminations **Aug 24-27,** Nova Scotia Folk Festival and Highland games

PUGWASH **July 1,** with the "gathering of the clans" as an added attraction

ST ANN'S **Aug 7-12,** featuring the Gaelic Mod one of Canada's largest Scottish festivals

ANTIGONISH **July 9-15,** with Highland games as an added attraction

LUNENBURG **Sept 12-16,** with a plus of the fisheries exhibition "the Mardi Gras of the sea" (Lunenburgers claim to serve the freshest and most delectable seafood on earth)

DARTMOUTH celebrates all year with its peak day on **Aug 2.**

GLACE BAY **July 29 Aug. 5,** featuring Miners Week with visits to the Miners Museum and tours of the unique undersea mine shaft

Other towns observing the general Centennial celebrations are

Musquodoboit Harbor **July 23-31,** Sheet Harbour, **July 1-8,** Stewiacke **July 1-8;** Chester Basin **Aug. 4-6,** Chester **July 23 29,** Mahone Bay **July 1-9,** Bridgewater **Aug. 2-8** Liverpool **July 16-23;** Lockeport **May 19-22** Shelburne **July 9-15;** New Ross, **July 1-2,** Caledonia **July 1 2;** Barrington **July 1 2** Yarmouth **Aug 13-19,** Clare first two weeks in August Weymouth **July 1;** Digby **June 26-28;** Annapolis Royal **Aug. 4-8,** Bridgetown **July 16 22;** Middleton **Aug 13-20,** Berwick **Sept 4,** Kentville **Aug 10-13** Wolfville **July 10-16;** Hantsport **July 1-9** Windsor **July 24 30;** Truro **Aug 29** Pictou **Aug. 13-19,** Amherst **June 24-30;** Springhill **July 23 29,** Oxford **July 2-5,** Pictou **July 7-8;** Westville **July 1-3,** Stellarton **July 24-30,** New Glasgow **Aug. 13-19;** Trenton **Aug 6-12** Sherbrooke **Aug 4-6;** Canso **July 31 Aug. 5,** Mulgrave **Aug. 11-13,** Guysborough **July 1 2;** Port Hawkesbury **July 8-10;** Port Hood **July 1,** Inverness **July 30 Aug 3** Cheticamp **July 8 9;** Baddeck **July 23-29,** Sydney Mines **July 23 29,** North Sydney **July 16-22,** Sydney **July 1-9,** New Waterford **July 6-12** Dominion **July 9-15,** Louisbourg **Aug. 6-12.**

CENTENNIAL TRAIN AND CARAVANS

The seemingly impossible task of filling the panorama of a nation's past, present and future into six railroad cars has been successfully accomplished. Even skeptics have come wide eyed from a trip through the train—and promptly lined up for another look Some of the train stops are

May 30-June 3, Sudbury Ont **June 4-6** North Bay Ont **June 8-15,** London Ont **June 16-23** Windsor Ont **June 24-27,** Kitchener Ont **July 1-12,** Ottawa **July 13-17** Peterborough Ont **July 18-25,** Hamilton Ont **July 26-28** Niagara Falls **July 29 Aug. 21,** Toronto **Aug 22-25,** Kingston Ont **Aug 26-Sept. 14,** Montreal **Sept. 15 19** Three Rivers Que **Sept 20-23,** Chicoutimi Que **Sept. 24 30** Quebec City **Oct 2-4,** Truro NS **Oct. 5 7;** Sydney NS, **Oct 8-13,** Halifax **Oct 14-15,** Yarmouth NS **Oct. 16-17,** Kentville NS **Oct. 18-19,** Amherst NS **Oct 20-23,** Charlottetown **Oct 24,** Summerside PEI **Oct 26-29,** Moncton NB **Oct 30-Nov. 3** Saint John **Nov 4-6,** Fredericton **Nov. 7,** Chatham NB **Nov. 8-9,** Campbellton NB

Eight road caravans of eight sections each with basically the same exhibits hardly need separate listings — they will criss-cross the country and make more than 600 stops during the year

Prince Edward Island

June 2 25 An exhibition of paintings by Jack Humphrey organized by the Beaverbrook Art Gallery and National Gallery **and June 2-30,** the Bank of Montreal's Centennial Art Exhibition—both at the Art Gallery Confederation Centre Charlottetown **June 4** Groves Decoration Day Summerside **June 11-17,** Veterans Week honoring the living and dead who served Canada in all wars — province-wide **June 28-30** Dedication of Centennial memorial gate with parades and Lions Club bazaar St Eleanors **June 30** Centennial-eve balls — province-wide **July 1-** Dominion Day observances — special religious services gun salute ring out wild bells — province-wide **July 3-Sept. 2,** Festival 67 Repertory Theatre Charlottetown **July through Aug.** Art Gallery — Summer Festival 67 The Robert Harris retrospective The Charles S Gand Collection Confederation Centre, Charlottetown **July 7** Centennial celebrations and Confederation Caravan visit Kensington **July 7-9** Rural Jubilee Agricultural Fair Kensington **July 17-22** Summerside Lobster Carnival and Livestock Exhibition Summerside **July 25,** Official opening of Centennial community hall plus Centennial celebrations Mount Stewart **July 28-Aug 7** Scottish Festival North Rustico **Aug. 2,** Official opening of Centennial park and Centennial celebrations, George town **Aug 2** Highland Games Elcidon **Aug 3-5,** Oyster Festival (all the oysters you can eat) Tyne Valley **Aug. 9-10,** Prince County Exhibition Alberton **Aug 14-19,** Old Home Week—Provincial Exhibition and harness-horse racing afternoon and evening Charlottetown **Aug 15-18,** Women's Institute Heedereli Fair Charlottetown **Sept 1-2** Fathers of Confederation Day — 103rd anniversary of the first meeting of the Fathers of Confederation Charlottetown **Sept 2,** Maritime Invitation Track and field Meet Summerside **Sept 4,** Green Gables Golf Tournament Cavendish

Newfoundland

June 30, Fireworks eed bonfires Grand Falls **July 1,** Centennial Flame St John's (There will be many ceremonies on this day across the province under the Bell Fire and Flame Program The Royal Newfoundland Regiment at St John's Grand Falls and Corner Brook will hold Sunset Ceremonies and parades) Canadian Legion Junior Sports Day Grand Falls **July 22-Aug. 27,** The Royal Newfoundland Regiment will stage an historical pageant on Signal Hill with period uniforms and weapons St John's **July 28-29,** RCMP Musical Ride St. John's **July 31,** RCMP Musical Ride Grand Falls **Aug 1-2,** RCMP Musical Ride Corner Brook **Aug 2,** Gala regatta St. John's **Aug 18-21,** Royal Canadian Navy visit St John's **Aug. 28-25** Memorial University of Newfoundland will host a Canadian Historical Association Centennial seminar St John's, **Aug. 22-24,** Royal Canadian Navy display Botwood **Aug 23-25,** Royal Canadian Navy display Corner Brook **Aug 26-28,** Royal Canadian Navy display Harbour Grace and Port aux Basques, **Sept. 9,** Conception Bay Kennels dog show Harbour Grace **Sept. 11-19,** Confederation Caravan St. John's (The Caravan will also make eight other stops during September Ferryland St Marys, Placentia Whitbourne Harbour Grace Frenchman's Cove Clarenville and Bonavista) ★



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GM

I wanted to see the other women . . . and yet, I was afraid

vulnerable. It happened when my husband went on a design project in Houston for three months and wouldn't take me with him. This friend of ours also married, started dropping around. And for three or four weeks we got fairly deeply involved. But all the time I felt guilty and neurotic about it. It's a terrible shock to suddenly find yourself in bed with another man. We knew it wasn't going anywhere and when my husband came back I blanked it right out. But now I was afraid, terribly afraid. And the funny thing is that I wanted to be with my husband. I wanted him to reassure me. I wanted to touch him. Yes, right in the middle of all the rot ten things that were going on. I guess it was about then I decided I was never going to let him go. But at that time I didn't know it would get worse. And it got a lot worse.

By this time I knew her name and I was really envious to see what she looked like. At the same time I didn't want to. It's the sort of feeling that only a woman can understand. You want to be able to look your competition over, but just in case it's too much you don't want to know about it.

The day after I had coffee with the wife of the architect who works with my husband. I decided I was going to go down to my husband's office just to make a casual visit. So I got a baby-sitter to for our little boy (our daughter goes to school) and took a cab downtown. I spent hours dressing and I must have put on my face about five times. Then when I got out of the cab I just didn't have the courage to go in. I didn't think I would be able to hold onto myself. There was a restaurant about half a block down the street. I told myself I needed a cup of coffee and a cigarette first. I must have sat there for hours. I finally realized I wasn't going to go up to his office. And then just as I was about to leave I saw my husband pass in front of the restaurant with this girl. Right away I knew it was her. She had her arm through his and they were laughing about something. He looked about five years younger. She was a knockout.

I couldn't talk any more

If it hadn't been for the plate glass window of the restaurant I could have reached out and touched them as they walked by. They never even saw me. I got a fantastic pain in my chest. I thought my heart was going to stop beating right there. It hurt so much I could hardly breathe. I used to think that heartache was an euphemism for something intellectual. But it's really a very physical thing. And even though I take tranquilizers and sleeping pills that pain and tightness is still there under my heart. Even now after six months. I go to bed with it. And when I wake up in the morning *zonk!* It's there with all the other rotten things in my mind.

Anyway I finally got out of that restaurant and made it to a phone booth where I phoned Mother and asked her if she and Dad would go over and pick up the kids and keep them for a couple of days. And *please* not to ask any questions. The next thing I knew I was sitting in a movie house watching one of those James Bond films. I sat there like a zombie for about three hours, but not a word or an image of that film stayed with me.

When I got home, my husband was waiting for me. I suppose I must have looked awful. I had been crying for about three days and hadn't got any sleep. He got worried when I didn't bring the kids home with me. He wanted to know where the kids were. I told him. Then I asked him if he loved me. He said yes. Then I couldn't talk any more and for a few moments I just sat there, all sort of swollen and paralyzed.

Then it all burst out of me and I told him everything I knew. What happened next was a nightmare and I really can't remember very much of it. He tried to comfort me. But I just kept kicking at him and hitting him. Then he started to cry. My God *cry!* I had never seen him do that before. Next thing we were making love. And I remember thinking, *It's going to be all right. That part is all over. We're still together.* Two days later he told me he was moving out.

He stayed away six weeks. He didn't even phone to ask how the kids were. I've never been so lonely in my life. I remember meeting an acquaintance in the supermarket. I was so happy to see a face I knew I just rushed over to her and talked and talked. All the time there was a little voice in the back of my mind saying, *Shut up, stop. Can't you see she's trying to get away from you?* But I couldn't stop jabbering. Finally, when she had escaped I felt so ashamed. The next day I phoned the man I had gone out with when my husband was in Houston. I desperately wanted someone to care for me. He took me out for a couple of evenings. He was very kind. The sex part was all right, I guess, but everything else was awful. I kept thinking about my husband. I wanted to be with him.

When my husband came back to live at home, he said he was going to make amends for everything and take care of us all. I told him to take it easy with me, to let me heal gradually, and eventually I would be all right. He said he understood and started sleeping on the daybed in the study. After about two months he didn't come home one night.

And that's how it's going on now. He sleeps here, eats here. But that's about all there is to it. I know he still sees her those nights he doesn't come home. Sometimes I'm so lonely I get up in the night and go to him and we make love. But it's a very empty thing.

When I know he's not coming home, I occasionally go out on a date myself. You know, there's a certain kind of man between 30 and 40 who preys on hung-up women. They're either bachelors or they've been separated for years from their wives and they're never going to get divorced. But they can smell a female that's ripe for picking out of the marriage tree. She's got to have just enough entanglements to keep her from ever becoming a relationship that they either have to cut off or commit themselves to. And under it all I think they really have this cool contempt for the women they become involved with. I don't like them very much either, but God, I've got to have someone to talk to.

I'm not going to give up, though. I'll never agree to a divorce. For one thing, he can't afford it. You see, he's never going to make much more money than he's making now. He just doesn't have enough money to support us and start a new life. And there are the children—he loves them and he's a very kind man. I still love him. But I'm not *in* love with him. I'm going to hang on. Perhaps five years from now we'll be able to look back and laugh about it. ★



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We went out for a drink. At her place. We forgot the drink

is this what married life is all about? I made some excuse about going downtown to get more ice.

I must have spent an hour walking around out there by myself in the dark, because when I got back, except for the flirt and his wife everyone had left. The atmosphere was a little cold and the two women looked very uncomfortable. My friend didn't seem to care, perhaps because he was high. I apologized for taking so much time to find the ice. That seemed to relieve the tension a bit and after a while they left.

A couple of nights later I was working in the office. I thought I was alone but every once in a while I could hear the tap tapping noise of a typewriter. I had spent the evening studying some drawings done by a kid who had just come to work for us. He really was a kid, too, still in his early 20s, but he had everything and the drawings showed it. Looking at them, I suddenly realized that although I was 35 and had twice as much experience I was never ever going to do anything this good. I understood then that I was always going to be able to do a solid, workmanlike job but brilliance was not going to be a part of my life. That does something to a guy when he realizes that. I can't exactly articulate what happens, but I think most men know what I mean, because few of us are really brilliant.

Anyway, I put my coat on and started home. On the way out I went to find out where the tap-tapping noise was coming from. Well, there she was. I just walked up to the desk and said: "Put your coat on. I'm going to buy us two big drinks." It came out sort of husky and jerky, because my chest had tightened up so much. She just looked at me for about a minute. "No," she said. "I'm going to buy you a drink." We got into the car and she told me where her place was.

MACLEAN'S



"I've been wanting to do that since I was a kid!"

We never did get that drink. I think about two minutes after we had closed the apartment door behind us we were undressing each other.

When I finally got out of the apartment I was floating. I was a giant, 12 feet tall. Look, I want to tell you something. At 35, I suddenly discovered that I was not just a lover, but a great lover. I think the discovery overwhelmed us both that night. And you know the funniest part about it all was when I got home my wife was half asleep. She woke up enough to ask me if I had remembered to pay the telephone bill. She got mad when I couldn't stop laughing.

So there it was. Overnight I had a mistress. But it was not long more than that. From the beginning we told each other it was love. We both believed it, too. For six months I lived two separate lives. I had my wife, my children and my home. Then I had my job and my mistress. I refused to let one interfere with the other. I would step out of one life, close a watertight mental and emotional door behind me and step into the other. To tell the truth, I was happy. I never felt guilty—that was to come later, after my wife had found that letter. And that's when the whole world turned sour.

The night that it all came out she told me the names of the men she said she had been involved with over the last few years. What a night! Accusations back and forth, tears, pleas for forgiveness, more confessions, more accusations, more tears. Nobody has ever called me so many dirty names in all my life. I admit that I slapped her around a bit. Something I'm not very proud of. Finally we collapsed, exhausted, into bed. The next morning she told me the confessions she had made the night before hadn't been true, and that she had just said those things to hurt me. I said, okay, I could understand that and to forget it. But I never really could. I mean, when that happens, you really don't know what to believe, do you? It's got you going both ways. I know I went and asked one of the guys, which made me feel pathetic and stupid. Of course he denied it, but what else could he do?

The next day I left and moved into this girl's apartment. It lasted four weeks. The first two were like a honeymoon. Then everything I had pushed out of my mind came crowding back in on me and I kept thinking about my children. We tried very hard to be happy together. I laughed a lot, but it was a hollow-hearted gaiety. I would fall into silent moods that I couldn't pull myself out of. Finally she talked me into going back to my wife. But I just couldn't go back immediately. I went away for two weeks and stayed with my brother. He runs a trucking business up in the northern Ontario bush. I spent a few days walking around in the bush. Then he put me to work driving a gravel truck. It was the damnedest thing. I enjoyed every minute of it. I came back to my family thinking that I could take on the world again.

Her two words: "Get out!"

My wife wasn't convinced. She asked me to sleep in the study. She asked me to take it easy and be patient. She also wanted me to go with her to a marriage counsellor. I said, okay, to everything. What else could I do? The sessions with the marriage counsellor were awful. She seemed to agree with everything my wife said, which was mainly what a louse I was. Well, I figured she had to get it all off her chest somehow. The counsellor would never look at me. She just kept her head down, scribbling it all down on a pad.

This went on for two and a half months. Then I remember one evening my wife was taking a bath and I walked in on her. She covered herself. That's right, she actually covered herself up with her arms. Then she asked me to leave the bathroom. I left all right. I got in my car and drove downtown to this girl's apartment. That was a mistake. There was a young guy there. He had a beard. They weren't doing anything, just sitting around having a drink and listening to records. He left after about five minutes. I was jealous enraged. I know it was completely irrational but I started in on her and accused her of all kinds of things. She took it without saying a thing. When finally I had run out of breath, she turned around and said two words: "Get out." I went to bed that night in the study, thinking that if I had any talent at all it was for self-alienation.

I thought that I at was the end of it. *So what?* I thought. *I can do without both of them.* After work the next day she walked into my office and said: "Put your coat on. I'm going to buy you a drink." I didn't go home that night.

And that's the way it went on, and on, and on. I'll admit that now I'm hopelessly confused. Men are supposed to be able to have themselves in their work. I can't. I spend hours sitting in my office wondering what the hell I'm going to do. I know my wife goes on with other men now. Other people took care of that. Some of them can hardly wait to tell you where they saw her and with whom. We still make love once in a while. I try to tell myself the other guys don't matter, that whatever she has done with them has taken place somewhere out there, and that it doesn't have anything to do with us. But I can't turn it off. And when I'm with her I'm thinking about those other guys all the time. I've thought about divorce, but who can afford it? I'm thinking of taking an illness. Do you think that might help? ★

It was like a honeymoon, this girl and I alone. It changed



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No slouch, that couch

MRS. C. I. WILLOWDALE, ONT.

Yes, your couch could have been manufactured in Canada. The recent revival of interest in Victoriana is a heartening surprise to the purist who demands that everything collectible should have been made before 1847. But to understand the cultural background of a nation we must have some knowledge of its decorative and applied arts, and items manufactured during the reign of Victoria should be given such a classification. Your couch is a splendid example of what has been scorned but now is being collected, restored and recovered. Dubbed in style when compared to the Romantic couches of the Empire period, this well preserved example of late Victorian design is typical of a period when ceramic casters, machine made nails, screws, tacks and carving provide proof of the decline in craftsmanship in Canada and elsewhere. Manufactured 1875-1885, this plush couch should one day become a veritable collectors' item.



The Italian iron

MR. E.C.A., ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S.

The object in your photograph is a well known implement for ironing clothing. To quote from a rare and useful publication, entered according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-five, by Harper & Brothers," and titled *American Encyclopedia Of Useful Knowledge*, published by J. C. Derby, New York, 1856: "The Italian iron affords a neat and very expeditious way of ironing certain articles as frills that require to be puffed. It is a hollow tube, and is heated by a spirit-lamp, a piece of iron made red-hot and inserted in it. The articles to be ironed are drawn over the iron, instead of passing the iron over them."



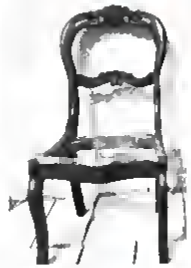


Pre-Columbian whatsit

MR. G.B., HALIFAX, ONT.

It was thoughtful of you to include a tape measure in your photograph. The size of an object is of prime importance to the archaeologist and historian in estimating some age, etc.

The Canadian Indian did not melt metals, but knew how to work and shape projectile points, tools, etc., from unheated native copper by use of stone tools. The leaf-shaped blade shown could have been used as either a projectile point for arrow or spear or as a knife. It would be of the "pre-contact period" — before the coming of the European. The very dark green color is a typical patina and should not be removed. I envy you the possession of this pre-Columbian Canadian artifact.



Transitional chair

MRS. T.X., TORONTO

This chair is an interesting and classic example of a transitional side chair of the late Empire, early Victorian period, circa 1840. This chair reveals the carved crest rail and slat associated with Victorian concepts of design. In addition, the legs do suggest a rudimentary attempt at the fully developed cabriole leg. However, the curve is not that of Louis XV as associated with the early-Victorian period—but was derived from the influences and lines of the *Directoire* of France (1792-1810). These chairs were very popular in Canada and are to be found in some numbers. A useful and decorative chair. It blends well with a general collection.

Gerald Stevens invites queries on Canadiana and other antiques. Each letter must be accompanied by a clear photograph and all available data. We cannot undertake to return photographs. Address letters to Canadiana, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Correspondents should enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope if personal reply is desired.

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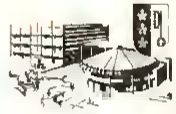
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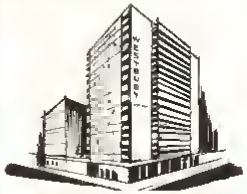
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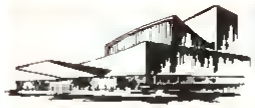
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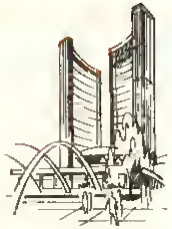
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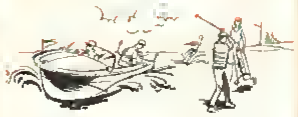
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LEGEND

- The expo route
- 4 Highways
- 5 Secondary highways
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- Superest service
- Natl or Prov Parks (Camping)
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UNIROYAL

The new name for Dominion Royal

Uniroyal (1964) Ltd.

THE SWEEPS *continued from page 27*

For a winner, a punch and a threat

local cops "don't go out and actively look for tickets." An Edmonton Morality Squad officer says the public "knocks us for doing our job. The present situation is ludicrous. You can't enforce a law half-heartedly." What the police want are stiffer penalties — especially the imposition of a minimum sentence — or new legislation to legalize lotteries.

Meanwhile, they have been breaking up smaller, fly-by-night operations — with good cause. A few years ago, for example, an outfit called Dalo Star peddled tickets on a horse race at Richelieu, near Montreal. After the race, a man who held a ticket worth $800 had a hurly caller at his door. "Got the ticket?" He produced it. "Gimme." And the burly caller tore it up, punched the lucky winner in the nose and told him that if the cops were summoned he'd be back to break his neck.

But there is no strong-arm stuff connected with the Irish Sweepstakes. Such crudities as evasion of payment would be unthinkable in a national institution and a public charity. For that is the image of the Sweeps carefully nurtured — and the buyers of tickets, if they think at all about where their money is going, think it is going to pay for the medical care of the poor of Ireland, and maybe of a dear little old lady, and her with arthritis, bed-ridden in a Dublin hospital.

"There's a sales hook for you," says a Montreal cop. "Greed *and* self righteousness."

Although the avowed purpose of the Irish Sweepstakes is charity, and the name of the firm that runs it is Hospitals Trust (1940) Ltd., the Sweeps is charitable in about the same sense as the Holy Roman Empire was holy. To begin with, Hospitals Trust is a private company run for profit. During the past 37 years it has grossed an estimated 1.2 billion dollars, of which perhaps $140 million has gone to the hospitals of Ireland. That is a small fraction of the firm's total receipts and probably a lot less than it would have had to pay in corporate income taxes *if* it paid corporate income taxes. Hospitals Trust was set up through the political influence of one of its founders by an act of Irish parliament. The only tax it pays is something called Stamp Duty amounting to a staggeringly 6.4 percent of net proceeds. The bulk of its profits has been plowed into private industrial enterprises, investment companies, even stud farms. Its few shareholders are among the richest, most powerful men in Ireland.

Since the sale of Sweepstakes tickets is illegal in all countries but Ireland, distributors abroad match the Mounties in discretion. And discretion is expensive. Toronto police estimate that 30 percent of the purchase price of each ticket never gets out of Canada. Montreal police put the figure at 50 percent or higher. The money

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So you got a receipt—but is it official, or from Dublin?

goes in cuts to agents sub-agents sub-sub-agents and so on from the primary importer to old what's-his-name the guy who sells a book or two around the office. The amount of money per book that reaches Hospitals Trust in Ireland varies in inverse proportion to the length of the distributive chain. Police in Montreal have discovered that the last seller alone often pockets $14 for each book of 24 tickets he sells. There are additional cuts. The tickets are supposed to cost one pound sterling, roughly three dollars. They don't though. The last distributor sells his tickets for whatever he can get—often $3.50—and pockets the markup, or some of it. So it goes.

When you buy a Sweepstakes ticket in Canada the fate of your stub or counterfoil is in the hands of the gods. These are temporal gods. How do you know that your stub is really going to get into the revolving drum in Dublin from which the winning tickets are pulled? How do you know that the "official receipt" you get from Dublin is really official or from Dublin? What can you do if you don't get a receipt at all?

Lieutenant Steve Olynyk of the Montreal Police Department's Social Security Squad recalls a 1956 seizure of 20,000 lottery stubs of the Army-Navy-Air Force Veterans in Canada. The ticket buyers got their receipts despite the seizure. Says Olynyk: "I was talking to one guy who'd bought a ticket and he said, 'My stub is in the drum for my official receipt.' I said, 'Your stub is in the incinerator.'" Olynyk says the buyers of Irish Sweepstakes tickets sometimes get their receipts three days later — hardly time enough for the receipts to be sent from Ireland. He says it's common practice for a distributor to pocket *all* the money and not send off his stubs. "What can anybody do?" he asks.

Counterfeit tickets and receipts are another hazard. In 1956 police seized a bundle of them coming into Canada from Chicago. Since then none has been discovered—but that doesn't mean there aren't any around, says Olynyk.

Trying to find a big Canadian distributor of Sweepstakes tickets is like hunting for a leprechaun. In Toronto a man named Charles, supposedly a local kingpin, explains in a peculiar brogue that he is just a little fish who has a few tickets sent to him by friends and relatives in the old country. Another suspected agent, Jack, says he sells all his tickets himself. He says his tickets are delivered to him by a mysterious figure in a black Cadillac. He doesn't know who the man is, Jack says. Other sources mention the man in the Cadillac. He is known suitably enough, as Mr. X, and supposedly heads the Toronto distributive setup.

Sergeant of Detectives Wilson, the Toronto Morality Squad officer figures there are five top distributors in the area. "These would be full-time professionals," he says, working with numerous subs. They'd pass the tickets on down the line. There is no violence or pressure involved. It's a very quiet efficient behind-the-scenes operation."

In one doubtful investigative effort Toronto police wrote to Hospitals Trust requesting information about the distribution of tickets in Canada. "We didn't get any information," says Wilson.

In Canada, British Columbians probably buy the most tickets per capita, and BC is probably second to Ontario in total sales. Police believe there is one primary distributor in the province who gets his tickets by mail from distributors in Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton, Ont., and passes them on to three sub-agents covering different areas of the province. One BC agent who says he distributes 300 books of tickets three times a year figures that British Columbians buy 13,000 books of Sweepstakes tickets on every race. That's 936,000 tickets a year and, at $3.50 each, an annual investment of $3,276,000.

No reliable estimate is available of total Canadian sales, but the scope of the national operation was disclosed in December 1965 when Montreal police seized more than $17 million worth of tickets in one fell swoop.

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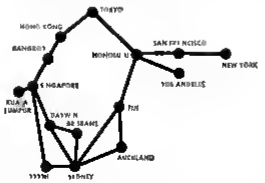
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Can the law work? 73 percent of Canadians want lotteries

Bound for 17 top distributors across Canada, the tickets had been shipped to Montreal in numbered crates with a bill of lading describing the contents as table jellies. Police discovered that shipping clerks were actively supporting the operation, and a Canadian crown prosecutor hinted that customs officials were involved. Mrs. Francis Kelly, an Irish-born housewife and her son-in-law, Anthony Sullivan, paid fines totalling $35,000 after pleading guilty to lottery charges. A few other distributors in other parts of Canada were fined, but a national crackdown never materialized and the flow of tickets into Canada continued. Police have noticed that, since the big raid, more tickets are being mailed into the country by the hook, often on a hit-or-miss basis.

Still the national distributive operation continues. So do periodic arrests — and characteristically light sentences. "These guys are so sneaky," says Lieutenant Steve Olynyk in Montreal. "I took $180,000 worth of tickets from one of them here, and he got a $1,000 fine. While I was in his house his dog made a mess on the carpet, and this guy said 'If I had your job I'd have to send it to the cleaners but don't worry about it — I'll just roll it up and throw it away.'"

The problem of course is public attitudes. Polls have indicated that 73 percent of Canadians favor legalized lotteries. Numerous provincial and municipal politicians have spoken up on behalf of government-run sweepstakes most recently in Manitoba, where Attorney-General Stewart McLean last year enlisted for an amendment to the Criminal Code. But no new legislation is in sight and conservative elements have expressed an implacable opposition to all forms of legalized gambling in Canada. In 1964 for example the United Church urged the Ontario Committee on Taxation to hold out against pressure to introduce lotteries on the grounds that legalized gambling would invite criminal elements into our country.

According to police, known criminal elements have not associated themselves with government-backed lotteries operating in Canada. The biggest apart from the Irish Sweepstakes is the Jamaican Sweepstakes. Canadians also manage to buy lottery tickets from Malta, France, India, Italy, West Germany, Australia and New Zealand.) It is to the smaller, usually local lotteries — some established, some as ephemeral as flying saucers — that unsavory citizens seem drawn. Most of them are penny-ante con men and fast buckaneers. In Edmonton last fall city police smashed a Grey Cup lottery operating under the heart-tugging (and, it turned out, quite misleading) title of "The Canadian Children's Aid Society." "It was a phony," says Edmonton Morality Inspector W. H. Stewart, "and one of the distributors we fined had a criminal record." A few years ago an outfit redundantly called "The Canadian Sweepstakes of Canada" operated a lottery on a horserace in New York State, disbanded, and failed to pay off the holders of its winning tickets.

There are dozens of professionally run baseball, hockey and numbers lotteries in Canada, many of them less than eager to distribute winnings. In Montreal, for example, there was a hockey lottery called Regal that prom-



PARADE

Take it off!

It was Friday and a lovely wet snow fall had begun in Edmonton just in time to precipitate disaster on all the city's working girls who had sneaked out for hairdos at lunchtime to be ready for big dates that evening. One woman, rushing headlong out of the city's new Royal Bank building stopped dead at the sight of the snow, opened her shopping bag, whipped off her wig and stuffed it into the bag remarking "I'm darned if I'll pay seven dollars to have this thing set again tomorrow."

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"Hockey lotteries are the sweetest racket you could find"

ssed $1,000 to the holder of a ticket bearing the exact time and period of the last goal in a Stanley Cup final, and printed an unknown number of tickets, including some seized by police, bearing the nonexistent time 19:95 of the first period.

"These hockey lotteries are the sweetest racket you could ever find," Olynyk says. "There is no guaranteed winner. Often they won't even print tickets covering the last 30 seconds of a game when the winning goal is often scored. And the prizes are really small. They'll sell $10,000 worth of tickets and pay out less than $2,000 in prizes. You have to be nuts to go into these things. We've pretty well driven them right out of Montreal. But they still sell a lot of them in the Maritimes."

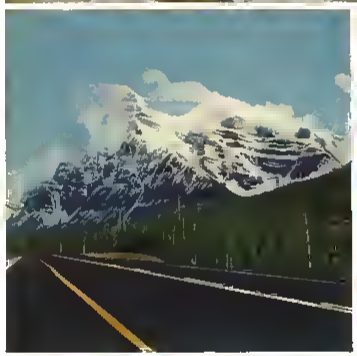
But Halifax Police Chief Verdun Mitchell says such lotteries — on hockey, baseball and numbers — virtually disappeared following a city police and RCMP raid on 10 lottery establishments last June. Thousands of tickets were seized and five distributors and operators fined $500 to $1,500. "Our boys are continuing to watch, but we're not seeing many tickets at present," Mitchell says. He is afraid, though, that operations have merely been swept under the carpet for a while and will reappear. Lotteries have been big business in the Maritimes. "I would think that a year or two ago in Halifax they ranked as the largest source of illegal funds," Mitchell says.

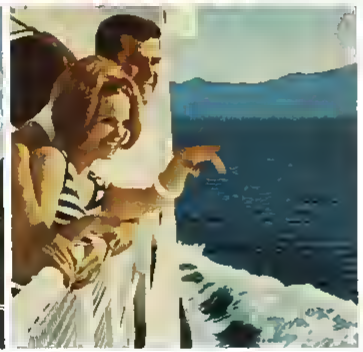
It is clear that almost anywhere in Canada anyone who wants to buy a lottery ticket can do so without much trouble. In Edmonton, says a downtown office worker: "At Grey Cup time you could hardly turn around without being asked to buy a pool ticket. And Edmontonians don't have the slightest trouble locating Irish Sweepstakes tickets." In Windsor, Morality Squad Inspector Gilbert Robitaille says: "While we certainly don't condone policemen buying them, I'm not so naive as to think it doesn't go on." Robitaille adds: "If they do, they should be charged. We must divorce ourselves from public opinion in these matters and enforce the law as it stands." Early in February, Robitaille thwarted the biggest Sweepstakes operation ever discovered in Windsor. Twenty-five homes were raided and 11 sellers charged after a routine investigation uncovered a list of local agents.

But the law, as it stands, will never be enforced effectively. The best that Canadians can expect is that police will break up the worst of the lotteries. Such as Montreal's Goldstake Realties Inc., which in 1962 was peddling one-dollar tickets with a top prize of $4,000 and an interesting added inducement: every time you bought a ticket you got a one-foot-by-100-foot strip of land in the Parish of Dundee, 50 miles southwest of Montreal. All you had to do, on the face of it, was buy 50 tickets — the lottery operated monthly — to owe a 50-by-100-foot building lot in the posh-sounding Parish of Dundee.

Trouble was, as Montreal police discovered: (a) the lottery was a phony — nobody won any money; (b) under a fine print clause on the tickets, the land could be obtained only if you shelled out 50 *consecutive* times — one miss and you started all over again; and (c) the "land" lay 10 feet under the water of Lake St. Francis. ★







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PARADE

A barn with a buggy on top

On a farm near Lacombe, Alta., there's a really impressive memento of the old days — an entire buggy straddling the ridgepole of the barn, painted in bright blue with red trim and firmly anchored so no gale can blow it off. How did the farmer get it up there? Easy. Unknown persons, who also had a high regard for old traditions, somehow hoisted it up there as a prank last Hallowe'en. Instead of sweating about how to get it down, the farmer decided to put the long-abandoned buggy to new use.

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29 whiskies.

Not 46 or 31 or 8.

There are 29 great, aged whiskies in every drop of Adams Private Stock.

And they give your mouth something to smile about.

Private Stock is the 29-whisky whisky.

THOMAS ADAMS DISTILLERS LTD TORONTO

ARGUMENT *continued from page 11*

As discoverers go, Cabot was No. 2—but he tried harder

Naturally, the question arises how we can speak about Cabot discovering Canada when the Norsemen were here 500 years before him? The reason is that the remarkable efforts of the medieval Vikings in this country hardly left a trace. The ferocity of the Eskimos and Indians, and the increasing cold, drove them back, leaving no records other than the tales told in their legends.

For Cabot and the others undertaking new explorations it was necessary to discover this country all over again. No doubt the tales of Norse traders about a land beyond the Western Ocean were known in the courts of Europe. The Norsemen had cut timber in Labrador, which they called Markland, and carried on an exotic trade with the medieval kingdoms of Europe: they fed the vanity of princes with pet polar bears taken from our Arctic, and catered to comfortably hypochondria with the magical panacea of narwhal horns. By the 15th century, however, the most direct source of information in Europe about the ancient Norse claims was probably the English fishermen who, for many years, had visited Iceland and brought home shiploads of dried cod. After hearing the fishermen, the first step in the new explorations was to visit the old frontier colonies on the edge of the known world, which is what the Portuguese did.

First in the modern era

From 1480 until the end of the century the Bristol merchants and the Portuguese sent numerous expeditions into the western Atlantic in search of this country. John Lloyd of Bristol tried and failed to reach Newfoundland in 1480, and for the next three years and again in 1491 and 1494 the Bristol people sent out voyages of exploring expeditions, one of them a joint venture with the Portuguese. There is some evidence that one of these voyages reached our shores before 1492, and also that the English fishermen themselves may have been here as early as 1450. Joao Fernandes, a Portuguese *lavrador* or landowner, is believed, in 1492, to have sighted Labrador, which later was named for him. News of these voyages, picked up by Cabot in Portugal, brought him to Bristol to join in the explorations. In 1497 he successfully charted the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland as far as Cape Race and made the first recorded landing of the modern era in what is now Canada.

This is the stuff national pride is made of. The full story of Cabot's discovery of this country should form a vital part of the body of popular knowledge and belief needed to give Canadians the sense of national identity that they chronically complain of lacking. Book publishers are putting out more Canadiana this year than ever before: histories of obscure counties, documenting every veranda and fence post, background notes on the bagpipe, Victorian behavior, quaint cookbooks written by apple-cheeked commuters. Much of this as well as the more valuable work being done, is subsidized by Centennial grants of one kind or another, or by the Canada Council. But where in Centennial year are the elegant volumes, richly illustrated with color plates, concerning the discovery of Canada? So far as I know there is not a single book on the spring lists dealing with Cabot. And for all the expensive efforts of CTV, the CBC and the Expo 67 extravaganza to strike us in the face with the splendor of Canada during 1967, there seem to be no big shows planned about the Matthew and her magnificent navigator.

The Bristol merchants who backed the western voyages were looking for new wealth, and so were the Portuguese. With the mistaken notion of 15th-century geographers that there could be no more than three continents, they decreed that any land out there must be on the backside of Asia, which meant only one thing: the wealth of the Orient. On his return in Bristol Cabot reported great wealth on our coast; him it took the merchants a while to catch on. When they finally did realize the implications of Cabot's find, the first British Empire was launched. / *continued*



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ARGUMENT
continued

Other Europeans, however, understood more quickly. Raimondo di Soncino wrote from London to the Duke of Milan that Cabot and his companions, practically all English and from Bristol, affirmed that the sea there is swarming with fish. And that they could bring home so many that this kingdom would have no further need of Iceland." By 1504 Portuguese and French fishing ships were making regular trips to Newfoundland and in 1510 "Newlands" fish was on sale in the French town of Rouen. Writing from St. John's in 1527 John Rut reported to Henry VIII that Norman, one Breton and two Portuguese barques in the harbor and all busy fishing. Before Jacques Cartier ventured up the St. Lawrence in 1534 he had already served his apprenticeship in Newfoundland. As the number of fishing ships increased, the fishermen spread out and the Bretons established bases near Canso, Nova Scotia, at least as early as 1563.

This is how Canada began, on the noisy shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and probably the first year-round residents from Europe were the early fishermen who stayed over the winter to take care of the fishing gear. The fisheries which flourished throughout the 16th century and continue still, were the direct result of Cabot's discovery. When the fishermen got to know the Indians and casually began bringing home pelts, French merchants became interested in fur trading and enterprising Pierre Du Gua de Monts brought Samuel de Champlain out to found Nova Scotia's Port Royal in 1605, the first permanent European settlement in this country.

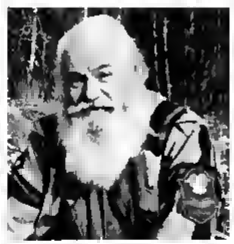
Monuments abound to the glorification of such pioneers as Cartier and Champlain, parvenus who performed their famous deeds more than a century after the country got started. The only significant memorials to poor forgotten Cabot are a drafty baronial tower on Signal Hill in St. John's (better known for Marconi's wireless experiments than for the discoverer of Canada) and a trail looping the highlands of Cape Breton Island.

Admittedly Cabot's contemporaries were less than overwhelmed by his achievements. After his first voyage England's Henry VII gave Cabot a gift of only £10 and an annuity of £20 which, even in those deflated times, was hardly compensation for discovering the cornerstone of an empire. But short-sightedness in 1497 is scarcely an excuse for blatant ignorance in 1967. Let's be charitable and say that it is only because Canada is new in the nationhood business that we've forgotten to issue a Centennial tribute to John Cabot. In any event, it's a social and historical *faux pas* that should now be rectified. ★

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For a traditional Ukrainian breakfast



TO ORGANIZE THE Easter breakfast illustrated on page 23, we went to Nadia Pavlychenko Buchan, a beautiful dancer who grew up in a Ukrainian-Canadian home in Saskatoon. "I did the breakfast this way because it's the way my mother used to do it," she says. "We used to keep a special basket for the Easter morning blessing of the food. As the family grew, we'd keep using bigger baskets, but we'd never use them for anything else. We'd line the basket with the family's most beautifully decorated cloth and later use it on the table. The *paska* was placed in the middle of the table with a lighted candle stuck in it, as a centrepiece."

For our picture, Nadia used whole cloves to make ornamental crosses on the hard boiled eggs, the bowls of cottage cheese and butter, the ham and the pickled beets. She added a garlic sausage, a whole horseradish, a dish of salt and a garlic bud as essential accessories. The ornamental Easter eggs, such as those seen on page 23, are taken to church to be blessed, then kept in the family for years.

Easter Morning Paska

3 cups milk
1 tsp sugar
1 cup lukewarm water
1 package dry granular yeast
5 cups all-purpose flour
6 eggs beaten
½ cup sugar
½ cup melted butter
1 tbsp salt
7 to 8 cups sifted all-purpose flour

Scald milk, allow to cool to lukewarm. Dissolve the sugar in lukewarm water and sprinkle the yeast over it. Let it stand for 10 minutes. Combine softened yeast with the lukewarm milk and five cups of flour. Beat well until smooth. Cover and let the batter rise in a warm place until light and bubbly. Add the beaten eggs, sugar, melted butter and salt. Mix thoroughly. Stir in sifted flour to make a dough that is neither too soft nor too stiff. Knead until the dough no longer sticks to the hand. Turn the dough on a floured board and knead until smooth and satiny. Place in a bowl, cover, and let it rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Punch down and let it rise again. This amount will give two large loaves of *paska*. Divide the dough into three parts. Reserve one part for ornamenting the loaves. Shape the other two parts into two round loaves. Place each in a greased round pan. The central motif on *paska* is the cross. Roll two long rolls from the reserve dough and trim the ends. Place the rolls over the top of the loaf, crossing one another evenly. Tuck the ends of the rolls under the loaf. Shape the trimmed dough into twisted swirls or rosettes, and arrange them symmetrically between the arms of the cross. Use sharp scissors to make fine petals on the rosettes. Once the cross is placed on the loaf, other ornamentation is up to the individual.

Set the loaves in a warm place until they're almost double in bulk. Take care not to let loaves rise longer than necessary because the ornaments will lose their shape. Brush very carefully with a beaten egg diluted with two tbsp of water. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 F.) for about 15 minutes, then lower the temperature to 350 F. and continue baking for 40 minutes longer, or until done. Avoid browning the top too deeply; if necessary, cover with aluminum foil. Remove the loaves from the pans and allow them to cool.

For other excellent Ukrainian recipes, have a look at *Traditional Ukrainian Cookery* by Savella Stechishin. Trident Press Ltd., Winnipeg, 1959. ★



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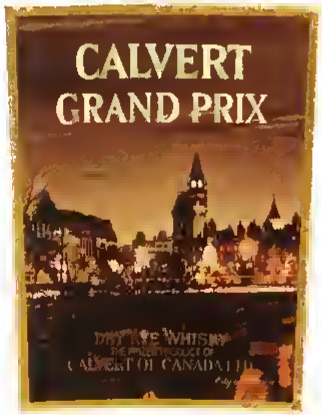
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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MEDICINE

BY EARL DAMUDE

New way to cure fear: if you fear it, do it

PSYCHIATRISTS ARE using a new technique to cure phobias, and it seems to work. It is called "paradoxical intention" and simply means people with these unnatural fears (such as riding in buses crossing bridges, a terror of heights or crowds) try to bring on these fears by doing the things they most fear.

One woman had a consuming fear of driving alone. She got panicky every time she drove to the supermarket. Her psychiatrist told her to drive to try to get as panicky as possible. She did drive her car and she tried to get as panicky as she always did, but somehow when she was told to become panicky she could not do it. And her phobia about driving alone and being in traffic disappeared.

A lawyer developed a fear of making a mistake. First he started checking and double-checking everything he did at the office for fear of being sued. Then he started checking his car, his house and even his insurance policies. He became so paralyzed with the fear of making a mistake that his law practice disintegrated. His psychiatrist told him to keep telling himself, "I don't care any more. Who wants to be a perfectionist? I don't care if I do get sued." He was told to try to become "the greatest mistake maker in the world." The formula worked. The lawyer is back at work and his phobia has gone.

Dr. Hans O. Gerz, of Dusseldorf, West Germany, has tried this "reverse English" type of psychotherapy on phobic and obsessive-compulsive patients and has achieved a 72-percent recovery. Some of the patients had been haunted by phobias for up to 24 years and had received all types of therapy. But the paradoxical intention was the only one that worked.

The seal and your brain

Why is it that the seal, which depends on oxygen just as humans do, can stay under water for 20 minutes or more? If man cut off his oxygen supply for that long he would do irreparable damage to his brain. Yet the seal (and other aquatic mammals) do it all the time with no damage to either brain or heart.

Dr. Eugene D. Robin, professor of medicine at the University of Pittsburgh medical school, started asking himself these questions and as a result medical science may be able to treat oxygen depletion in humans more effectively. Which in turn means doctors will know more about treating people who, through shock, surgical trauma or momentary heart failure, have the oxygen-rich blood supply to the brain cut off.

To find the answers to his questions, Dr. Robin got a harbor seal, put it in a canvas bag with his head free and hooked up devices that measured both his heart and brain activity. The seal, which is a charming and intelligent animal, did not seem to mind all this. Dr. Robin played music to tranquilize the seal (which, incidentally, seemed to prefer Bach to the Beatles).

Then Dr. Robin injected a dye into the seal's arteries so he could take X-ray movies of the seal's circulation when it had its head under water for 20 minutes or so.

The results were startling. Just as soon as the seal's head was put under water, the arteries feeding oxygen-rich blood to his liver, spleen, kidneys and flipper started to close up. In a few moments the blood supply was cut off entirely, just as if these organs had been removed. Yet the blood supply to the heart and brain remained normal. Then Dr. Robin found that the oxygen supply in the blood going only to the heart and brain was enough to keep them working naturally for the length of time the seal can dive.

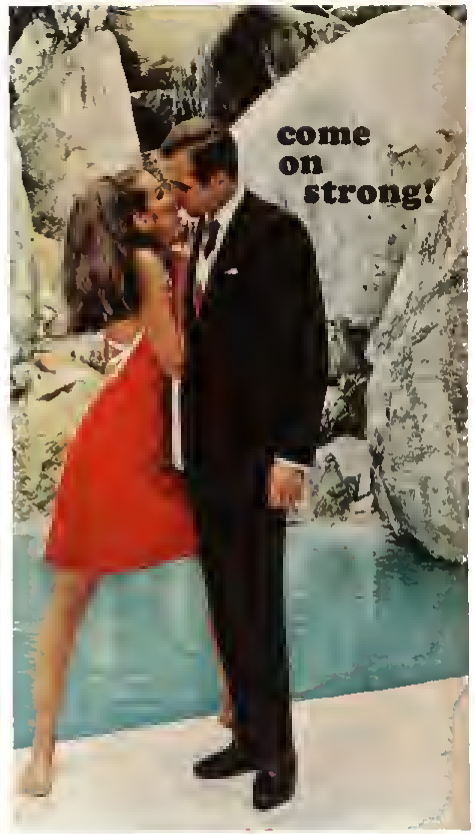
But that wasn't all. The seal's heartbeat, which in air is about 150 per minute, fell by 10 to 20 beats per minute. Evidently the seal can switch his heartbeat rate anytime he wants. This is important in preventing damage to the seal's brain. If the heart stayed at 150 beats per minute and was supplying only the brain, it would blow out the tiny arteries in the brain.

Perhaps in the future it may be possible to find a drug that will constrict the medium arteries selectively and control heartbeat for short periods. Dr. Robin thinks this problem of coping with oxygen depletion will become one of the major advances in medicine in the next few years.

Chocolate prevents cavities

Here's a switch. A professor of dentistry in Sweden has found that the cocoa in chocolate actually *prevents* tooth decay. But don't start stocking up on chocolate bars for your children. The liberal amounts of sugar in most chocolate bars counteracts the good effect of the cocoa.

Professor Allan Stralfors at Umea University has found that cocoa contains a tannic agent called catechin which builds up in the teeth and resists tooth decay. The same tannic agent is found in most vegetables, Dr. Stralfors says.



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A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY ACROSS THE LIVING-ROOM RUG

You got a shock when you touched the doorknob, right? That's static electricity. It's not just a nuisance—it can also be a killer

BY RAY STAPLEY

A CUSTOMER BROUGHT his car into my garage shortly after we had done a routine tune-up. "I don't know what you've done to it," he said, "but I can't touch it without having the very crease taken out of my pants."

He was right. The car was literally a moving powerhouse. To merely touch the door handle was to get a shock powerful enough to straighten out a man's spine. I couldn't understand it. The electrical system, I knew, was in good working order. I consulted a professional engineer and the cause was found to be "static build-up."

The hidden menace of static electricity is all around us. Most of the time it sleeps and we are completely unaware of it. But it can affect us in a dozen ghostly ways. At times as it in anger it becomes a violent giant, smashing and killing.

It causes the slight shock after you shuffle across a carpet. It can blow you up on a hospital operating table.

My exploration into the mysteries of static electricity began with the discovery of static build-up in my customer's car. The cause was a worn fan belt that appeared to be in good condition externally but was found to be dried and worn where it contacted the pulleys.

I decided to probe further into this fascinating phenomenon. Static, I found, has been apparent to man since the earliest times. Biblical references mention sacrifices on mountaintops being consumed by fire from above—in all likelihood, lightning. The word electricity is derived from *elektron*, the Greek word for amber which, when used to decorate spinning wheels, played havoc with the woollen threads.

The ghostly blue light called St. Elmo's Fire, which appeared about the mast of sailing ships at night, was

continued on page 73

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A FUNNY THING HAPPENED

continued

simply static generated by the wind passing over the sails — a phenomenon you may still see streaming from the tail or wing tips of a modern jet when flying in dry snow or ice crystals, or in the vicinity of thunder storms. A DC-3 pilot told me that occasionally he has seen static "flame" shimmering across the windows of his plane. Once a "ball of flame" appeared to strike the nose of the plane. No harm was done that time, but the possible dangers of static are under constant study by the airline companies.

In industry, too, scientists are conscious that it can be a wild, lethal and unpredictable creature, costing unestimated millions of dollars annually in damage, inefficiency and defensive measures. According to Dr. Stephen Andrew Herodek, an assistant chief engineer with Maple Leaf Mills:

A carefree attitude toward static electricity can be disastrous. Insurance rates are increased considerably if equipment in grain elevators is not properly grounded or the dust problem is not under control."

"Go" — and then chaos

In 1963 the Toronto *Telegram* moved into the most modern newspaper printing plant in the country. But static wreaked havoc. The "go" signal was given, the presses began to roll — and chaos followed. The newsprint ran wild, curling, bucking, sticking to press rollers, running into the wells of ink. The paper was two hours late hitting the street. The cause? Humidifiers installed throughout the plant as part of a static control program had been turned on and the running newsprint had built up an uncontrollable charge, sending it on a haywire course.

In hospital operating rooms the very mention of static alarms surgeons and nurses. In a modern operating room everything is grounded. An anti-static floor is installed. The operating table is grounded to the floor, the mattress to the table and the patient to the mattress. The doctor administering the anaesthetic sits on a grounded chair. All personnel wear carbon-impregnated shoes. The reasons are many. A "charged" nurse causing a spark might jolt a surgeon while an intricate operation is under way; the presence of mechanical pumps and other static-producing devices in the vicinity of ether and highly volatile anaesthetic materials could cause fire and explosion. Explosions have been known to take place literally in the mouth of a patient receiving anaesthetic.

Sometimes static is monstrous, sometimes downright humorous. A Toronto man complained that the friction of his legs rubbing together built up a static charge causing his new pants to cling to him and producing the effect of having fallen into water. An anti-static shampoo saved his pants and his dignity.

Until recently Toronto's new City Hall was plagued by static effects caused by personnel walking in the carpeted executive suites. Every time I touched someone, or a doorknob, a typewriter or anything," said a secretary, "I got a terrific jolt. I didn't have to worry about my nylon seams being straight. They were lined up for me a dozen times a day." The problem was solved with an anti-static carpet shampoo.

Another secretary, this time in a research laboratory, sent the million-dollar data computing equipment crazy every time she walked by. Discreet questioning produced the answer: her nylon undergarments were generating static sparks which affected the equipment.

Most people don't realize that using lighter fluid or ether to clean spots from clothing while being worn can cause the wearer to go up in flames if a static spark is generated.

For a time new tires were mysteriously blowing to smithereens in northern Canada. Extensive laboratory research found the answer. Service stations were adding alcohol to their air compressors to prevent condensation from freezing, and the alcohol was entering the tire along with the air. The heat generated at high speed turned the alcohol into a gas and an internal static spark ignited it, causing the explosion.

Cowboys in the old west ran into almost as much trouble with static electricity as they did with Indians. The phenomenon, generated by thunderstorms and dust, caused startling blue corona to form about the horns of cattle, frightening the animals into stampedes.

One of the most memorable disasters of our time, the burning of the hydrogen-filled German zeppelin Hindenburg at Lakehurst, New Jersey, in 1937 is now believed to have been caused by static electricity. The holocaust destroyed the airship and took 35 lives in less than five minutes.

What is this static which lives and moves on everything, which can play like a leprechaun and destroy like a bomb?

It is the oldest form of electricity known to man, yet it remains one of the greatest mysteries of the universe. The structure of all matter involves particles carrying a positive charge (protons), particles carrying a negative charge (electrons) and electrically neutral particles (neutrons). No one really knows what this thing we call "charge" is, but it is an observable fact that like charges repel each other and unlike charges attract.

Normally the electrical charge of any body (such as a human being) is substantially zero. However, the electrically charged basic particles are never at rest. The slightest contact between surfaces, followed by separation, causes some amount of electrical imbalance and the giant force of electricity becomes active. Constant contact and separation, given the right atmospheric and other conditions, can build up enormous charges. When for example, after having walked briskly across a carpet you touch a metal doorknob, the resulting spark that jolts you shows that your body was temporarily charged to an electro-static voltage of about 7,000 volts! In sand or dust storms, windswept particles carry electric charges that can charge an automobile body up to several thousand volts, producing a startling shock for the driver when he gets out

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A fly walks two feet and—kapow!—a building could explode

and makes contact with the earth.

When imbalance is caused, this gigantic natural force seeks to neutralize itself, reaching across distance (vast in the case of lightning) to find its opposite and expend its power. A minuscule spark equal to the amount of energy generated by a fly walking two feet up a wall can blow up a building or set it on fire if conditions are right, such as the presence of flammable gasses.

Lightning is little more than a gigantic electrostatic spark. It is estimated that 44,000 lightning storms occur each day on the surface of the earth, bombarding it with nine million strokes. Any object projecting appreciably above ground level tends to increase the likelihood of a hit. A high tree close by may provide some protection to your house by diverting the lightning stroke, but a better idea is to apply a lightning conductor to the tree — although even this will not insure complete protection from "side flash." If you are camping or driving in a thunderstorm, your car, if it has a metal top, is the safest place to take shelter. Never head for an isolated tree or high projecting area. If you are swimming, get out of the water — fast.

Despite what is known about it, lightning can be completely unpredictable — a wild and dangerous enemy to every living thing. You can follow the known rules, but still never be sure. This applies to static in all its forms. Within the home the best way to control most of static's effects is to maintain a humidity level of at least 40 percent. However, most of us are inclined to dismiss static lightly, put up with the occasional jolt, be mildly astonished when our hair crackles during combing — then shrug the whole thing off and concern ourselves with more important things, like watching television.

Are there any ways in which static can serve a useful purpose? Well, with the use of "electro-static painting" equipment it is now possible to paint both sides of a wire fence by spraying one side only. Electrical charges attract the paint spray as it passes through the fence and direct it back to the other side. (An added advantage: little or no paint is lost due to overspray.) The "electrostatic" office copier is another commercial use of the static phenomenon.

Until science stumbles across a method of eliminating static electricity we will just have to go along with the inconvenience of being snapped at by doorknobs, elevator buttons, lamps and radiators — as well as with the more serious effects. About all you can do is to carry a small metal object (a key or nailfile) with you at all times. If you are at all suspicious that something because of the static build up in your body is poised and ready to shock you, clasp the metal object tightly in one hand and touch the suspected knob, button or lamp with it before grasping with your bare hand. You will then not feel the shock of the discharge; it will pass through your body to the ground through that piece of metal you're clasping. ★



Last year, the administrators of St. George's College ran off all their own programs, student forms and letters on a Gestetner Stencil Duplicator. They saved themselves $6S8.70.

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When Headmaster John Wright and his staff first set up offices in the rambling Victorian home of a former Archbishop, all they had was an old telephone hook someone had left them.

It was a shoestring start. But in no time the student body of their Anglican school for boys had climbed to capacity.

And so had the problems.

They had good books and good teachers. But school administration is a business. It runs on paper. There had to be printed student lists, timetables, attendance forms and reports. And when you start up a school on your own you have to make every penny count.

We owe dad to do all our own printing on a Gestetner," explains Mr. Wright. "Mainly because Mrs. McKellar wouldn't give me any rest until we did."

"I had used one before," said Mrs. McKellar, school secretary cum house mother, "and I knew it would save us a lot of money."

Before long everything in the school that was printed, they printed themselves. Right down to the telephone message pads.

"We're very pleased," said Mr. Wright. "We're saving a small fortune on outside printing costs and getting professional looking work. And Gestetner service is excellent."

"Mrs. McKellar was right," he said smiling, "as usual."

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PARADE

Prairie welcome

One of Parade's roving scouts in Powell River, B.C., reports that you still can't beat the welcome you get on the prairies. She and her sister were driving through Manitoba where they had grown up, and stopped at a café in Virden for lunch. When they asked the proprietor if he could by any chance direct them to the home of former school friends, he first went to the phone where they could hear him announcing cheerily: "A couple of gals from the coast are coming to visit you!"—and then he climbed in his own car and led the way right to the house. After waving good-by, he turned around and headed back to his café to find out what he could do for his other customers.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.

"Many GIs were disillusioned—with the war and their allies"

moment I realized as I never had before how disgusting and cruel we all really are.

Sniper fire drove us back from the bodies and almost as soon as we'd taken cover refugees began to stream through the clearing where the VC had ambushed us. They looked pitiful—old women carrying their belongings in rice baskets suspended from sticks over their shoulders, a sad little boy waving a ragged white flag — but we held our breath. Were there really clothes in those rice baskets or did they conceal grenades? We didn't relax until the refugees had passed safely out of sight.

It grew dark — and things got worse. Against the dusky skyline about half a mile away we could make out a line of at least 60 soldiers moving toward our position. "If those guys aren't ours," the sergeant said, "we've got nothing left except prayers." That's when panic really set in for me. Our radio man called for a helicopter to take us out, but in the meantime we had to crouch in the bush, watching that line of unknown soldiers wind their way into our section of the bush.

"Look at those fires!" the sergeant finally said. "It's got to be our guys burning VC shelters as they go!"

He was right. And when the first soldiers walked into the clearing I ran out to meet them. "You look so good," I said. "I could kiss you all!"

"Start here."

Before I could follow through, a little H13 chopper dropped from the sky to carry me out of the valley. It looked like an angel from heaven, believe me.

Fortunately for my nerves life in Vietnam wasn't always that tense. The GIs treated me with constant courtesy — in fact they spoiled me with such attentions as special showers of my own and lots of hot water, which is a very precious commodity out there. And to return I tried to boost their morale. I made a point of wearing a skirt and sweater at chow time, instead of dirty, unflattering fatigues, and I tried to keep my makeup neat. And when I washed my clothes, I always hung my brassiere to dry in a prominent place. That sounds pretty simple-minded, I guess, but the GIs used to flock around pointing and laughing and taking pictures, and by me, any little thing that takes your mind off killing for a while is perfectly okay.

Lots of the soldiers talked to me more as a woman than as a reporter and they were often very frank about their lot in Vietnam. Mostly they seemed disillusioned. In the States they'd been given pep talks about making Vietnam free for democracy, but when they arrived there they found that many of the people resented them and didn't give a damn about democracy or about government at all. The GIs resented the Vietnamese too, especially the soldiers. "The first thing we've got to do to win this war," I heard several times, "is load the Vietnamese army on a boat and tow it out to sea."

I used to get the other side of the story from my Vietnamese friends back in Saigon. I think I got closer to the Vietnamese than most white people there partly because I spoke French, a language they know, and partly because I was poor. Often if I wasn't invited out to dinner, I used to eat with Vietnamese refugees on the streets. For 15 *piastres* (13 cents) we'd buy delicious Chinese soups filled with chunks of chicken or pork from the "Howard Johnsons" our term for the local street vendors. And gradually, as different Vietnamese came to have confidence in me, I'd learn their views.

Most of their soldiers, they told me, are reluctant draftees. They simply don't want to fight, certainly not on the side of a foreigner, the American against their own fellow countrymen, the Viet Cong, but because they only dimly understand. It doesn't make them any happier that their pay often never reaches them, but is instead diverted into the pockets of their corrupt officials.

So the soldiers, like the refugees, like almost everyone in Vietnam, are poor. One educated Vietnamese said

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NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES The GENTLEmen of the Moving Industry

"Viet Cong have one thing South Vietnamese lack: a cause"

to me, 'Until the Americans came, my people never ate out of garbage pails.') And their poverty sets off another vicious cycle: one that goes like this: a Viet soldier has a Viet girl friend; an American soldier arrives on the scene; he's richer — and who do you think gets the Viet girl? Exit the Viet soldier into battle. He marches into a Viet village and suddenly finds himself in a position of brief power. He can't restrain himself in a moment of absolute fury he runs wild rapes a girl steals food, gets his vengeance.

And that sadly isn't an infrequent cycle.

As for the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese, they're ruthless fighters and, in several villages I passed through, I saw examples of their butchery. But they do have one thing the South Vietnamese lack: a cause. They seem to have a terribly *passionate* belief in their kind of government, as all revolutionaries do, and they're absolutely determined eventually to rout the American forces into the sea.

I once had a close-up, if brief, look at the kind of tough, disciplined men the Viet Cong have recruited. It was late one afternoon in a village 12 miles north of Saigon. I was up there shopping for old opium pillows (they're the china things Chinese addicts used to lie on when they puffed on their opium, but now they make terrific lamp stands) and when I stepped out of a shop into an alley I was confronted by a young man carrying a submachine gun. He motioned me over to the side of the alley and for the next hour he and six of his buddies — all of them armed, all dressed in black pyjamas, all under 20, "detained" me for questioning.

I realized they were Viet Cong guerrillas and I played it cool — the same way they played it. I let on I was just a simple French housewife and I complained about the way the Americans were driving up prices and making it difficult for us all. They seemed satisfied, though they did check the labels on my purse and blouse (they were both French thank God), and eventually, as polite and cool as you please, they arranged to transport me back to Saigon. I walked away from that encounter pretty firmly convinced that the only way the U.S. is going to beat those tough guys is with a dozen H-bombs.

Knowing meant trouble

The longer I remained in Vietnam the closer I became attached to the place and the more people — all kinds of people — came to trust me. Once a French Vietnamese friend warned me not to go near the My Canh restaurant on a particular day and sure enough — though I've no idea where my friend got his information — the restaurant was blown up that day, presumably by a VC bomb. Forty-two patrons were killed. And it was *that* kind of contact that began to get me in trouble.

I was told by some Vietnamese that their higher-ups had become convinced I was a CIA agent. The Americans, on the other hand, suspected that I was in on secret Viet Cong activities. The French just referred to me as "*la* James Bond." I swear I was none of those things, but after awhile, especially when the British ambassador called me to his office to tell me, confidentially, it would be best if I got out of Vietnam in a hurry, I began to feel a little nervous.

Finally, for safety's sake (though safety from *whom* exactly?), I managed to persuade some nuns I'd met to hide me in a convent and from there made arrangements to leave the country just before Christmas 1966.

I was frankly saddened to put it all behind me. I have some terrible memories of Vietnam, it's true, of the suffering I saw there and of the useless death. But though I'm happy to be back among my friends in Canada and perhaps relieved to live in a place where danger isn't a way of life, I've definitely made up my mind to return to Vietnam. I'm going back simply because the most important events in the world are happening there — and because *I* feel more important there. The papers that will get me into Saigon should be through any day. ★

"Dictatorship," say critics. "Robbing Peter to pay Pierre"

The fifth newspaper, the Fredericton *Gleaner*, was already denouncing it in the strident tones for which Editor Michael Werdell is famous.

"Dictatorship" was the usual cry — abolition of the county councils was "destroying the foundations of democracy." Though in fact few people ever bothered to vote for county councillors, and those few had to meet a property qualification or pay a poll tax (in most cases). Premier Robichaud was "another Hitler." Personal freedom in New Brunswick was about to disappear.

Seldom uttered in public, but often in private, is a much more potent charge: the so-called Equal Opportunity Program is merely a scheme for robbing the English-Canadian majority to subsidize the French Acadians. "Robbing Peter to pay Pierre," a popular cliché calls it.

This notion is much further from the truth than most people in or out of New Brunswick seem to think. It's true that all the rich areas are English-speaking, but not that all the English-speaking are rich. Charlotte County on the Maine border, 98 per cent English-speaking, is probably in as much financial difficulty as any in the province. Kings County in the Kennebecasis Valley, which includes the rich Saint John suburb of Rothesay and which probably has the highest concentration of United Empire Loyalists in Canada, has no fewer than 46 one-room rural schools, more than any other county.

Restigouche County is admittedly the worst, but not because it is 60 percent French-speaking. About 20 years ago the county council made a terrible mistake: it voted not to enter a "county unit scheme" that had just been introduced whereby school taxes and school costs were consolidated on an all-county basis. The 37 school districts of Restigouche remained independent, each raising its own taxes to pay for its own schools. Some voted not to have schools at all. Restigouche is said to have the highest illiteracy rate in New Brunswick and probably in all Canada. Some estimates put it as high as 30 percent of the adult population.

Other predominantly French-speaking counties such as Gloucester and Kent are not that badly off, but all are poor. Gloucester County went bankrupt a year or two ago and had to be administered by a provincial official. And yet, by a paradox all too easy to understand, tax rates in these poorest areas were the highest in New Brunswick: Kent paid 5.26 percent on real property and Gloucester 4.06 percent, compared to 1.98 percent in the prosperous city of Moncton.

These anomalies had been known for years in a vague sort of way, but nothing was done about them until five years ago. On March 8, 1962, the Robichaud government appointed Edward G. Byrne, QC, chairman of a five-man Royal Commission on Finance and Municipal Taxation. The Byrne Commission worked for a year and a half, then submitted a 330-page report that gave more precise information than was available before, and recommended drastic changes.

To raise each $30 of revenue per capita to cover school costs or police and fire protection, one town needed to impose a tax on real property of only 49 cents while another required $3.43 per $100 of market value," the Byrne Report said. "But that was not the worst.

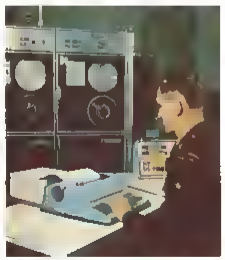
"The most inequitable aspect of municipal taxation is the distribution of taxes *within* municipalities. It is bad enough when the weight of tax in one town is two or three times the weight in another. But surely it is even more unfair when within the same town one man pays four times as much as another although the two are supposed to pay precisely the same tax according to the statutes. This is exactly what is happening now in most of the cities, towns and counties of New Brunswick.

As illustration the report cited one municipality (it did not say which one) where the assessment of one property was only two percent of market value and another was 128 percent. In a second the most underassessed property was 17 percent of market value, the most over-assessed

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crime. The car and the aircraft have replaced the horse and the dog-sled. Science and the computer have come into their own. Now we use research, chemistry and advanced business techniques as aids to investigation. And we need outstanding young men to make these new methods effective. You, perhaps. Read what we offer and what we expect from our recruits.

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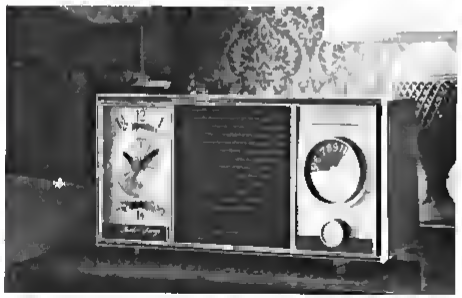


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180 percent. In a third, the range was from 49 to 300 percent.

To wipe out these inequities, the Byrne Commission recommended what has since beee done: a nniform provincewide assessment of real propcrty and a nniform, provincewide tax upon it to pay for education. The Byrne Commission also recommeaded something else that has not been adnpted: appointment of nonpolitical commissions to administer schools, hospitals and social welfare.

Although the Byrne Report doesn't say so, the purpose of this latter recommendation was twofold: to get the school and welfare administrations "out of politics," and to bypass the New Brunswick civil service. The opinion is widespread in the province that both political parties are hopelessly corrupt, and that the provincial civil service is incompetent because it is largely composed of political appointees in the first place. What foundation may exist for either belief, I don't know, but I do know both are widely held. It is hardly surprising that the Robichaud government rejected or ignored both these popular prejudices and took unto itself the authority that the Byrne Report would have given to three commissions.

This action was not taken in haste, though. Reaction to the Byrne Report had been favorable, and most people expected some legislation based upon it in February 1965. Instead, the government produced a White Paper outlining its intended policy. Again the reaction seemed favorable. Not until the new Assessment Act was brought in, toward the end of 1965, did opposition become manifest — but when it did, it rose to gale force almost immediately.

The government gave ground on some points. Many of its 130 bills had been hastily drafted and needed clarifying amendment. Also there was one major concession of principle. The Byrne Report had recommended summary abolition of the many tax agreements' whereby industries were exempted from local taxation or subject to merely nominal assessment. It was this provision that roused K. C. Irving and other industrialists to fury. The government amended the bill to provide that existing agreements should remain in force until they expire, but that no new ones should be made hereafter.

With that exception, though, the Equal Opportunity Program went into effect on January 1. Now the opposition to it has become strangely muted.

Conservatives got their first shock at a provincial by-election in September. Daniel Riley, Minister of Lands and Mines, ran on Mr. A. for Saint John, suddenly resigned from the cabinet and the legislature. Many people guessed he was opposed to the new program (though Riley himself

continued on page 80

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AIR CANADA

Van Horne won, but Robichaud's plan emerged unscathed

denies this, says his reasons for resigning were wholly personal). Jubilant Tories nominated a strong candidate and looked forward to a smashing victory over Dr. Stephen Weyman, the former mayor of Saint John, who was the Liberal nominee.

Weyman won. True, it was by less than 60 votes, but he won. The Conservatives were shaken — if they couldn't beat the Robichaud program even in rich Saint John, what could they hope for in the poorer areas? The leader of the Opposition, an unassuming farmer named Cyril Sherwood, resigned his post. At the provincial leadership convention the party chose Charles Van Horne, the ebullient former MP who had quarrelled with John Diefenbaker, quarrelled even more bitterly with Conservative ex-Premier Hugh John Flemming, sent a telegram of congratulation to Louis Robichaud on his victory in 1960 and now complained only that the Equal Opportunity Program didn't go far enough.

Thus Van Horne's victory in the Restigouche by-election in February was not specifically a rejection of the Equal Opportunity Program. It was a rebuff for the Robichaud government all right — the premier and most of his cabinet were in the riding unanimously for the final week of the campaign, doing all they could for the Liberal candidate, school superintendent Alexandre Savoie. But the Equal Opportunity Program itself was not an issue.

Van Horne in his campaign did repeat the routine charges of "destruction of local government," but it took only one question in an interview to reveal that Charlie Van Horne's conception of "local government" is something New Brunswick has never had at any time. He thinks of local councils spending money on such things as rural sewage and garbage-disposal systems, generally bringing urban comforts to the countryside.

Where would these new councils get this money?

"From Ottawa."

How much?

"At least $75 million more than we're getting now."

Other Opposition spokesmen, who previously had attacked the Equal Opportunity Program in principle, have now shifted to stronger ground and are attacking its administration and still more effectively its cost.

The Robichaud government has been less than frank, for obvious reasons in an election year, about the total cost of the reforms and improvements it proposes. The new provincial tax on real estate, $1.50 per $100 of market value, will bring in about $24 million. A recent increase in sales tax from three to six percent will bring an extra $18 million. To this total of $42 million may be added the $10 million or so that the province had been handing out in municipal grants for education, for a grand total of $52 million. But the education budget in New Brunswick is already $62 million, and no changes have yet been made except to raise teachers' salaries by an aggregate $4.4 million.

Just what the whole program will cost has not been announced, though some fairly startling estimates have been made. It is privately admitted by government sources that the preliminary budgets for education, health and social welfare add up to more than the entire revenue of the province from all sources. How and where they are going to be cut to leave enough money for other provincial services has still to be decided.

In the face of this daunting prospect Minister of Finance L. G. Desbrisay bravely insists that the program can be financed without any further increase in provincial taxes. Even in private he does not explain exactly how this will be done, though presumably he will have to do so in the budget he brings down this spring.

Another topic on which the government is not quite frank in public is the competence of the provincial civil service to bear the new burdens imposed upon it. In private, though, government spokesmen are candid enough.

"Of course the present education

continued on page 82

"Okralût"² the little black box that talks



That's what Mrs. Natuktuk calls her telephone

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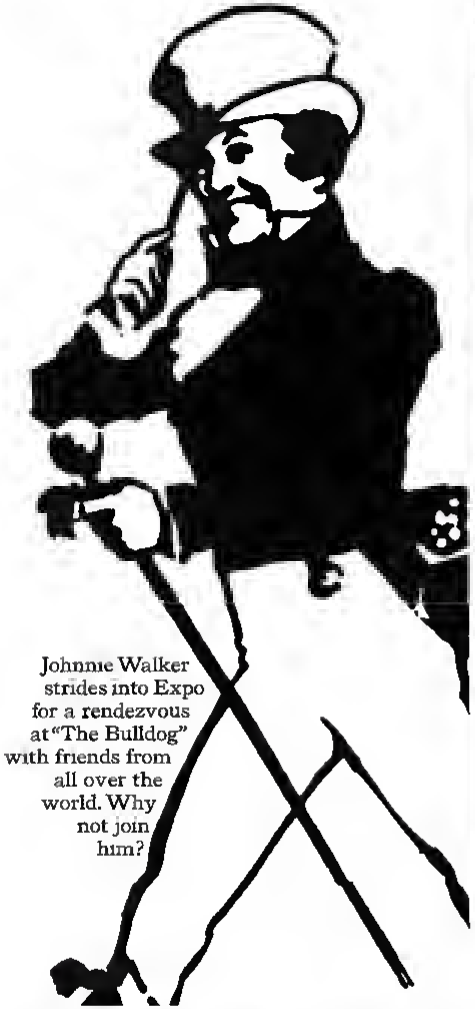
² See "OKRALÛT" in Webster's New Twenty-Six-Letter Word Book of the Telephone Frontier.



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department can't carry the load," one of them said. "We know that as well as the Opposition does. But if Louis had moved in all the onlies, putting new people over the heads of senior civil servants, he'd have had every body screaming at him as a tyrant and a despot. I think he's going to leave the education department alone until he's got every school board in New Brunswick absolutely furious — and that won't take long. Then, when he brings in new men and puts them in charge, he'll have support for it all across the province."

Meanwhile, though school administration is in a considerable mess. County authorities have been abolished, but county school superintendents have not yet been replaced. School budgets are still being made up by local school boards, but then sent not to the city or county council as before, but to Fredericton where they are seen first by the education department, then by the Treasury and often as well by something called the Office of Government Organization — OGO for short. One result is that local school authorities often get three different directives in quick succession. Another is that school budgets are being cut 13 to 20 percent in almost all cases and local school boards are livid with indignation.

"Some of those local boards put their whole Christmas list into their budgets, as soon as they realized the government would be paying the shot," a government spokesman explained. "These cuts aren't necessarily final, but the school boards will have to assume the burden of proof that the original budget was justified."

It's too soon to guess how well the program will go down with the people of New Brunswick once it is in full operation. Undoubtedly some, and especially the better off, will have to pay more taxes, and undoubtedly they won't like it. But the well-to-do are always a smaller minority than they think they are, and their indignation is unlikely to be effective.

In view of the widespread myths about French-English relations in New Brunswick, I should perhaps mention that one thing *not* in dispute is the right of French-speaking Acadians to have their children taught in French. If French Canadians in New Brunswick have had a grievance it is not because they are French, but because they are poor.

Dr. Alexandre Boudreau of the University of Moncton, who was a member of the Byrne Commission, said: "In terms of language we could probably serve as an example to the rest of Canada, but financially the system of grants was inadequate. French-speaking areas were among the poorest, with the smallest tax base, but also with the highest percentage of school-age children. In order to support lower standards of education, we had to carry up to three times the tax load of other areas with better schools.

"But the grievance was purely financial. As a language group we have had no grievance at all. And under the new plan, French Canadians will get a fair deal in both respects."

Schools are not, of course, the only thing affected by the Program For Equal Opportunity. County jails, some of them truly remarkable survivals of medieval standards, will be taken over by the province and the worst of them abolished. Hospitals and social-welfare agencies will also be entirely provincial. (Premier Robichaud told me that in one county they even found that the overseer of the poor law was paid on a commission basis—the more he gave, the more he got.) But on these matters the controversy has been much less intense, partly because the province was providing almost all of the money anyway. Schools have been the only hot issue.

The big question, still unanswered, is whether New Brunswick can raise its poorest schools to a satisfactory level without lowering the high standards of its present best. If that difficult trick can be turned, it's safe to predict that the whole program will be a resounding success. ★

MACLEAN'S



"Don't be ridiculous. He can't read — he's looking at the pictures."

ST MORITZ



LUXURY LENGTH WITH JUST A HINT OF MINT

MacLAREN *continued from page 26*

"There's no 19th-century company loyalty in this business"

yon it'll do all styles, and mostly it'll do them best. The first pride of MacLaren's creative department is in execution. And MacLaren ads *do* invariably look and sound as if a pro has been at work. 'Some people here, not my guys, do non idea commercials," Marty Myers says. "These are ads that nothing happens in, just pretty pictures, but one thing they've got going for them, brilliant execution. *Stunning.*

We have the dollars for one thing, Allan Fleming says. "We spend $30 000 to make an average four-color commercial. That's more money than most CBC shows have to play with, but we handle expensive budgets all the time. When we're putting together a commercial we can afford to bring in the best cameramen, go wherever we have to to find the right actors, the ones with *schtick*, we can hire the musicians who read fast and swing. We buy the best. But it's *more* than money with us. It's the terrific sense of style about the place. Before, we were just big, now we're respected outside our own shop as creative."

The man who remade the MacLaren creative image as anyone at MacLaren, including Allan Fleming, will tell you, was Allan Fleming. Fleming, who's articulate, intelligent and a master hand-holder and soother of bruised artistic egos, isn't yet 40, but even before his MacLaren career he'd put in a couple of triumphant careers as a designer. He dreamed up the CN symbol, among other things, in one of his careers, and in the early 1960s, in another, he revamped the look of the magazine you're reading right now.

George Sheelar brought Fleming into MacLaren in 1963, a move that didn't exactly delight some of the old sleeping cats around the place, and the feeling got about that they were going to knock this new guy off. They didn't. The struggle came to a head, so the legend goes, over a Dove soap commercial, and whether using the stuff made "velvet feel velvetier" or whether it made you "look good in velvet." It was the *feel* of the thing, do you see, versus the *appearance* of the thing, and whatever stand it was that Fleming took, he won the sleeping cats lost, and today out of a total creative staff of 47, there are only three people who were around in 1963.

I started to feel about 10 months ago that the shop was remade the way I wanted," Fleming says. "Agencies have got to have the toughest talent around, because every time out you're a pinch hitter. Nobody cares what you did last season or last game. It's always, What are you going to do for me today? So I have to make sure that my people have room to demonstrate how good they are. There's no 19th-century company loyalty in this business. It's doing the work you want to do that counts. Guys will jump like that" — snaps fingers — "if they're hung up creatively.

Then there are the clients. A lot of them are in their mature years and they don't have the feel for the under 30s who make up 70 percent of the population, or whatever it is. And *every* client, you know, whether he admits it or not, wants to be his own copywriter and artist. So you have the problem of what we know will be effective versus what we know the client will buy. It can be very frustrating for creative guys. It's something like being called in to doctor the foot of someone you know has a cardiac disease."

CREATIVE is where the glamour guys hang out — it's the visible and the showbiz side of advertising. But then there's Media, Market Research, Sales Promotion, Account Executives, Merchandising, Print Production, Accounting, Checking, Testing — clickety clickety click. And what *they're* all bending their minds to, friends, is that ultimate question: how will an ad hit them out there with the most impact? What media to use? Radio? TV? Magazines? Billboards? What? How often? What time? What area? What kind of creative approach? Soft sell? Or hammer

continued on page 46

The things he did to some juniper berries are unspeakable.



First he peeled them.

Then he squashed them. And dried them. And then he... but first, you must understand why he did it.

He was Alexander Gordon, a Highland Scot. The year was 1769, and he had just come to London. With one thought in mind.

To make the greatest gin the world had ever tasted.

Now, you need a number of rather exotic ingredients to make gin. Including juniper berries from the Italian Alps.

So Alexander Gordon bought sackfuls of the best Italian juniper berries money could buy. Locked himself away for a goodly number of months experimenting, and one day discovered that if you took the berries and... well, something exciting happened.

You could make gin that tasted more wonderful than gin had ever tasted before. So naturally, he did.

200 years later we still do. And Gordon's Gin is now the largest selling gin in London, England, and the rest of the world.

We still make it everywhere to the same secret formula he discovered.

And, so that it remains a secret, what he did to those berries must always remain unspeakable.

You could always buy a bottle of Gordon's though. And let it speak for itself.



Hospitals were once looked upon as places for patients whose chances of recovery had all but slipped away.

Now, people go to hospitals to live.

Today, hospitals have become centers of hope where professional skills, medicines, diagnostic aids and equipment are concentrated to increase and hasten chances of recovery.

Thanks to doctors and hospital staffs, more and more patients walk out of hospitals now, relieved of ailments that were once almost always fatal.

Physicians and hospital staffs place increasing reliance on new and better medicines—including many developed by Parke-Davis—to help people live longer and more healthful lives.

PARKE-DAVIS



"It's true—we sit around for hours arguing about commas"

em? Ogilvy them with facts! Call in Marty Myers? What? How? Etc

The thing is, in this new era of advertising, the contact men — they're the account executives, Peter Webb's pals — and their friends are becoming terrifyingly articulate-minded. "New Think" they call their approach and they are in cold fact looking to make advertising something *exact*. You hear Peter Webb talk about Marketing Strategy and Management Science and Operational Research and Round Earth Companies and you feel that you old consumer-ore about to be locked in. Webb is young, lean and quick on the draw. A MacLaren director, the account director with ultimate responsibility for the advertising of all MacLaren clients except General Motors and Imperial Oil, and a man with a firm grasp on the proper order of things on the shelf behind his desk stand side by side, the Bible and *Retailing Principles And Methods*.

"There's no imprecision in the ad business because we're dealing with human behavior," Webb says. "But, okay we live with that, and we are getting closer to that tight scientific thing. We use computers for media selection. We use management science in marketing. But it's Operational Research that's the key here. What we're doing — this is before we run the ad — we're *quantifying* all the components of the thing: the media plan, the creative, the promotion, everything. We run tests on them, go into Peterborough say, and stage a dry run campaign and see how sales react, or bring a bunch of people in to watch commercials and check their reactions with a whole battery of questioning. We've got a lot of testing gimmicks. Some of them are, you know, less than scientifically exact, but, never mind after we've quantified all these components we're pointed in a direction. So we can go to the client with a marketing plan — this consumers is a document thick with charts, graphs, figures, facts, jargon enough to baffle a computer — and we say, look why not try this advertising strategy. We think we've nailed it down. We're six miles ahead of the other Canadian agencies in this approach — well, maybe I shouldn't sound so sweeping. But it's the U.S. agencies that have opened up in Canada that are forcing us *all* to become a lot more professional."

The young men who preside over this blizzard of facts and who escort the marketing plan to the client Peter Webb's account executives, are an aggressive, hard-nosed 8:30 a.m.-to-7 p.m. lot. "Our end of the business used to be the dumping ground for elder sons who'd flunked out of school," Webb says. "Now we look for — and get — the best MBAs, guys who are going to prosper in New Think." These are men who tend to seize a ringing phone with a motion that suggests a karate chop and tend to use a vocabulary that strikes a non-ad ear as slightly esoteric. "An account executive's role," one of them analyzed recently with impeccable diction and a straight face, "is primary co-ordinating secondary control function."

The personality gap between these brisk fellows and the more carefree souls in creative is occasionally — well, a gap. "The one thing that can kill a plan is creative," Peter Webb says. "To check that happening we have to give the writers and artists an intelligent briefing at the outset on creative strategy. You've got to go to bed with the creative guy. Still, as you might imagine, given the gap, there do occur certain *comic encounters*: when a creative man meets a contact man at some queer little aesthetic crossroads.

Artist: "I could have saved thousands if I'd known he didn't like green."

Doug Murray, account executive turned group creative head: "I knew I'd had enough as an account executive the day tears started rolling down my cheeks when we were involved in this heavy discussion about whether some drapes should fold or open."

Copywriter: "It's true — everything people read about us. We *do* sit around for hours arguing about commas."

Big? There's no place left to expand except outside Canada

Peter Tregoda, art director: "This business is loaded with gas."

WHAT THIS GARAGE of MacLaren talent with all the attendant New Think ways has acquired for the agency, or is hard at work preserving, reads most impressively in a tidy little inventory. Thus:

ITEM: Total 1966 billings — $42.8 million (Next largest in Canada is Cockfield Brown — $31 million.) 1966 gross revenues — $6.4 million.

ITEM: Several dozen Big Name clients, some of them of extraordinarily long duration considering the flightiness of advertisers: General Motors of Canada (45 years), Canadian General Electric (43 years), Imperial Oil — Esso (30 years), Lever Brothers, Imperial Tobacco, Heinz, Dominion Stores, Standard Brands and, as they say, a host of others. Not all clients hang on forever — Canada Dry stuck with MacLaren for a quarter of a century, then exited a few years ago, lured off by the most flamboyant operator in the Canadian ad biz, Harry (Red) Foster, head of Foster Advertising, the number-three firm. Foster announced the acquisition of the Canada Dry account with a typical high-flying stunt: as the Foster employees arrived for work one morning, they found on every desk a carton of Canada Dry drinks and a note yelling that *whoopee*, we've landed Canada Dry! MacLaren, you just know, would never do anything like that. Taste, taste, taste.

ITEM: A hold through its clients Molsons and Imperial Oil, and on its own hook, on the most popular TV program in Canada, *Hockey Night In Canada*. It was indeed MacLaren along with Conn Smythe and Foster Hewitt who helped get radio broadcasting started in Maple Leaf Gardens in the early 1930s. Its main role now, a considerable one, is to help produce the entire Saturday-night show — though, according to Conn Smythe, it doesn't control Foster Hewitt. "I kept control over the broadcaster," Smythe says, "because I didn't want them firing Foster."

ITEM: Purchase, more commercial broadcast time on behalf of its clients than any other Canadian agency. Samples: *Bonanza*, *Get Smart*, *Love On A Rooftop*, *Jackie Gleason*, *Gilligan's Island*.

ITEM: One of the largest public relations firms in Canada—14 people all carrying on independent PR work under the MacLaren roof.

ITEM: International offices in London, Paris, Nassau and Milan, with more to come because, as George Sinclair points out, MacLaren is already too big inside Canada to expand any place except outside Canada.

ITEM: One of Canada's largest and most expensive collections of Group Of Seven paintings. They decorate the board room, the directors' offices, the halls all on the executive floor. And well *Group Of Seven* — does that give MacLaren a slightly stodgier image than you imagined? Maybe.

PARADE

Sign of the clime

Some Winnipeggers love the western winters but we know of one Winnipeg dog that hates them. When his master turns him out for the necessary in cold and blizzardy weather, he makes straight for the nearest neighbor's doorstep and howls piteously to be let in, knowing he'll get no sympathy at



home. We know because one of the neighbors told us, and further reports that the last time there was a wail at the door she opened it to find the shivering beast looking more pitiable than ever but wearing around his neck a sign that said sternly "Don't let me in."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.



Great Ontario Adventure Vacations



The Heritage Highways

A Heritage Highways Adventure Vacation transports you in time. You re-live—in person—your country's progress, from 18th century United Empire Loyalism to 20th century cosmopolitanism.

From Ottawa to Old Fort Erie, along St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario shores, you are gripped by an interest that is lively and enlightening. You walk the stately domains of the nation's capital, see the Seaway's mighty structures of transportation and power, linger in traditional towns like Lancaster, Gananoque, Niagara-on-the-Lake and marvel at the passing parade of giant ocean freighters, camp and swim at beautiful waterside parks, or boat cruise among the tree-fringed Thousand Islands, thrill to thunderous cannonades at historic garrisons, or to the awesome cataract of turbulent Niagara Falls.

A Heritage Highways Adventure Vacation invests your family with new awareness and well-founded pride. Would you like to have more information? Just mail the coupon, today.

1 Garrison members at historic Fort Henry
2 Placid beauty of Rideau Lakes
3 Contemplation at Art Gallery of Ontario
4 Upper Canada Village preserves old skills

Province of Ontario,
Department of Tourism & Information,
Parliament Buildings, Room 66,
Toronto 2.

Please send me full details about a Heritage Highways Adventure Vacation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ Prov. _____

Ontario
Department of Tourism
& Information

"If the client says, 'Well, I just don't like it,' then we insist"

There *is* a Harold Town in evidence, two Borduas. But the Group Of Seven, the ancient masters, have the loudest voice. The offices contrary to any glamorous legend you may have saved up from the movies are apart from the hush and Knoll furniture of the Big Wheels quarters — merely plain and occasionally fas ou the creative floor) downright tatty.

STEM A firm grip on the Liberal Party George Elliott — 'George is a corporate conscience,' Peter Webb says. He keeps you from letting the system overwhelm you. He's infuriating, he's so right. He's valuable just because he's George Elliott — is MacLaren's Ottawa contact man. He handled the federal Liberal campaigns for MacLaren in the elections of '62, '63 and '65, and provincially, worked for Joey Smallwood in '66 and uncovered old Ross Thatcher in '64 ("Our advice to Thatcher," Elliott says, "was, Pay attention to your behavior, forget your research.") "The presence of an admau tends to intimidate the professional politician," Elliott says, trying to characterize the MacLaren role on the hustings. Tom Kent, Pearson's former executive assistant, came to the 1962 election with built-in prejudices against admen getting involved in politics. He had lunch at the time with Sinclair and me, and he made his prejudice quite clear. Either Sinclair or I said, 'Well, you're probably right, but as technicians we can make your campaign work.' Kent went home that night and read my book, *The Kissing Man*, and he decided differently about us. George, I read your book, he said next day. 'I changed my mind.' 'All right,' I told Kent. 'You talk about the product in this campaign. All I'll talk about is multiplication of the message.'"

BILL GRAHAM tells a very funny story about how it was at MacLaren in the old days — 20, 10, even five years ago. Bill Graham is MacLaren's executive vice-president who's worked for 15 years at keeping General Motors happy, an urbane, precise, manicured man whose first love — he set out to be an actor in 1935 — is theatre, and this is his story.

A client walks into the offices of Ogilvy, Benson & Mather.

"What time is it?" he asks.

"Just a minute," he's told. "We'll send down to Research to find out."

The same client walks into Young & Rubicam and asks the same question. "We'll have our creative staff work on it," he's told.

He walks into MacLaren's offices. "What time is it?"

"What time would you *like* it to be?"

Bill Graham: "We had a reputation, you see, of being very accommodating. We would please the client, and that's all, and that's an attitude that stuck with us for a very long time. It's only been in the last few years that we have felt it our duty to the client to insist on — to try *hard* to convince him that what we're preparing is right in cases where the client has no solid argument against us. If it's just a case of the client saying 'Well, I just don't like it,' then we insist on our plan."

There are a couple of reasons for the old MacLaren ways, Bill Graham thinks, neither of which has much to do with the quality of the work MacLaren did. It was always good. One reason is that the agency had longer relationships with many clients than other ad companies did and accommodation just naturally set in. The other is that MacLaren, under its first and founding president, a gentle, soft-sell man named Jack MacLaren, was a very paternal organization.

MacLaren founded the agency in 1922 when he had one client, General Motors, and ran it in his quiet, lovable style until he died in 1955. The presidency passed then to Eldar Rechnitzer, a flamboyant, hard-living, romance-the-clients-with-a-little-High-Life character right out of *The Hucksters*. Rechnitzer, in turn, presided over MacLaren during its fabulous growth years from 1955 to 1963, when business volume jumped by 75 percent and MacLaren passed Cockfield Brown to become Number One. In 1963 Rechnitzer sold out to the Sinclair group, and it's mainly since then

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More People Drink Lamb's Rum



LAMB'S
RUMS

A very moving experience:

It happens the moment you see and drive your new Chevrolet—complete with everything you want to give you that *sure* feeling.

And everything says new car luxury. And it is luxury, for this is a Chevrolet.

Chevrolet comes with beauty as standard equipment, and a lot more... embossed vinyl headlining, foam-cushioned front seats, color-keyed deep-twist floor carpeting, armrests and cigarette lighter. And on the list goes — dozens of luxury items that come as standard equipment in Chevrolet.

For a more moving experience, add Chevrolet power and pleasure options — a big V8, versatile 3-speed Turbo Hydra-Matic, bucket seats, floor console, light monitoring system, six-way power seat or Four-Season air conditioning.

And, of course, the General Motors safety package is standard equipment on every Chevrolet.

The goal is simple: to make your Chevrolet as pleasing as possible. To make sure you'll always be a Chevrolet owner.

Impala Sport Sedan



Add an adjustable Camaro-like steering wheel





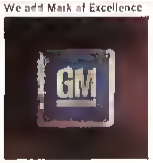
Add disc brakes for the best



Add flawless 4-speaker stereo tape



We add Mark of Excellence



Chevrolet gives you that sure feeling

CHEVROLET



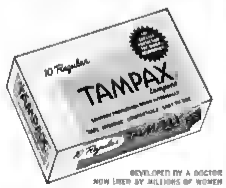
MEMO

to all working girls:

You can feel fresh, clean, confident with Tampax tampons no matter what day of the month it happens to be.

Worn externally, they prevent odor, chafing and irritation. They free you from all the problems of pins, pads and belts. They free you to shower and tub, every day. Disposal is easy, and so is carrying. They come in a package that tucks away easily in your desk or handbag. And each Tampax tampon has its own silken smooth container-applicator that protects the tampon until used, insures easy, proper insertion. Dainty and feminine to use, hands need never touch the tampon itself.

Tampax tampons are the only choice for millions of women—married or single, active or not—in over 90 countries. Available in 3 absorbency sizes: Regular, Super and Junior, wherever such products are sold.



DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR
NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

TAMPAX TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LTD. BARRIE, ONTARIO

Can they make Something Nice Happen?

that Bill Graham has recognized the change in MacLaren style.

It used to be that our creative department was dominated by the account staff whose aim was to keep the client happy at all costs, he says. "That's changed now and the most significant development I've seen in my 10 years here amazing really is that all of us have acquired a great deal of confidence and professionalism."

PROFESSIONALISM? Yes, but given that what's MacLaren going to do about the Warren Allmands of this world, the carping nit-pickers who don't understand what advertising's all about, the people who find it objectionable that Something Nice Happens Every Time You Drink Salada Tea? The answer is they're going to do *something*.

The idea that maybe MacLaren should answer back got a big push three years ago when Michael Callaghan, then in MacLaren's PR department, put together a 145-page memorandum that suggested it was about time a couple of populist noises were related. "That advertising is an evil force warping the mind of man to all that is vulgar through a clever play on his baser emotions or that it is merely a clever dodge for lightening the burden of ..." Well you get the idea.

After the memo was circulated George Sinclair made Callaghan his executive assistant and a lot of people got to work polishing the old ad image by hooking up the National Ballet, helping out with the St. Lawrence Centre for the Performing Arts campaign in Toronto, generally being public service-minded, and in Michael Callaghan's words, "pouring back into society some of the talents that the ad business takes out of society."

MacLaren men in short like all ad people are having PR consciousness of themselves. They're being cautious. It's true they've been stung too often. So there's a memo from upstairs on Allan Fleming's board: "I am rather concerned about the possible repercussions of any advertising on behalf of [the advertising industry]. We should carefully mix our commercials so that we never give the impression that we are conducting a crusade on behalf of advertising but merely demonstrating an awakened social conscience."

But they *are* answering back at last and so it's only fitting that it should fall in Marty Myers to provide some of the answer. Because one of the choicest commercial lines Marty Myers ever wrote in his inimitable Doyle Dane Bernbach manner was — wouldn't you know it? — Something Nice Happens Every Time You Drink A Cup Of Salada Tea. He wrote it when he was a copywriter at a hot-shot young Toronto agency called Goodis Goldberg Soren and it flitted very smoothly you probably remember into a voice-over narrative that accompanied a soft-floating film of a pretty girl drinking tea and looking warm and loving in either the tea or the man in the film.

"Anybody who doesn't understand that line doesn't understand a metaphor in literature am I right?" Myers says. "This is all we're doing — using a metaphorical expression in a new way."

"Right now I'm tossing around some ideas for this commercial about advertising. There are so many possibilities. We could start from that old line about advertising making people want luxuries they don't need: see and we'd have this voice-over just saying very quietly: Without advertising, you wouldn't want clothes ... and food ... and television sets." And all this time the film is showing each object: ... shoes ... and stoves ... and houses ... and all those other *luxuries*. I think it might be a nice idea, but I'll run through maybe 30 ideas before I get the one I want. You know, an idea that'll show we're not up to something sinister and Machiavellian down here. Right? ★



"This is the little place you had in mind where we could stop off for a drink?"



FOR THE
GARDEN BEAUTIFUL
Free Sheridan 1967 Catalogue

Make your Centennial planting something extra special as your project to celebrate Canada's hundredth birthday. Choose from a spectacular selection of roses, trees, flowering shrubs, evergreens and perennials ... more than 1200 varieties on the 104 vividly illustrated pages ... with many new tips on how to get best results.

Write for your free copy of our 1967 Catalogue today.

SHERIDAN NURSERIES
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Do **FALSE TEETH**
Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feel. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

SQUEAKY Doors?



3-IN-ONE OIL

OUTSTANDING SERMONS FROM CANADIAN PULPITS

With sermons by the Ministers of Knox United Church, Ottawa; Queen Street United, Halifax; Bloor Street United, Toronto; Earlscourt United, Toronto; Knox United, Hamilton; and others from Anglican, Baptist, Presbyterian and United Church pulpits from Halifax to Victoria. Printed by Evergreen Press, Vancouver. Ask for it at your favourite bookstore or order by return mail from the Sunday Sermon Club, P.O. Ferry 10837, 14088 Bluff Road, North Surrey, B.C.

WOMEN OFTEN
HAVE BLADDER IRRITATION

After 21 years as many women as men are made miserable by common urinary irritation caused by a germ, Escherichia Coli. To quickly combat the secondary aches, muscular pains and disturbed sleep caused by Kidney and Bladder irritations, try taking 2 little CYSTEX tablets with a glass of water 3 times daily for a few days. CYSTEX is a cleansing urinary antiseptic plus an analgesic pain reliever for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Pains, Headache, Backache and Muscular Pains. Get CYSTEX from druggist. Feel better fast.

WHAT NURSE SHORTAGE? IT'S NURSING WE NEED

We've got nurses — they just seem scarce because they're burdened with menial jobs — carrying bedpans, serving meals, making beds — when they should be free to do what they're trained for: nursing

THERE'S SOMETHING odd about that nurse shortage people are constantly talking and writing about. It may not exist.

Canada has one nurse to every 260 people, and that's a healthier ratio than anywhere else in the world, excepting New Zealand and Sweden. We lose a lot of nurses to the United States every year — but nursing is a very *mobile* occupation and young girls like to travel and see the world which means we get about as many nurses as we lose, from Britain, Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere.

So where's the shortage?

"I suspect it lies in the way our hospitals use their nurses," says Dr. Bernard Bronsseau, executive-director of the Canadian Hospital Association. Nurses' leaders are blunter. "Training girls as vital members of the health team, then not utilizing them properly is the sort of lunacy Canada can't afford," says Dr. Helen Mussallem, executive-director of the Canadian Nurses Association. "By the time we've finished playing housemaid, the patients are lucky to get any half-decent care, and sometimes if you're short of aides, night duty gets to be a sort of Russian roulette — for the patients" says one staff nurse.

Commonly, the 45,000 or so nurses on general duty in Canadian hospitals tend their patients only part of the time. For the rest they fetch and carry bedpans, make beds, serve meals, tidy rooms, provide patient room service, stock the laundry, wash surgical equipment, answer the telephone and do the work a full-time ward clerk could and should do better. You'd have a hard time proving it, but patients have died or suffered needless agonies for lack of attention from a nurse who was busy doing something an aide should be doing.

Now the nurses are in the midst of what one could call a bedpan rebellion.

Their first target is the traditional training system. Historically, nurses have always been trained in hospitals during a three-year unpaid course, a year of which they spend working on wards as what some have described as "slave labor." Some bigger hospitals have begun to abandon this system, but there is increasing pressure to have nurses education taken out of hospitals, hands and placed in independent schools, such as the Nightingale School of Nursing in Toronto (where the picture on page 19 was taken). There the girls become registered nurses in two years, spending, around half the time in various hospitals doing jobs designed to *teach* them, not the odd jobs that slave laborers complain about.

In some provinces — notably Saskatchewan and Ontario — provincial health authorities are giving way to this pressure. In Ontario a two-year course will, it is planned, be standard by 1975. But hospitals generally oppose such schemes, partly because they'd be even more short-staffed if deprived of student services.

Poor salaries as well as working conditions make nursing in Canada unattractive when compared to those in the U.S., where salaries are often 30 percent higher. But collective bargaining for nurses already a reality in British Columbia and parts of Quebec is spreading slowly across Canada. Another nurses' beef, perhaps the biggest, is harder to pin down. The bedside nurse, the girl with a nursing-school diploma is trapped at the bottom of the nursing ladder by her lack of university training. Most administrative, supervisory and teaching jobs go to girls with BA degrees in nursing. And inhumanity nurses stand a better chance of getting into specialized nursing — neurosurgical or obstetrical nursing, for instance.

The nursing establishment — federal and provincial associations and colleges — are always fighting for a new deal for nurses. But the young nurses are growing impatient. In the meantime, the nurses' dilemma is inextricably locked in with the problems that beset doctors and hospitals. And that all sounds like a Chinese conundrum. We need new style doctors and a new team approach to medical care, but what kind of doctors and what kind of care? Doctors must hand over more responsibilities to nurses — but many don't want to. Nurses want the job, but say they're too busy washing bedpans and making beds to do it.

It seems that Canada isn't particularly short of nurses, but it *is* short of *nursing*.

ALAN EDMONDS

PAN-AMERICAN GAMES WINNIPEG JULY 22–AUGUST 7



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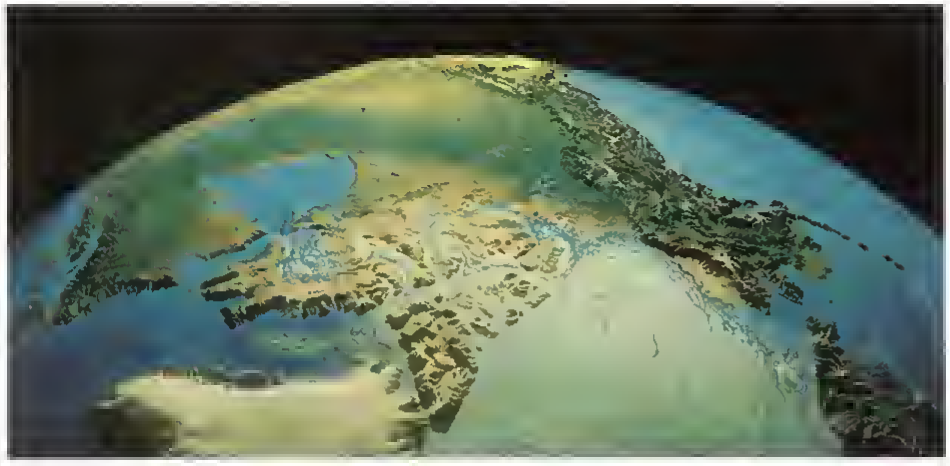
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"People used to ask, 'Can you help me?' Now it's, 'Cure me.'"

no one man can treat the whole human being now that we know so much about the component parts of the body and so specialists must dominate the medical profession. Both sides argue — convincingly, too — that the other's road leads to disaster for the nation. Both also agree — and this is what's alarming — that the average medical graduate of today is not ready to go into solo practice, though he often does.

There are equally disturbing conflicts among nurses and hospitals. And everyone knows, or thinks he knows, of a case in which someone suffered or even died because some doctor, hospital or nurse bungled. But the doctor is the single most important factor in any medical treatment, and so the crumbling of his once invincible image is the most significant evidence of medicine's underground revolution.

THE PRESENT TURMOIL really began when the Hall Commission on Canadian Health Services set up in 1961 found that although GPs handle 85 percent of the nation's medical problems, more than 50 percent of Canada's doctors were specialists. "We knew we were short of family doctors, but until then it wasn't generally realized that the shortage was quite so bad," says Dr. Donald Rice, Executive Director of the College of General Practice of Canada.

The reasons for this GP specialist imbalance are manifold. Faced with the need to cram a burgeoning mass of scientific knowledge into a traditional six-year course designed to produce the doctor of 50 years ago, medical schools have become dependent on specialists and scientist teachers. By a process of osmosis, students become specialist oriented, often scorning general practice as somehow unworthy of their talents.

Their training also makes them oppressively aware of how little they've learned in six years. Medical schools by their own admission have been producing graduates ideally suited for specialist training, but not for practice as doctors. Thus the new MD often feels inadequately equipped for general practice and takes post-graduate training because it's easier to keep up with scientific progress if you're principally concerned with, say, the heart or the psyche or the lungs. Those graduates who do become GPs are, says Dr. Rice, rather "very brave men, hoping to pick up sufficient training as they go along often at their patients' expense," or the inefficient, the bad student and the less competent.

Family practice is also unattractive because there's already a GP shortage and the new man in the field is rapidly overworked, while the specialist often makes more money and has a more comfortable life. Besides, the public is expecting more from doctors as advances in medical science—Dr. Michael DeBakey's heart replacement pump, for instance — lessen the death rate of one disease after another. A Regina GP speaks for most of his fellows when he says: "People used to ask, 'Can you help me, doctor?' Now they demand 'Cure me.' They've read so much about scientific discoveries they expect miracles and get mad when you can't deliver. To keep pace with the demand, you need a subscription to *Reader's Digest*."

The same man complains about people refusing to accept responsibility for their personal problems and taking them to the doctor instead. A common plaint reinforced by a Winnipeg GP who tells how in January middle-aged parents demanded he prescribe contraceptive pills for their 14-year-old daughter "to save us from worrying." He in turn says that in Canada almost everyone comes from somewhere else, and the GP's load is made heavier because people, trying parents particularly, don't have grandparents living with them, as they once did, and so when they or their children develop minor ills they turn to the family doctor for advice.

And then the public expects the doctor to play God. A harassed GP in a small Quebec town says: "As people's faith in God diminishes, you find more and more people in the waiting room with problems that 10 years ago they'd have taken to their ministers or maybe their parents. Sometimes they come



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straight out and use your office as a confessional, but usually it turns up as a psychosomatic illness. I had a woman the other day who thought her irregular menstrual cycle was a cancer. When we proved it wasn't and she was back for the fourth time it turned out her husband was playing around with another woman and her problem was emotional... not physical.

If that's a problem in Quebec, where the church is strong it must be vastly magnified in the other less church-oriented parts of Canada.

But the specialist-GP ratio isn't the only problem as the Hall Commission's statistics revealed. The doctor-patient ratio it found, was one to 857 people which meant that Canada was worse off for doctors than 13 other industrialized nations. At that many of our doctors are in industry, work for insurance companies, or are teachers, and so aren't actually in practice.

The unhealthiest doctor-patient ratio is one of 1 590 in Newfoundland and the best is one to 750 in British Columbia. Even there, because most of the doctors are clustered in the Vancouver area, the College of Physicians and Surgeons says it could find jobs for 125 doctors—*if* they were prepared to work in the hinterland. At New Denver in the Kootenay Valley for instance, the 22-bed hospital at the time of writing, had been doctorless for three months and had scant chance of finding another doctor to work in the town. Emergencies there were being dealt with by a doctor who lives 35 miles away and who has been advertising in vain throughout North America and the U.K. for four years trying to attract an assistant.

Even to maintain the far-from-ideal one-to-857 doctor-population ratio Canada must have 1 300 new doctors a year. But the nation's 13 medical schools produced only 888 last year, though this is increasing: last year, for instance, the schools enrolled 1 230 new students some of whom will drop out. Immigrant doctors are supposed to fill the gap but their numbers have been falling off lately. Besides, in one recent year more doctors emigrated to the U.S. than graduated from our medical schools. One new medical school opened in Quebec last year, another will open before 1970. Two more are planned and existing schools are expanding. But even the Quebec school won't start graduating students for at least six years, and in the meantime Dr. John Crawford, federal Deputy Minister of Health and Welfare, admits, "The doctor shortage is alarming."

For patients, "serious risk"

But serious as the statistical situation appeared in 1960 and 1961, the polarization of the right and left wings of medicine — the pro- and anti-GPs —did not take place until after the publication in 1962 of a book-length report, *The General Practitioner* by Dr. Kenneth Clute, of Toronto. Clute had spent five years studying a sampling of Ontario and Nova Scotia general practitioners and decided that only half the Ontario doctors and a quarter of those from Nova Scotia, mostly the younger men, practised "satisfactory" medicine. Of the remainder, he implied that 21 percent in each province were mediocre and bluntly said a quarter of Ontario's doctors and half of Nova Scotia's "*caused grave misgivings [because] the deficiencies in these men's practices were thought likely to expose their patients to serious risk.*" While Clute's findings are based on a sampling of fewer than 100 GPs they do suggest you can't trust a quarter of the nation's family doctors.

Both pro- and anti-GP camps say that unless their approach is adopted, the inadequacies of our health services could reach crisis proportions. But we've got a crisis already. While most of the four to five million Canadians without medical insurance of any kind can be presumed to lack the best medical attention available, the present lack of manpower and competence means that many of those who *can* afford the best can't get it either.

In the main, organized medicine—medical associations, colleges of physi-

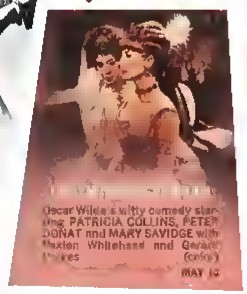
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"If medicine becomes cold, inhuman, heaven help us all"

cians and surgeons and other doctors' organizations — have thrown their weight behind several largely uncoordinated moves to rehabilitate the GP. It's a predictable reaction of a traditionally autonomous and autocratic profession fighting to retain that independence in an increasingly interdependent world. Certainly the colleges of physicians and surgeons are generally unenthusiastic about any kind of co-operative group practice.

Even so they recognize that a new kind of GP is required if the breed is to be preserved. The old concept was valid say 30 years ago when one man did stand a chance of absorbing at least more than half the known medical science, and could competently handle most of the more common medical-surgical problems for which treatment techniques did exist. But more than three quarters of the medical knowledge and techniques practised today have been developed in the past 15 years — and half of that will be out of date in the next 10. The inability of any one man to absorb and stay abreast of this awesome body of knowledge means that even now, some medical educators are talking about the possibility of limited licensing, under which a doctor would be permitted to practise only in a specified field, and would not be allowed to treat anyone for any ailment outside that specialty.

Unhappily, the right-wing rehabilitators of the GP themselves cannot agree on just what kind of doctor this new-style GP should be, just what might be demanded of him in practice whether or not he should be permitted to perform surgery, and most important, how he should be educated. A consensus would suggest that, ideally, he would be a man trained to recognize diseases and ills but not necessarily to treat all of them himself; a man trained in both the science and art of medicine yet with sufficient humility — not a notable characteristic among doctors — to admit his limitations and quickly refer those who need it for specialist treatment.

More important, he should regard himself as part of a clinical team and hand over much of what has long been considered the doctor's exclusive work to nurses, psychiatric social workers, public health nurses and other paramedical personnel. In Sweden, where the doctor-population ratio is as low as Newfoundland's, medical services are excellent largely because these paramedical personnel have taken over in some of the doctors' traditional preserves—injections, bandaging, some midwifery, rehabilitation, social counseling, and giving treatments prescribed by doctors.

It is in the field of undergraduate education that the greatest disagreement exists. But the need for a revolutionary new approach of some kind was underlined by Dr. Clute's finding in *The General Practitioner* that present undergraduate training is no guarantee that a young doctor "is ready to assume the full responsibility of an independent practice [although] circumstances may force him to accept responsibilities which are beyond his capabilities." Poor patient!

The right wing has no doubt about the need for the GP. Dr. Rice of the College of General Practice says, "First you obviously must have someone who sees the patient in the first instance to decide whether he needs a specialist. And then it is accepted that somewhere between half and three quarters of the cases a GP sees have nothing to do with the patient's *physical* welfare but are largely caused by stress or tension or have their root in some other psychosomatic cause. And that means that if the doctor is to help them he has to know something of them, their work, family circumstances, the pressures under which they live. The GP practises the art of medicine. The specialist often practises the art of looking for and treating one disease — and one only. If Canadian medicine becomes cold, hard, clinical and inhuman, heaven help us all."

Or as one Montreal GP says: "The orthopedic surgeon will always be a better orthopedic surgeon than I am, but I'm damned if he's ever likely to be a better doctor." Not all specialists are as heartless as Dr. Rice suggests.

continued on page 96

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Does Canada need a new-style GP?

But a few months ago an unmarried coed in Halifax consulted a gynecologist about her pregnancy when her real problem was how to tell her parents. The gynecologist was good for the pregnancy but did nothing about the parent problem, and so the girl now needs a psychiatrist more than a midwife. The core of the right-wing pro-GP argument is that the GP would have been concerned at least as much about the psychological problem as with the pregnancy and would probably have helped solve it.

The most dramatic bid to rehabilitate the image of the GP in Canada came last September when Dr. John Corley, a Calgary GP, launched a three-year postgraduate training course in general practice at the 1,000-bed Calgary General Hospital. It's an attempt to treat family medicine as if it were a specialty. The course is being taken by eight graduate MD students who volunteered as guinea pigs, and the diplomas they will receive on graduation are at present largely meaningless.

"But we have to start somewhere," says Corley. "We have to create a new kind of general practitioner whose specialty is people, not the bladder or the sacroiliac. The whole human is more important than the sum total of his parts."

Corley's guinea pigs will take crash courses in all the specialties, with large doses of psychology and psychiatry. Then practise under the eye of established general practitioners who, says Corley, "will monitor the mistakes new doctors inevitably make, though usually they aren't monitored."

The Calgary experiment is controversial. Some doctors regard it with scorn and it is argued that lagging three years onto the six-year MD course will only aggravate the doctor shortage, and make general practice less attractive to graduates. But because agreement that a new-style GP must be produced is widespread, the nation's medical schools are under pressure to rebuild their curriculums. However, not all of them agree a new style doctor is needed — and even if they did it seems unlikely they would agree just what breed of cat this new GP should be.

The University of British Columbia medical school is pioneering in the search for a new GP concept and has built a medical education centre where all medical personnel—doctors, nurses, physiotherapists, social workers and so on — will be trained together and learn to work as a team. There first-year students are taught by general practitioners as well as specialists, and learn a potpourri of practical psychology, interview techniques, the way to take case histories — in short they're taught the bedside manner. This is done because the school found that scientific and laboratory-oriented training discouraged first-year students. But even at UBC tradition dies hard. For instance, students still spend

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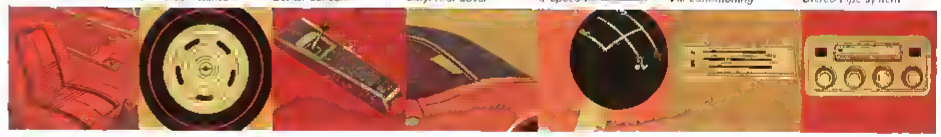
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What they're trying to find out: what's a "good" doctor?

weeks of their biochemistry course producing neat diagrams of the molecular structure of Vitamin B 12(a) something no doctor will need unless he takes up biochemistry. Such seeming absurdities of course grow out of uncertainty. As Dean of Medicine Dr. John McCreary, one of Canada's most respected medical educators says, "Some change is vital but not change for the sake of change. We don't even know for sure what we're trying to produce."

Indeed the only apparent agreement is that this new-style doctor should have more psychiatric training than his predecessors and perhaps less training in other fields that have become the specialists preserve. One example it is often suggested the new GP has no place in the operating theatre and therefore a lot of the 600 classroom hours most students devote to anatomy should instead be spent learning how to handle the psychological problems of tension and emotional disturbance that are often created by our modern, urbanized society.

Despite their failure to agree what the medical schools end product should be, medical educators are currently planning how to spend around a billion dollars on health-education in the next 15 years. The federal Health Resources Fund is putting up half the money and the universities are obliged to raise the other half. And yet so little is known about what these schools should ideally produce that the University of Toronto has just set up a study group to attempt to define a "good" doctor, so it can weed out unsuitable students, and UBC's Dean McCreary warns, "Since provinces are responsible for their own higher education, there's a danger we'll end up producing 10 different levels of quality and condemn the country to interminable mediocrity. In health education there must be some uniformity."

But the colleges face a more tangible and immediate problem: just to maintain the present doctor-population ratio they must increase their enrolment from 1,266 students last year to more than 1,400 by 1969. The first of four new medical schools was opened last year in Sherbrooke, Que., and the second will open at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont., in 1969. Two others open in Calgary and St. John's in the early 1970s. And the new schools, plus the expansion of old ones, generate their own appalling problem: who's going to teach in them?

There's already a dangerous shortage of teachers. And since it's research facilities that attract them, Canada currently has scant hope of ending even the present shortage: we now spend less per capita on medical research than almost any other Western nation including Portugal, and the talented teachers tend to drift to the U.S., which spends more on research than any other nation. In the past 10 years four of Canada's medical colleges were either placed on "probation" or were uncomfortably close to it by the committee that accredits them as degree-granting institutions because they lacked adequate teaching staff and facilities. "The teacher-supply problem is one of a number that seem to have no solution," says Dr. A. L. Chute, Dean of Medicine at the University of Toronto.

The western and Maritimes universities have displayed more readiness to join the fight to rehabilitate the GP than the more conservative specialist-oriented schools in Ontario and Quebec. It has, however, been left to the University of Toronto school to set up the most massive curriculum study. At Toronto, Dean of Student Affairs Dr. Jan Steiner, a former GP and subsequently a specialist in pediatrics, is studying both students and graduates to determine just what a "good" doctor really is. In a city where the GP has all but been forced out of the hospitals by specialists, the bias is predictably on the need to produce graduates better equipped for postgraduate training, and Steiner is probably the most articulate spokesman for the left wing of medicine which believes more, not fewer, specialists are needed to improve medical services.

Steiner argues that before the so-called Knowledge Explosion, medicine

continued on page 100

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What doctors must learn: they must never stop learning

was more art than science, since doctors could do little for a raft of diseases and organ malfunctions that almost inevitably killed or incapacitated the patient. Now he says the scales have tipped the other way and the new science needs specialists to practise it. "The impact of recently acquired scientific knowledge on medicine and medical schools is traumatic," he says. "You have to stop teaching in a vacuum — the student learns about the structure of the brain in one year and it is never related to strokes which he studies in another year—and at the same time you have to squeeze into six years the training that should take 10."

Steiner's solution: "Students must be taught to teach themselves to realize knowledge is evanescent and that they must never stop renewing their knowledge all their lives."

The GP rehabilitation effort is, says Steiner, a scandalous waste of time. "What we do now will show up in 10, 20 years' time. And if it's wrong, Canada is in trouble. Today the Canadian public is demanding expertise. If they want a new car muffler, they go to the muffler shop, not the general mechanic. If a woman gets a backache, she wants to see a specialist in orthopedics or a gynecologist, not a GP. Anyone who thinks this trend is likely to be reversed knows nothing about our society.

"We say the public should decide what's needed. And the public is demonstrating that it wants specialists, experts. Today, no man can know it all, whatever his field, and must practise in a group. But GPs want to make the new doctors over in their own image. The obsession with professional status and the mystical doctor-patient relationship is, in the terms of the world in which today's students will practise, quite absurd. It's true we'll always need people to decide which specialist a patient should see, but whether that person should be a graduate doctor is debatable."

Group practice of one kind or another is becoming more popular. Everywhere there's a trend for specialists to gather in one building, if not in a formal group practice. One of the biggest, oldest and most prestigious specialist groups in North America is the Winnipeg Clinic, run by Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson, one of the elder statesmen of Canadian medicine and himself an "obsolete" general surgeon. He lends more than 50 specialists and sub-specialists and says: "As a general surgeon there are types of operations I no longer perform because specialists in certain fields — say the neurosurgeon or the orthopedic surgeon—are more competent."

Group practice — more time

Group practice among GPs themselves is spreading. Typically, in the St. James suburb of Winnipeg six GPs, all around 40, practise in a clinic and provide a 24-hour, seven-days-a-week service for patients by taking turns at handling emergencies. One of the six says that in three years of solo practice he had one week's holiday and about a dozen free weekends. In his year with the group this man has had a month's holiday, a two-week refresher course at university, and he works only one evening in five and one weekend in six. Even so, these GPs—like Thorlakson of the Winnipeg Clinic — regard the home-visit diagnosis as perilous. "Modern medicine demands sophisticated equipment to help with diagnosis, and the patient rarely suffers from being taken to a doctor's office or hospital where facilities are available," says Thorlakson.

Probably the only way the more remote communities, most of them either doctorless or short of doctors, will ever get medical services is through group practices or clinics. Doctors are increasingly reluctant to embark on solo practice in remote areas, where they'll face a spectrum of medical problems undreamed of in medical school. In British Columbia the college of physicians and surgeons last year set up a three-month cram course to train doctors prepared to go to the hinterland in the sort of emergencies they might expect to face: breech births, logging accidents, minor surgical procedures, and so on. Thus far, no doc-

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In hospitals, battle lines are drawn: GPs vs. specialists

tor has applied to take the course.

A clinic or group practice set up in one town and servicing communities around it is the probable solution. And in his exhaustive *The General Practitioner* Dr. Chute said that doctors in groups practise better medicine than those working alone because they monitor and stimulate one another.

In this can be seen a trend toward the team approach to medicine which reformers are always talking about and which often seems to be the only one possible when scientific advances demand the use of many skills in one treatment or operation. A kidney transplant, for instance, involves scores of different medical personnel. Medicine may have become too complex to accommodate the traditional independent entrepreneurial doctor.

The battle lines between GPs and specialists are probably best seen in the nation's hospitals. In the east people go to specialists when they need a hospital bed, and this is the cause of much bitterness within the medical profession. Farther west the GPs still hold sway. In Winnipeg family doctors currently suspect a conspiracy between specialist and university teachers to exclude the handful of GPs who still have access to the city's hospitals. In Alberta and BC the scales have tipped so that half the staffs of Calgary and Vancouver general hospitals are GPs.

Much of the war of philosophies over medical practice may be caused by the creeping takeover of hospitals by specialists. One student in the Calgary Experiment says he's taking the GP course, hoping his diploma will help him gain access to hospital beds —and greater income. If a doctor can get his patients into a hospital, he can often make more money. And if this rarely is a root cause of the GP specialist battle, then it may also be part of the reason for the hospital-bed shortage. Doctors have a great deal of influence in planning the provision of hospital facilities. Since general hospitals represent the best income, they tend to support general-hospital building programs when in fact Canada's greatest need is probably for hospitals and homes for the incurably sick, the aged and the convalescent.

Without them, there's a seemingly chronic shortage of hospital beds everywhere. In Toronto one doctor says: "People have taken to shopping around the surgeons, seeing which one can get them a bed first. The shortage is critical." Elsewhere all hospitals have waiting lists of people needing "elective" surgery — appendectomies, tonsilectomies, hernia operations, cosmetic and corrective surgery. The physical and psychological misery these people suffer by being forced to wait sometimes six months for a bed is immeasurable — and yet Dr. John Crawford, federal Deputy Minister of Health and Welfare, is able to say: "I doubt whether there is a real shortage of *active treatment* beds in this country." Kingston, Ont., for instance, has plenty of general hospital beds. But there's only one hospital for incurables and space must be found for them in the general hospitals.

Some doctors say universal hospital insurance is partly responsible for the bed shortage. Patients stay in hospital longer than necessary because it's free, and restful—and so in the past three years most of the country's hospitals have set up policing committees to determine whether doctors are abusing the facilities either by admitting patients who could be treated as out-patients or by permitting them to stay longer than needed. And Saskatchewan, the home of socialized medicine in North America, is reportedly planning to charge a daily fee to make sure patients will leave as soon as possible.

But once you're in hospital, is it a good place to be sick? Of course, it's better than the back bedrooms at home. But there is evidence to suggest our hospitals could all be improved, and the smaller ones may be positively unhealthy.

Dr. William Iveson Taylor, secretary of the council set up by medical and hospital associations to establish minimum hospital standards, says most hospitals need better intensive-care facilities, and the bigger teaching hospitals, particularly, need to "improve

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New hospitals sometimes are only town status symbols

communications between specialty departments. Patients suffer from this lack of communication. When a young actor was hurt in a car crash in Alberta, his life was saved by the teamwork of a neurosurgeon, an orthopedic surgeon and an internist. But as he mended, these men lost interest beyond determining that in their particular areas of specialty he was making satisfactory progress. Since none of them could tell him about the other's work, some of the questions that mattered most to him—"When can I go home? Will I suffer any after-effects?"—went unanswered. His family called in a GP, who later said: "By the time I arrived, the boy needed another specialist—a psychiatrist for his anxiety problems."

There is a trend in bigger hospitals to set up departments of general practice, so that GPs can maintain contact with their patients now in specialists' hands. "It's an encouraging sign, but it's moving slowly," says Dr. Taylor.

Staffing problems bedevil most hospitals. Nurses, loaded with work that could be done better by housemaids, commonly complain they can provide barely adequate care—and they can't all be wrong. This say nurses' organizations, is one reason why they flood south to the U.S. where pay and conditions are better.

More alarming is the fact that many hospitals spend millions of dollars on sophisticated equipment and facilities mostly to keep up with the Joneses in the hospital business. Some measure of control can be, and sometimes is, exercised by government agencies which provide the cash, but too often money is allocated on the basis of demand and local pressure, not on need. Regional control of hospitals and their facilities may be the logical solution, but hospitals and their influential boards usually resist it strongly.

In B.C., for instance, government surveys showed one big cancer treatment centre located in Vancouver could best deal with the province's needs. But New Westminster's Royal Columbian hospital wanted its own radiology treatment unit. Because it claimed this would duplicate the facilities in Vancouver 12 miles away, the government refused aid. But the hospital raised the cash privately and, says one deputy health minister, "provided facilities for which there's no real need."

Small towns often build or retain hospitals that are more valuable as status symbols than treatment centres since more sophisticated hospitals are near enough to handle local needs. There's a classic case near the Bruce Peninsula area of Ontario. Wiarton (pop. 4,152) has a 104-bed hospital, and is expanding it. Hanover (pop. 4,830) five miles away has a 59-bed hospital and is expanding it. Chesley (pop. 1,697) 10 miles north of Hanover also has a hospital with 23 beds. And Dunham (pop., 2,425) 10 miles to the east of Hanover has a 32-bed hospital. Each of them duplicates facilities provided by the other.

Many of these small hospitals do not meet the standards set by Dr. Taylor's accrediting council. While all the hospitals with 300 beds or more meet the standards, only 70 of the 337 hospitals with between 25 and 100 beds have been accredited.

Often, hospitals obtain equipment but haven't staff competent to use it. Dr. Bernard Brossean, Executive-Director of the Canadian Hospital Association says, "Things like cardiovascular treatment centres for open heart surgery and radiological units cost millions, yet small hospitals install them when, good God, they often hardly even know how to use them." And Dr. Taylor says that small hospitals almost always want surgical facilities when they often lack facilities to give adequate pre- and post-operative care.

Tighter, more centralized control would solve many of these problems as it would many of the other ills that beset the world of medicine. But Medicare planned for 1968 won't provide it—and, indeed, state control can create as many problems as it solves. And yet there is so little agreement among doctors, hospitals and nurses that they seem incapable of curing themselves. Until they do, they'll be less competent to cure us, the patients. ★



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THE GREAT OPERA FIASCO: ANOTHER VIEW

TO THE EDITOR: A recent *Maclean's* article titled *Like They Said Sam Opera Spells Big Trouble* by Ken Johnstone mentioned some misstatements in connection with the alleged promotion of Italian opera performances in Montreal and Toronto by Mr. Sam Olan.

I am referred to as "The promoter Laureal Baranés, a 26-year old Lebanese." My 26th birthday was eight years ago, I am French — as were my ancestors — and all I know about Lebanon is what I learned in school.

Mr. Johnstone states that Mr. Olan was persuaded to dabble in a little operatic venture" because a person (later identified unmistakably as myself) had persuaded the unbalanced La Scala Opera Company of Milan to visit Canada. The tour was to be heavily subsidized: $150,000 from the Italian government, $50,000 from the City of Montreal, $50,000 from the Queben government, $70,000 from sponsors, $80,000 from the CBC for the TV rights to *La Traviata*.

"All that was needed was a mere $15,000 each from Sam Olan and nine other people who stood to make a handsome profit on the enterprise."

The fact is that in my letter of engagement dated January 25, 1966, Mr. Sam Olan authorized me to engage European artists for five opera productions in Montreal, and two productions in Toronto. This letter carried no specification of La Scala, but it did state: "I will provide the funds for the execution of these contracts." There was no allusion to the fantastic contributions mentioned above.

In February, 1966, I returned from Italy with an estimate of all available interested artists. No contract had yet been signed. "The promoting company, Compagnie des Grandes Premières, was founded at that time with Mr. and Mrs. Olan as directors."

My first suggestion of artists was disapproved on grounds that in Canada names like Mario del Monaco and Tito Gobbi would be unknown. They said I simply had to engage Maria Callas, Renata Tebaldi, Mario Lanza and Franco Corelli. I felt there might be a chance of getting these artists — except, of course, Mario Lanza, who has been dead for five years.

Maria Callas wasn't interested, for she was refusing all contracts. Franco Corelli was unavailable. Tebaldi refused outright.

Mr. Olan told me to go to New York and offer Miss Tebaldi $8,000 a night and a bonus of $10,000 for the reconstruction of the Verdi house in Parma, her native city. She finally accepted.

On March 11, 1966, in the office of a lawyer representing Mr. Olan, we verified all the contracts including mine. Mr. Olan knew all details of the contracts, the production and the budget, which by then had reached $380,000. He expected a gross revenue of $500,000 with a possible profit of $120,000.

The contracts covered such internationally famous artists as Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Gobbi, Renata Scotto, Flaviano Labo and artists from La Scala [whom La Scala would not allow us to advertise as such because of their impending visit to Expo 67], choristers and musicians from the Parma Theatre, at rates considerably lower than that demanded by Quebec's Union des Artistes; scenery by Enzo Dcho and Franco Zeffirelli of La Scala at a rental of $1,000 for each production. (Scenery for *Carmen* by Pino Zuffi of the Chicago Opera would have cost $100,000.)

Unfortunately, for productions costing $380,000, Mr. Olan could advance only $18,000, including a $900 publicity budget — for a project that should have had a minimum of $20,000. (Of this $900, several cheques came back NSF.)

Ticket sales in Montreal were a good 67 percent, in Toronto a terrible 20 percent, due to lack of publicity and the bad luck of the year (July). Mr. Olan decided to cancel Toronto.

On June 11, the artists arrived, very suspicious of the whole business. A $6,500 cheque from Mr. Olan for the costs of rehearsing in Parma had proven back NSF.

The revenue from ticket sales was entrusted to a trust company in Montreal to guarantee the principal artists and the chorus and programs — but nothing for the supporting artists, the chorus, the orchestra. Out of the same revenue a guarantee of $50,000 was sent to Sacthby Industry, whose president was Mr. Olan.

When I discovered this situation, I invited Dr. Giuseppe Negri, head of the Parma Theatre and the Fine Arts, as well as the Union des Artistes which took steps to have this guarantee returned to the trust company. As a result Mr. Olan fired me.

Me, I am an opera producer, not a financier. I was hired to produce opera for the Compagnie des Grandes Premieres. I did so. I presented excellent productions for the Montreal public, with the best artists of July — an exploit nobody else has managed.

LAURENT BARANÉS



THE WORLDS PREMIUM VODKA—EVEN THE RUSSIANS NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

IN THE EDITORS'

CONFIDENCE

The great gold-coin caper

IT SEEMED A LITTLE odd when we thought that $2.46 item on Alan Edmonds' expense account last year for a can of gold spray paint. *Gold spray paint?* What for?

The answer is faintly embarrassing to the editors, but it's also a tribute to Edmonds' journalistic enterprise. He'd been in Nova Scotia writing the fantastic story of three amateur scuba divers who brought up a fortune in gold coins from the wreck of Le Chameau, a French frigate that sank in 1725. It was a tough assignment. Besides a platoon of rival reporters, Edmonds had to contend with the law, which had slapped most of the gold coins into escrow in a bank vault, pending disposition of a court action by a group of rival divers.

As a result, Edmonds had only a handful of gold coins to photograph, and *Maclean's* wanted to shoot a whole barrelful. That's when he walked into a hardware store and bought the spray paint for $2.46.

And that's how *Maclean's* got its June 18, 1966, cover of the divers with a barrelful of gold coins. The real French treasure was there all right — but it was sprinkled lightly on top of a pile of brand-new Canadian nickels that Edmonds and photographer Bob Brooks had personally gilded the night before. That's show biz.

Edmonds' assignment for this issue: a wide-ranging examination of the quiet revolution in Canadian medicine, inquired just as much persistence and ingenuity. He spent six weeks talking to doctors across the country, plowed through some 300,000 words of background material and, by his own sober reckoning, amassed interview notes that, if transcribed, would run to 200,000 words. "I feel," he says, "like a one-man royal commission." The Edmonds Commission's main conclusions: (1) doctors are excessively reluctant to talk to outsiders about their problems, and (2) "someone somehow must find a way of imposing some uniform control over all our health services."


ALAN EDMONDS

For Edmonds, the medicine story was a fairly tame assignment. In 15 years of newspapering, notably for the London *Daily Express* and Toronto *Star*, he's been chased by hostile Alabama rednecks pelted with stones and beer cans by equally hostile Negroes in Harlem, dodged land mines in Cyprus, and covered two Berlin Wall crises, the OAS riots in Paris and the Indo-China border war. And last year, in the service of journalism and *Maclean's*, he flew to Mexico and obtained a quickie divorce from his wife Elizabeth. They're still happily married, of course, a Mexican divorce is legally worthless in Canada which is the point Edmonds wanted to make. Just the same, they're hoping to take a Mexican vacation later this year — and go through a Mexican re-marriage ceremony (also legally worthless) in the interests of domestic tidiness.

WE'RE ALREADY braced for a flood of readers' letters about Ian Adams's extraordinary piece on page 28, *The Affair*. Many of them we fully expect will be unfavorable and some of them will question our judgment in publishing such a searingly candid portrayal of an illicit love affair. Why did we run it? Simply because the office romance, like it or not, is becoming an increasingly common phenomenon, and because Adams's treatment of the subject is sensitive, sane and beautiful. The piece is *not* fictional; the three people whom Adams interviewed are real people living in a real Canadian city. For obvious reasons, names and locales have been disguised.

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"I talk Cree—am I less a Canadian?" / Charlie: a hero

* The Indian in me might say What are all these English and French doing in my land? They have imposed their laws on us But I know as Quebec fails to know that this is in many sharing world For 87 years I have wished it change and I am very happy to be Canadian Am I less a man because I talk Cree than my neighbor who talks French or English Dutch or German? I feel sorry for those people whose only horizon is Quebec
W ROBERTS BARRHEAD, ALTA

* A massively developed insight into the conflict between English and French Canada It only neglects to mention the fact that the French attitude toward English Canada is identical to the attitude which the author blames to be the intolerant, intelligent woman whose thinking processes are firmly rooted in the medieval world of the time of the morality plays. Heaven above hell below good is good and bad is bad. One either loves or hates Within this framework of thinking Canada is bound to be either lovable or hateful to Quebeckers depending on what they happen to be looking at It will be pinnically impossible for them to appreciate or even tolerate the unfamiliar
A A LOMAN CALGARY

* The more I think of the bilingualism preached by Mme Chaput Rolland and David Lewis (*We Are An Echo Of Worlington*), the more convinced I become that they are all wet Lewis says "Not only the fact but the value of bilingualism in Canada should be appreciated It is not a "fact" and I hope never will be here in the west There can be no real sentence between two ethnic groups where one is outnumbered two to one yet insists on being granted equal status. The best that can be expected is a reasonable amount of tolerance
G H CHAMBERS, LLOYDMINSTER SASK

* Does David Lewis, who has a mortal fear of the use of American capital in our economy, not realize it would be impossible for us ulons to provide the necessary equity to substantially expand our industries and increase our production? Does he not realize that Canadians are reluctant to provide the risk capital?
JOHN F SUMMERS PEMBROKE ONT

What 'crumbs'?

Carl Eriksson of North Burnaby BC writes to Mailbag "At a time when profits are at their peak should not those who produce it get a little more than the crumbs?" The fact Profits as a percentage of Gross National Product have been on the downward trend in the last 10 years or so For every dollar paid out in dividends 50 or more go into pay envelopes Since the new government Cost of Living Index was established in 1949 wages and the extra value of fringe benefits have gone up almost three times as much as the advances in prices —about 125 percent against around 45 percent
S J VANCE TORONTO

Why did Charlie die?

The Lonely Death Of Charlie Wenjack by Ian Adams, reads like a horror tale of the Dark Ages How many more crimes are to be perpetrated in 1967 against Indian people under the guise of Christianity and education?
MRS JOYCE STEWART CALGARY

* I'm angry and I pray that every woman who reads this story will be angry enough to want to ask What can I do? How can I help?
MRS F WYATT KINGSTON, ONT

Author Ian Adams replies "See below — Mrs Gallaghe has an answer

* As a family who have had six teenage Indian girls boarding in our home over the past three years I would urge people not to blame the powers that be — they face superhuman tasks Instead make room for one or two of these young people to board in your home for the school term Do not partake in this plan If you are a professional do goodie you would live within the first month and your patronizing attitude would just add one more person to that already long list These are frustrating problems but we would not trade this companionship, conversations Jamaikahln sense of humor and lasting friendships for anything —MRS L I GALLAGHER MOOSE JAW SASK

* Why did Charlie Wenjack die? He died because the social system under which we live cannot possibly allow the Indians (ethnic dispossessed Canadians an equal if even any chance in the good life as most of us know it He died because we the people don't really care that suffering, hunger misery or fear or anything as it is someone else's life died because we the fortunate people are so blinded by pride and a damnable lust for power that we dismiss him and those like him as inferiors and incompetents and then try to expunge our guilt by hypocritical charity — mostly grant that at least Charlie Wenjack died an Indian — not a slavish obsequious pandering "good Indian He ran away — the only thing he really did In my book Charlie Wenjack is a real Canadian hero a fitting hero for Canada's Centennial
ANN HENRY WINNIPEG

Insulting

Re *Ontarionlin, Canadian Of 1966* The members of Branch No 8 Canadian Polish Women's Federation were surprised to read the remark printed in the section *These Tim Were Uh Women* under the heading Ethnic Understanding Award "To Expo 67's publicity department some of whose members refer to a new sewage-treatment plant on the Expo site as the Polish pavilion This sort of attitude on the part of the officials of the Expo publicity department can promote only discomfort and ill feeling It is not seriously the remark is insulting if it was meant as a joke it was not amusing but insulting —MRS H W MIRAWICZKA, SECRETARY HITTAWA

Anthem? What anthem?

Re the Editorial *We've Got An Anthem Don't Make An Anthem* Bless your heart — in my completenut there is nice tune Let's keep the national anthem as it is The words are not important but oh! the music A big orchestra a large band drums rolling, trumpets blaring — what else could rouse a people to such patriotic heights!
MRS W A SIUSIPE WALKERTON ONT

* At last (I know our national anthem is still *God Save The Queen*) *O Canada* is just a patriotic song with a memorable tune.
MRS ETHEL STAL, AMELIASBURG ONT

The losers of Labrador

In Mailbag, the Reverend F W Peacock of the Mission in Labrador takes exception to Hal Tennant's attitude toward the Happy Valley people (*Are They Living To Throw This Tin a Dog?*) My years in Happy Valley lead me to agree fervently with Mr Peacock when he says there are no better people in Canada Yet Tennant showed remarkable restraint when he told of the living conditions of these Labrador people I wonder if Mr Peacock would suggest same reasons why so many splendid Labrador families of his town are living in substandard dwellings despite their eagerness to work and their good economy? Would he stand with me when I say that they are charged too much for essential building materials and food? Would he agree that they are overtaxed Would he support me when I say that the newcomers to Labrador in Wabush and Labrador City have schools and services which make those of the original Labrador people of Happy Valley look primitive by comparison? While Newfoundland propaganda tells the world of the industrial awakening in Labrador it is hardly right that the people who have settled this country and stayed with it during its lean years should have to depend on small-scale pollution to better their lot —RITA W C STUCKS FISHERVILLE, ONTARIO, MANITOULIN

Quebec first with "buffar"

Quebec gets an idea and Ontario puts it into practice The Bill 1 Watchdog Dr Hallowell Reports! says The school of a buffer matriculation-year college was first mooted two years ago by Ontario's Grade 13 Study Committee Animadversion the idea came out in the Quebec Parent Commission Report on Education in the fall of 1964 The report advocated the establishment of institutes a post high-school pre-university level of education of two years duration The level was intended to allow for a buffer period while at the same time give students the opportunity of choosing and preparing for professional training.
I I HASSOUN CALGARY ★



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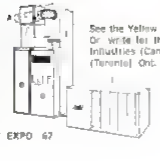


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Impasse—and a charge of blackmail

sponsible for getting the bill through the House and hands him a white packet. MacEachen opens it, takes out a pill and quickly swallows it.

That evening, during debate on three bills involving the boundaries of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, Gilles Grégoire (Ind., Lapointe — and leader of the Quebec separatist party, Rallentent National) gives the House a lesson in geography. Gordon Churchill (PC, Winnipeg South Centre) is not impressed. "If I buy a summer cottage on the shores of Hudson Bay at latitude 60 and present it to the honorable member, will he move there and live in it?" GRÉGOIRE: "Perhaps not."

LATER, CHURCHILL: "If the hon. member will not adhere to the rules of the House, he should be named." SOME HON. MEMBERS: "Oh, oh." (If the Speaker named or expelled every member who strayed from the subject at hand, not even Gordon Churchill would be left in the House.)

MUCH LATER: Would the hon. member permit a question? asks Churchill. GRÉGOIRE: "If it is an intelligent one, yes."

MUCH, MUCH LATER, THURSDAY: "If there is a vacancy in the Centennial program for a freeze, I think the hon. member should apply for it."

As Churchill sits down, I score it this way — cigarettes smoked during action: 15; newspapers read: two rounds to Grégoire, two rounds to Churchill; two final whispered words from Jim Stewart, a reporter with the Montreal *Star's* Ottawa bureau: "I'm not going to sit here and listen to this junk."

Grégoire vs the House

WEDNESDAY, 2:30 P.M.: Labor Minister John Nicholson suggests the House meet in special session the next morning to consider emergency legislation to end the costly British Columbia longshoremen's dispute. Independent member Gilles Grégoire moves to adjourn the House to discuss a matter of urgent public importance—clearing the St. Lawrence of ice to ensure winter shipping into the port of Montreal. He is ruled out of order.

Defense Minister Paul Hellyer takes 105 minutes of House time this afternoon reading a 65-page prepared text on armed forces unification. (Speech reading is verboten, but even influential MPs break the rule often and are rarely reprimanded for it.)

5:50 P.M.: House leader Mcllraith is in earnest conversation with Grégoire.

6 P.M.: Mcllraith asks for unanimous consent to hold the special session on the BC strike the next morning. Grégoire quickly refuses. "[St. Lawrence] ports must be kept open, otherwise my consent he says. (With still unanimous consent the government's strike-breaking bill will be delayed until Friday — the regulation 48 hours after notice is given.) One after another, Davie Fulton, Mcllraith, Michael Starr, Nicholson, Tommy Douglas and George Hees, urge Grégoire to reconsider his position. A Conservative shouts over to Mcllraith to get the minister of transport into the House to promise action to Grégoire.

MAURICE SAUVÉ (Ind., Sherbrooke): "One cannot heal one's wound by opening another; a deficiency is not corrected by extending a disaster."

GORDON CHURCHILL: "I have a special influence with [Grégoire] because we are such good friends and I appeal to him to give his consent."

Grégoire refuses. Mcllraith, his face flushed, accuses the Quebec member of blackmail and the Speaker calls it six o'clock, which means the House automatically adjourns until the following day — unless Grégoire changes his mind. Grégoire is on his feet appealing to the House. "A question of privilege." Mcllraith wants to hear what he has to say, but the rest of the members are too angry to let Grégoire continue. SPEAKER: "There is no consent." Grégoire shrugs and walks from the House. As the Speaker's procession files from the Commons, Dave Fulton, Commons Clerk Alistair Fraser and John Stewart (Antigonish-Guysborough) crowd around Mcllraith's desk trying to figure a way around the impasse.

Wednesday's score — members fallen from favor: one; strikes settled: none; reporters delighted: all those who wanted to work late that night, Christmas cards addressed: 428.

THURSDAY, 2:30 P.M.: Question time. The BC strike was settled just before the House met. So much for Grégoire.

Cape Breton coal miner member Donald Mcinnis asks about lay-offs in the Sydney steel industry, claiming the reason for the unemployment is to be found in the program of the minister of finance.

INDUSTRY MINISTER DRURY: "The assumptions made by the hon. member are completely unwarranted, false and unfounded." Mitchell Sharp is about to rise and defend himself when External Affairs Minister Paul Martin shakes his head. Sharp sits down. Mcllraith cautions Maclnnis: "You must obey the rules." Michael Starr gets after Mcllraith: "Why should he when you don't?" And the Speaker intervenes: "We must have order."

Faint hope: If as Transport Minister Pickersgill's duty for House duty and he sits and giggles and wiggles and cackles his way through the day and evening, interrupting other speakers 34 times in all (and generally earning good-humored confusion). He even manages to stop Diefenbaker eight times in 10 minutes. (At one point a member calls out that if Pickersgill continues interrupting, he should be handcuffed to the Speaker.)

4:1 P.M., DIEFENBAKER: "It is not for me to enter into anything of a controversial nature."

SOME HON. MEMBERS: "Oh, oh."

5 P.M.: Donald Maclnnis says that while he is required to accept what the minister of health was saying, he doesn't necessarily have to believe it. About six members shout "Shame." Maclnnis drops and surveys the Liberal ranks across the chamber. His eyes light on former Immigration Min-



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"Sit down, sit down," yelled the whip. The Liberals roared

ister René Tremblay who resigned after he was given a special deal on the purchase of some furniture. The former minister is saying shame," claims MacInnis (though Tremblay hasn't said a word. "When you consider why he is a former minister in this House I think he has a great deal of gall to say shame." Tremblay and another Liberal demand he withdraw his remark. He refuses.

5:05 P.M. The vote on motion is. "Call in the members," says the Speaker. Almost everyone in the House promptly gets up and leaves for a last smoke before returning to vote. The division bells ring as the whips hustle about rounding up stray members. In about 10 minutes the House is almost filled — 185 members are present and they hang their desks as the whips take their seats. First up is an opposition amendment calling for a start on medicare on July 1 1967 instead of 1968 as the government proposes. Members rise, in their places in order as the vote is recorded. Conservative support for the early-start amendment is to no avail — the government wins.

Then a second vote begins, this one on the main government bill including commencement in 1968. Four Conservatives leave the chamber apparently not wanting to turn around and vote for a bill that includes the later starting date. "Sit down, sit down," yells the Conservative whip Eric Winkler to the jeers of the Liberals who sit amused and unmoving in their places. All the Conservative rebels except Jack McIntosh (Swift Current-Maple Creek) keep going. Winkler's face reddens as the Liberals laugh and hang their desks. Medicare passes.

9 P.M. Stanley Knowles, the veteran New Democrat from Winnipeg North Centre, is attacking the low income-to-qualify provision in the old age pension increase as being a return to the means test.

"Mr. Speaker, may I ask the hon. member another question?" asks Pickersgill. KNOWLES: "I hope I get 50 minutes tonight to make up for all these interjections." PICKERSGILL: "I am sure the hon. gentleman would rather illuminate the House in 40 minutes than leave us in darkness for 50 minutes." KNOWLES: "Mr. Speaker, I am not responsible for the minister's state of darkness. Everyone likes that even Pickersgill." He giggles.

Thursday's scoreboard — parties embarrassed: one; bills passed: one. Pickersgillianisms: countless.

FRIDAY 11 A.M. Question time. Reid Scott (NDP, Danforth) is persisting in trying to make a speech about housing. Mr. Speaker is persisting in telling him to stop. Colin Cameron (NDP, Nanaimo-Cowichan-The Islands) finally turns to give Scott some whispered advice. But Scott's microphone is on, and when the loudspeakers boom forth: "Ask them [the government] when the hell they're going to get off their —" the House bursts into laughter. *Hansard* not willing to be party to an indelicacy, bowdlerizes the remark. Historical record will show that Cameron suggested: "Ask them if they will get off their rear ends."

The remainder of Friday drones on.

That afternoon I took refuge in the press gallery lounge. My mind swarmed with the interminable time wasting, the good fun and the bitterness, the legislation passed seemingly in spite of the members, the dullness of most days, until the rules made to be stretched if not broken. My own reflection after a week of playing camera: was to ask myself: Would watch such a generally rotten show on TV? But if anyone did, parliament could never be the same for once the public is allowed in to see what really goes on in the private club called parliament they'll never allow it to continue in its present form. ★



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HOW 48 CANS OF PUMPKIN STRENGTHENED OUR MARRIAGE



THERE'S A THEORY of marital felicity that goes something like this: the husband brings home the bacon and the wife cooks it. It has been updated from time to time, but the idea remains the same and it is a philosophy to which I heartily subscribe.

In fact, I have believed in it so wholeheartedly that I have been known to consider quitting my job just to cook bacon.

Now I'm not so certain that this is a good idea.

I'll tell you what has cast doubts around my household. My husband likes a bargain better than most men, so when he found a real Class A, ringer-dinger door buster special in canned pumpkin, he brought home 48 cans of the stuff.

That the grocer was decidedly grumpy about it and probably will never speak to him again didn't even seem to annoy him. Neither did he appear to object to my wifely tirade that his "economy" had completely wrecked our grocery budget.

I immediately set to work baking pumpkin pies and in almost no time I had used up one whole can. Then we grew tired of pumpkin pies.

Four of the bulky cans were fitted into our small cupboard and that left 43 cans to store. But by moving things around here and there we managed to get a case of them put away in the spare bedroom and I took six cans to store in my sewing cupboard.

That only left us with 13 cans and after four or five days of trying to figure out a good place to put them, we just shoved the box under the bed. At least it was out of the way while we studied the problem.

Since then we have used a couple more cans of pumpkin. I've made a passable pumpkin cake, some pumpkin cookies and I've sneaked a dollop of pumpkin into the mashed squash now and then.

I have discovered, by trial and error, that you can't put pumpkin into mashed potatoes, and I don't think it adds anything to most casserole dishes.

We'll probably get around to using it all in time. It has done one thing though. We are both quite sure it has cemented our marriage firmly. We believe it would be next to impossible for us to consider a divorce because it would be too hard for us to decide who'd get custody of the pumpkin. ALICE PHILLIPS

MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

APRIL 1967 VOLUME 80 NUMBER 4

Burke and Zolf: two new stings to the CBC's bow

IT'S A LITTLE after 5 p.m. in the Four Seasons bar just across the street from CBC headquarters in Toronto. The bar is a warm, dark and softly padded place. There are lots of those cozy, womb-like swivel chairs, without which no television personality feels really secure. This is the second home for the writers, producers, announcers and researchers who run CBC-TV's news and public-affairs departments. Here is where many of them come to plot coups, argue policies or nurse hangovers. Others come simply to unwind or wind up.

Stanley Burke, veteran journalist and chief announcer for the CBC *National News*, is winding up with a preliminary beer. He's only just got dressed and has a hard day's night ahead of him. At 7:30 he must give a still-unwritten speech to a journalism fraternity; by 9:30 he must be back in the newsroom and at 11 p.m. precisely he'll turn his creased, hand-some face towards a camera and say "Good Evening" to about two million Canadians.

Overflowing from another chair is Larry Zolf, compulsive gag-man and co-host of the CBC's prestige public affairs show *Sunday*. Zolf is sipping gin and recuperating from a packed week that involved a show in Vancouver, a flying visit to Winnipeg and a guest appearance on *Nightcap*. "Your face is beginning to look familiar," jokes a photographer. "Just remember to take my picture with a wide-angle lens," says Zolf.

Familiar faces are about the only things Burke and Zolf have in common. This season they both emerged as major television personalities. Fans now stop them in the street, bartenders are happy to cash their cheques and even in the talent-laden atmosphere of the Four Seasons colleagues gravitate towards their tables. Both men have arrived — but they came via opposite paths from totally different worlds. Their only common denominator is the CBC.

Burke is a suave, world-traveled, confident and serious-minded — the perfect picture of the well-bred WASP except for his religion. (He is nominally a Roman Catholic but "the last time I went to mass was when I was covering the Vatican Council.") Zolf, in contrast, is a lumbering gadfly who regards all Canada as a backside worthy of his sting. He is beer-like: insecure, a caricature of Jewishness and a sworn foe of all that is pompous and high-minded. "I prefer humor," he says, "even above sex." Their biographies read like textbook cases of social antithesis.

Burke, 44, born into an upper-crust Vancouver family, attended private schools, graduated in agriculture from UBC, served on small ships in the RCN during World War II and failed as a post-war turkey farmer ("Burke's Tender Turks") in Chilliwack, BC, then worked for a variety of western newspapers, joined the CBC as UN correspondent in 1958 and has been based mainly in Paris since 1962. Married, four children.

Zolf, 32, born into an immigrant family of Polish Jews in north Winnipeg ("I was the first Polish joke in the neighborhood"), influenced strongly by his late father (a great teacher, a devout socialist and a sentimental monarchist), an above-average student, his education culminated in an almost-MA in history from the University of Toronto (he passed his exams but his unfinished thesis on Ontario Premier Mitch Hepburn and the Hungry Thirties is still a standing joke). lived as an itinerant scholar, mainly off his wit and his wife, until he was discovered lurking in Yorkville by producer Douglas Leiterman. Married to an Anglo-Saxon, one child.

Neither Burke nor Zolf, of course, was a total stranger to the limelight before this season. Among other things, Burke was previously famous for (a) wearing sky-blue Bermuda shorts in the Ottawa press gallery, (b) inadvertently swearing on air in 1961 ("Christ Almighty") and (c) becoming extremely unpopular with the Cyprus government after some misunderstanding over purloined art treasures.

Zolf's highpoints include (a) a prize-winning documentary film on the Toronto newspaper strike, (b) getting whacked by Pierre Sevigny's cane and (c) being implicated in but somehow surviving last season's *Seven Days* debacle.

This season Zolf began as just one of three hosts on *Sunday*. Now he's the dominant force — and with good reason. It is mainly his deadpan put-downs and easy going interviews that have prevented *Sunday* from falling into the *Seven Days* trap of taking itself too seriously. When Zolf asks a bewildered London cockney why Lester Pearson wasn't *Time*'s Man of the Year, he seems to be single-handedly keeping alive the rumor that we *do* have a national sense of humor. There is no other genuine stand-up satirist on national television. It's a heavy burden for one man to carry — especially since he carries it mainly on his nose.

Burke's burden is more serious. As Earl Cameron's replacement, he's supposed to be the symbol of a new format designed to make TV news more lively, more immediate and more comprehensive. The format, however, is falling apart because of a running feud between unions in the newsroom. Burke is caught in the middle. Although he is one of the best newsmen in the business, union regulations forbid him writing or editing a single word of the copy he reads on the air.

"The original idea was to make me like the CBS's Walter Cronkite — both an editor and an announcer. The union squabble has wrecked that. I've had to hire a lawyer to figure out what my rights in the matter are."

Burke is confident the union situation will improve and with it his reading ability. These days he rarely gets through a newscast without saying something like "the Queen of the Netherlands" or "death or more serious injury." He makes these slips, he says, because he can't edit his copy. In spite of the gaffes, his fan mail is improving. Women like him. He has that lovely debauched look," says one admirer.

Zolf, who dismisses the newsroom as "the shrine of the voodoo cult," also gets the odd fan letter. "I had one just the other day from an old Winnipeg friend. He called me a Jewish Uncle Tom." Success and expense-account living are beginning to get to Zolf. He still lives in a rented house in a near-slum but he loves taking planes, rides everywhere in taxis and always stays in the best hotels.

Friends have long assured him that he's capable of hosting an hour-long interview show of his own — and he is at last beginning to believe them. His barrages of gags no longer seem to be merely defense mechanisms. Television has made him less vulnerable, although he still likes people to like him.

"I used to be out to get people before they got me. I've grown up a lot. My paranoia these days is to keep people laughing. All my best friends are laughers. Anyone without a sense of humor is a maniac by definition. Perhaps it's a Jewish occupation: the desire to laugh in a tragic world."

It's now 7 p.m. in the Four Seasons. Plots are thickening, policies are withering, hangovers are forgotten. Burke is nicely wound up and worrying about his impending speech. Zolf is fully unwound and talking... talking... talking.

He just got an idea for a new TV quiz show starring Burke, Pierre Berton, Patrick Watson and Elwood Glover. "The panel will be shown pictures of famous people minus their noses. They have to guess who the people are. The show will be called *Pick Your Nose*."

DOUGLAS MARSHALL

Caught by Zolf (closest to the camera) and near-WASP Stanley Burke: "Use a wide-angle lens," said Zolf. So the photographer did.



The dirtiest eleven-letter word around?

It's called belly button, and two flacks are pushing it for all they can get

QUESTION: What sells a new book faster than an illegal sprinkling of four-letter words?

ANSWER: Tim Gunning's promotion of one *eleven* letter word: belly button.

The word appears in the title of what seems likely to rank as the most-talked-about book of the spring publishing season in Canada, *Navel Show*



Me Your Belly Button by Ken Borden and Reuben Schafer (Webster shows it as one word The authors choose to hyphenate It.)

Basically, *Belly-Button* is a non book built out of what the publishing world by now considers a hackneyed non idea about 65 photographs of famous people (in this case mostly Canadians) accompanied by irreverent gag captions (Sample Prime Minister Pearson pursing his lips over a glass of water during a speech with a caption reading "Now that's what I call good booze!")

The fad began a decade or more ago with a non-book of animal pictures and office clichés called *White Collar Zoo* which now authors have aped ever since But a couple of things set *Belly-Button* apart from others of its genre. One is the way Borden and Schafer have made a big naughty thing out of that title (It's based on a photo inside showing Mike Pearson staring at U Thant, whose tongue is stuck out The caption has Pearson saying "That's a lovely tongue—now show me your belly-button")

According to the authors, that one word, belly-button, has just been horrifying people right and left They insist the first adverse reaction to it came from publisher Jack McClelland, who turned the book down (McClelland says he did so only because it seemed like an unimaginative execution of a good American idea')

Next, they say, the word shocked the printer they engaged after deciding to publish the book themselves (Their story is that he made it a condition of the contract that his name not be associated with that naughty, naughty word)

Next (they go on) they got a similar reaction from the executive members of the Harold King Foundation, which runs a halfway house for exconvicts The foundation is a favorite charity of Bordeu's and is being cut in for 25 percent of the book's royalties. But (the two authors like to relate) the executive board demanded removal of a back-cover blurb containing a plug for the foundation The board thought it was just too much (the authors say) to have a serious social work besmirched by a belly button

More resistance to *that word* occurred (the authors insist) when they held a press conference in the Royal York Hotel in Toronto the hotel management primly omitted the book title from the lobby bulletin board, listing the conference only under the authors names (Another hotel might have disappointed them badly by allowing their *Belly-Button* signs to be plastered all over its lobby)

By this stage Ken Borden was managing to sound almost martyred about his supposedly *verboten* title word "I think it's a *pretty* word," he said And well he might. *Now Show Me Your Belly Button* enjoyed an instant sell-out of its first printing of 35,000 — seven times the number needed to qualify it as a Canadian best-seller— and stood a good chance of selling its second printing of 25 000 copies.

Oh yes there's a second point that sets *Belly Button* apart from other such works it happens to be a very funny book Funny enough, perhaps, to sell well even without flim flam or flackery SHEILA KIERAN

Television

Watch daytime TV and be a geriatric PhD

A generation of old-age pensioners are learning all about tetrahedrons

MARSHALL MCLUHAN keeps talking about how today's children are the first electronic generation, but he's going at the whole thing from the wrong end The impression I get from daytime television is that we must be raising the best-educated best informed generation of old age pensioners in history While the kids are dropping out the old people are dropping in far from being a wasteland, daytime television is a smorgasbord of educational experiences, at levels from pre-kindergarten through university

But our society is so work-oriented that the only people who can sit down and watch daytime television without guilt are pre school children and people who have retired after a lifetime of honest toil And as anything beyond the level of commercials and *Mr Dress Up* is over the heads of the little children that leaves retired people, and people who work odd shifts all of whom must be getting smarter day by day

If they get up early enough they can get drilish college lectures on subjects like the ancient world, French pronouns or urban planning (Where we live the American *Sunrise Semester* comes on at 6 30 a m and CTV's *University Of The Air* at 7 a m) But they don't need to be so ambitious School broadcasts are more fun and one-time dropouts from high-school French may actually get a choice on one morning between a man explaining the geography of the Great Lakes en *français*, or the story of the boy who cried 'Wolf!' (*"Le Loup! Le loup!"*) Well they can at least figure out what it's *about* and if they pay close attention to the CBC's *Chez Hélène* they may actually understand the words, which is more than can be said for the small children at whom this show is aimed

One day there's a chance to see *Julius Caesar* done by live actors on other day, a nostalgic old National Film Board movie about life in the 1920s and 1930s with The Dumbells Mackenzie King as a young man, the Dionne quintuplets

One thing that keeps all those rusty-minded housewives from watching these programs is housework — it's pretty hard to grasp what a tetrahedron is unless you sit down and keep your eye on the set *But* if the housewives are home in the afternoon they can join the retired people for *Take Thirty* which is relentlessly educational, on topics ranging from cooking through politics architecture, university life and the new theology

Of course, there's still enough mindless commercial television to keep us from becoming a nation of geriatric PhDs *But* even bad television opens new windows on the world

There are even people for whom old *Ben Casey Dick Van Dyke*, and *I Love Lucy* shows are educational — in showing (though in a distorted way) how the middle class lives and thinks These people aren't necessarily old but they are poor and when they're unemployed they have a lot of time to watch television Sociologists say that television is a major factor in the "revolution of rising expectations" which has taken place in recent years among the North American poor On CBS's recent news special *The Tenement* there was a television set in even the poorest homes and it seemed to be going all day long One of the Negro women in the tenement remarked that "It's a wonderful world I see on television, but it sure isn't the world I'm living in" *The Tenement* wasn't shown in the daytime, though — it came on at 10 p m Daytime television sticks to educational programs, fun programs and "real-life" dramas about people who are unhappy in clean and decent surroundings JOCELYN DINGMAN



Books

Three jungles: Georgia, Bay Street, Vietnam

Guide-books for laymen lost in the verbiage of dollars, rights and sense

PAUL OURST'S *Backlash* (Longmans Canada, $3 95) is concerned with race prejudice in the Deep South Most such novels are straightforward indictments of bigotry and cruelty, surprising only in the shamefulness they reveal But in *Backlash* the story twists and turns so ingeniously that the reader is kept pretty constantly in suspense

A white woman civil rights worker from the North, and some of the white and colored children she is driving in her station wagon, are blasted to death with a shotgun by the sheriff of a county in darkest Georgia The crime shocks the nation, and indeed the world, but it soon becomes obvious that the sheriff is most unlikely to be convicted And at this point a truly extraordinary figure appears

He is Michael Carmichael, a young American oil millionaire who believes it's his duty to right as many as possible of the wrongs that come to his attention When he learns of the murders and the probable immunity of the killer he ends his pretty secretary are on holiday in Ireland. But as a self-appointed avenger he feels called to Georgia, and off he goes taking the girl with him When he gets there he suspects that even more than the known number of murders were committed, and begins an investigation.

How he conducts it, and where it leads him are the main themes of the story and the chief forces in its mounting tension Not everything he does is entirely believable, and his messianic motivation isn't believable at all *Backlash* is overwritten and there are passages so melodramatic that they wouldn't be out of place in *East Lynne* But the book is at once too interesting and too unusual for its flaws to matter much, and it's well worth reading

Another book which is well worth reading in spite of its flaws is *The Stock Promotion Business* by Ivan Shaffer (McClelland and Stewart, $5 00 cloth $2 50 paper) It blows a loud and occasionally raucous whistle on Canadian mining deals and the people behind them Since I know absolutely nothing about the subject, I'm in no position to evaluate the charges Shaffer makes but according to his publishers, he was once an insider in this financial underworld "For a number of years," they say, 'Shaffer was a public-relations consultant to many of the major stock promoters in Canada He was privy to numerous large-scale mining stock deals He was appalled by what he saw and decided to do something about it"

Well, *I* am appalled by what he saw as he reports it in this book and I think you will be too Compared to most of the operators he mentions, under fictitious names disguising what he insists are real persons, a burglar is a respectworthy and responsible craftsman They practise so many kinds of fraud that I haven't nearly enough space to list them here, and although there is traditionally honor among thieves there doesn't seem to be any honor among *these* wretched fellows. I'm sure there must be admirable exceptions to the apparently general rule but the impression I get from *The Stock Promotion Business* is that the would-be investor had better not count on finding them.

The situation in Vietnam today isn't easy to understand — not simply because of the so-called "credibility gap" which makes it hard to figure out what is actually happening but also and principally because of the social economic political and logistic complexities involved. That's why *Hell In A Very Small Place* by Bernard B. Fall (McClelland and Stewart $10.95) is so useful a guide to this baffling situation even though it has to do with the siege of Dienbienphu in 1954 That was when the Viet-Minh the North Vietnamese Communists whom the Americans are now fighting, overcame the French and thus caused them to withdraw from Indochina altogether

The significance of the capitulation at Dienbienphu is explained by Fall in these words 'They (the Viet-Minh) came away as the only guerrilla force to have defeated a major power on the battlefield That victory persuaded them later that similar tactics could win out even against the United States. The present 'Second Indochina War is the result of the catastrophic defeat of the French at that last colonial bastion, and of the resulting apparent miscalculation of America's ability to see such a war through "

Bernard Fall, born in France in 1926 was in the French underground forces from 1942 until the liberation, and served in the French Army until 1946 His service to his country won him the admiration of several of its highest officials who later gave him alone among writers, access to top-secret military files documenting the French failure step by step His book has therefore literally unique authority, which in itself would be enough to commend it. But Professor Fall gained further authority by going to Indochina when the French were still fighting there, and again, years later, when the Americans had moved in And this combination of privileged access and first hand experience makes him better qualified than anyone else to record that disaster of the past and to relate it to the present struggle Ultimately Fall's personal involvement in Vietnam cost him his life. He was killed by a land mine in late February while on patrol with U S Marines

A final excellence of *Hell In A Very Small Place* is that despite its scholarly thoroughness and detachment, it is almost compulsively readable and can be enjoyed simply for its own sake as a vivid narrative JAMES BANNERMAN



Ivan Shaffer: a hot report from the TSE boiler room

The Contest

CONTEST NO 15

Not for beginners. Two imaginative American poet-professors have invented a new light verse form called the double dactyl (a dactyl goes dum dee-dee) The rules, set out in their book *Jiggery-Pokery* (McClelland and Stewart, $4 75), are pretty complicated All poems must begin with a double-dactyl nonsense line (Higgledy piggledy) The second line must be a famous name or combination of names that is also a double dactyl Somewhere in the two-stanza poem there must be a one-word double-dactyl line Finally the poem should be funny Here's an example

Higgledy-piggledy
Benjamin Harrison
Twenty-third President
Was, and as such

Served between Clevelands and
Save for this trivial
Idiosyncrasy
Didn't do much

Got it? Good Just to help you here are a few double-dactyl names Margaret and Athony, David and Jonathon Churchill and Chamberlain Vladimir Nabokov Laurier LaPierre, Jolly Jack Pickersgill, Senator Kennedy Marquis of Queensbury and weakly, Sir John A. Macdonald Entries must reach the Yellow Pages Contest, *Maclean's Magazine* 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, by April 28

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO 13

Readers were asked to write a passage from a Canadian politician's speech that contained as many clichés as possible. Most contestants had an ax to grind, so they let their hair down and went to work with a will on the poor politicians. The commonest cliché changing horses in mid-stream One reader however thought it only fair to note that politicians don't have a monopoly on clichés He was a clergyman Prizes of $20 to each of the following

✔ My Fellow Canadians The crux of the matter is we must decide whether to change horses in mid-stream or stick with the ship through thick or thin. In these perilous times politics make strange bedfellows *Birds of a feather do not steer a straight course but look for a loophole to stab us in the back* Believe it or not the best laid plans of our enemies are doomed to disappointment. At the psychological moment I'll throw down the gauntlet. With breakneck speed I'll lead you out of the wilderness into the promised land despite Camp followers who pursue us

MRS JULIA OLDRIDGE LONDON, ONT

✔ All right-minded citizens view with alarm the dark future before us unless we stamp out the Communist inspired doctrines being foisted on an unsuspecting public. The grass roots have lost their cool, are getting high, are turned on On the very eve of our great Centennial celebration we fly in the face of our noblest traditions There is still time to change horses in mid-stream get off pat- stand up and be counted From mod to teeny bopper all and sundry must see the error of our ways know in our heart of hearts that the medium is not the message. Let Canada march from dire straits into a bright future, head high, knowing she will get her just desserts

MRS. CARROLL DAVIS, TORONTO

Will Monique Leyrac please come back...

We love you The point is, in singing showbiz, Monique is simply unique

ALL THAT A French-Canadian entertainer has to do to conquer Toronto is conquer the world first Take the case of Montreal singer Monique Leyrac, an exciting second Edith Piaf born to the backwoods of Quebec In recent years she has won two international song festivals and dazzled critics from Moscow to New York But when she flew to Toronto last February to publicize her first concert in English Canada the city had never heard of her When she left, however, the city was at her feet

No wonder On stage Monique looked a stunning 25 although she is actually close to 40 Dressed in a burgundy gown that slithered on the hips from low-cut bosom to her toes, she radiated the sort of sex appeal that arouses envy in Anglo-Saxon females and immoral longings in males of any race And when she sang Gilles Vigneault's haunting *Mon Pays* ("My country is winter it is the sweet marriage of wind and snow) shivers of empathy ran down even the most



Monique Leyrac: she came, she sang, she vanquished

English of spines in the audience

Most remarkable of all, Monique's formal training as a singer consists of one year's breathing lessons The rest of her dramatic impact is the product of long unrewarding years as an actress (she was a CBC radio performer at 13) a cabaret artist and a coffee house chanteuse

Her conquest of English Canada began with a continuous round of newspaper interviews and TV appearances, winding up with a wildly incongruous press conference in the Quebec Room of Toronto's Royal York hotel The room itself was more Maria Chapdelaine than Quiet Revolution (the only flag visible was a Union Jack) And the guest list — Expo officials, French-speaking MPPs, the Toronto press corps and a priest — indicated a certain basic confusion on the part of the organizers *But* Monique, bilingual and enchanting put everyone at ease.

The publicity drive did its job Ticket sales jumped in three days from eight percent to 56 percent. On the night of the concert 85 percent of the seats were filled and by the end of the show. the audience was on its feet shouting "*Bravo*" and "Encore"

The English-language numbers were polished but superficial Monique speaks the language well but hasn't yet grasped the English mentality — if there is such an animal In French however, everything was there — shrewdness and innocence, honesty and warmth Her theme song might be *Tout mais pas ça* ("I'll give you everything, but not that') It had an emotional universality that makes nonsense of Canada's cultural barriers

"The more I travel, the more separatism seems a small problem" says Monique "Famine and wars, these are the things that change the world Not separatism in Quebec My province is too much closed in on itself

Monique's traveling may take her to New York in the next few months She's considering a part in a Broadway musical but I will not play the French girl With Toronto now her slave, a trip to other parts of English Canada is being organized "Actually," says Monique "I'm just an actress who learned to sing. Everything but that PENNY WILLIAMS

CHECKLISTINGS

A critical glance at the things Canadians will watch, read, listen to and talk about this month

PLACES

✔ **La Ronde Chalet au Lacombe**, 101st St and Bellamy Hill Edmonton Alta. The world's largest revolving restaurant allows guests to eat into the pride of Alberta roast beef extra-cut and sip a liqueur and coffee overlooking the North Saskatchewan River Valley. La Ronde is the crowning touch for Canadian Pacific's newest hotel. Named after Father Albert Lacombe (1827-1916) the Oblate priest who assured the Blackfoot Indians, in the latter part of the 19th century they would be compensated for their land if they allowed Canadian Pacific to lay its tracks across their reserve.

PEOPLE

✔ **Lili St. Cyr** now 50, America's most tantalizing cultural export has come out of retirement to arouse the interest of Montreal morality police. A couple of days after she opened in the Champs Sho-Bar as sultry and daring as ever and no less beautiful, morality cops arrived and silently studied her act. After Lili unclad herself of a mini-mink costume and stepped into the nothingness of her bathtub police cried shame and pinched her on an indecency charge. Lili spent the night in jail, pleaded not guilty the next day and was let out on $100 bond. But the case has greater implications. It is regarded as a test of decency — or indecency — standards that will prevail in Montreal cabarets during Expo.

✔ **Salamon Pritchard** 105-year old Metis of Cando Sask. who during special Centennial events this year will recall his part in the Riel Rebellion. Sam Pritchard's father was an interpreter at Frog Lake when word of the rebellion broke out in 1885. In a short time all but one of the tiny settlement's whites were murdered by a band of Cree led by young Wandering Spirit. The Pritchards were held captive for several months until government forces caught up to the tribe. Today the only remaining survivor of the Frog Lake Massacre is still active can read and write in English French and Cree and watches over his 127 great-grandchildren and 49 great-great-grandchildren.

Salaman Pritchard: "I'm more worries about the Riel Rebellion"



BOOKS

✔ **Fresh From The Laundry**, by Ilka Chase (Doubleday $5.95) is an engagingly brash account of her recent travels through the Balkans with her husband. Although she is naturally well aware of the Iron Curtain she hasn't let it blind her.

✔ **Julian Symons** doesn't seem to have done his homework very thoroughly for his recent book, **Crime And Detection** (General $11.00). But while it's rather superficial and loosely organized it is nevertheless an absorbing anthology of famous crimes committed since the establishment of the first police forces in the early 19th century. There are hundreds of striking contemporary illustrations.

✔ So much has been written about the Mayerling Affair — the tragic love story of Rudolph of Hapsburg and his mistress Maria Vaisera, that one wouldn't have thought a fresh approach possible. But in **The Archduke** (Doubleday $5.95), Michael Arnold has taken just such an approach by putting himself in the place of Rudolph and recording the whole affair in an imaginary diary. It could hardly be more fascinating.

✔ **Isaac Deutscher** once a Communist but expelled from the party in 1932, has since been one of Communism's most penetrating critics. His **Ironies Of History** (Oxford University Press $6.50) a collection of essays on contemporary Communism not only deserves close study but makes that study both attractive and easy.

RECORDS

✔ **Flatt And Scruggs: Town And Country**. The two top hillbilly exponents offer a bluegrass tour of American cities in their latest record. The result is an idealized folksong breathed into the asphalt arteries of Detroit, Seattle, Houston, Memphis, Kansas City and other place-name songs. Despite the obvious chauvinism and platitudinous lyrics the wonders of Scruggs' five-string banjo make this a valuable record. (Columbia CS 9243)

✔ **The Oboe**: German technology has once again rescued Italian hopes with this exciting collection of concertos for oboe and orchestra. Four Italian composers of the 18th and early 19th centuries — Cimarosa, Salieri, Donizetti and Bellini — provide showpieces for oboist Heinz Holliger and the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra conducted by Peter Maag. All four composers have a musical dilemma in common: can a composer of opera ever forget the human voice when writing for orchestra? Holliger helps resolve the dilemma by emphatic, incisive playing that gives his instrument quasi-human expression. (DGG 139 162)

✔ **Antonio Vivaldi**: Fascinating is a new album of rare cantatas, sonatas and a sinfonia from the pinkest years of "The Red Priest" (Vivaldi's contemporaries knew him as *Il Prete Rosso*). A light and supple baritone Laerte Malaguti delights in the flowery *Cessate Oriam* (literally, "Stop already") an excellent example of the secular cantata that had overweening influence on Bach cantatas and Mozart operas. A French recording garnered by Nonesuch with adequate sound for a careful Swiss orchestra. (Nonesuch H-1988)

TELEVISION

✔ **The Robot**. Only this biblical classic starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature and Michael Rennie could elicit a promise of only one commercial in the whole two-and-one-half hour period — and pre-empt *The Monkees* (CTV, Sun., Mar. 26, 7 p.m. EST).

✔ **Through The Eyes Of Tomorrow**: A visit to The Afterthought, a psyche delic club in Vancouver, and a discussion on LSD with Dr. Richard Alpert, Dr. Adam Roseuball and Dr. Abram Hoffer (CBC, Sun., Apr. 2, 4:30 p.m. EST).

✔ **Festival**. *Cathy Come Home*, a controversial BBC TV drama documentary on the housing crisis in Britain (CBC, Wed., Apr. 5, 9:30 p.m. EST).

✔ **Telescope '67**. McLuhan is The Message or The Massage depending on which of Marshall McLuhan's books you read. A profile of the most famous communicator of them all (CBC, Thurs., Apr. 6, 9 p.m. EST).

✔ **Vimy Ridge Special Commemoration** of World War I battle 50 years ago. Satellite transmission beaming some sequences from France (CBC, Sun., Apr. 9, 2:30 p.m. EST).

✔ **The Academy Awards**. Hollywood's yearly gala extravaganza of all the stars (CBC, Mon., Apr. 10, 10 p.m. EST).

✔ **Music Canada**: *Rose Latulippe*, ballet based on a French Canadian legend and danced by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Commissioned by the Centennial Commission, it is written, composed, choreographed and performed by an all-Canadian cast. (CBC, Wed., Apr. 12, 9:30 p.m. EST).

✔ **W5**. Two part show with Lorrie LaPierre and Patrick Watson presenting "a very prejudiced program" of interviews with the people of Canada. (CTV, Sun., Apr. 16 and 23, 10 p.m. EST).

✔ **Take Thirty**. Paul Soles and Adrienne Clarkson report from Expo 67, Montreal on the brink of the official opening. (CBC, Mon.-Thurs., Apr. 24-27, 3 p.m. EST).



Rose Latulippe: 18th-century fable of love triumphant.

MOVIES

✔ **Grand Prix** is the sort of movie for which projectionists should earn hazardous-duty pay. Trees, people, brick walls sweep toward the Formula One mounted Cinerama lens at 180 miles an hour, causing car sickness. Gears clash horribly, engines howl like banshees and automotive monsters meet like Godzilla and The Robot, causing ear ache. How distressing! How depressing! How super marvelous!

✔ **Blow-Up**: Michelangelo Antonioni's pensive, mannered and occasionally puzzling essay on alienation in London's mod, mod world. David Hemmings plays a fashion photographer who unexpectedly witnesses a murder and Vanessa Redgrave is the girl who tries to seduce him into turning over the incriminating negatives. Haunting photography, a poetic look at London and lots of fetching young flesh. But if you prefer your movies to have an ending, happy or otherwise, better see a Doris Day instead.

✔ **Funeral In Berlin**: Russian spies, French spies, neo-Nazi spies, ex-Nazi spies and — when all of them all — cool raffish Michael Caine as a British secret agent in the cold war's espionage capital. The plot is intricate, plausible and surprising, and Berlin's schizoid cityscape provides a contrasting backdrop of glitter and gloom. Highly recommended.

Michael Caine: good guy goes good in Berlin





The Ecuadorians told me it wasn't a real bullfight. But they forgot to tell the bull.

1 "Don't ever mess with a bull that doesn't know the rules," writes Presley Norton, a friend of Canadian Club. "This was not a Hemingway type *corrida*—just an annual ranch fiesta affair in a courtyard where the *toros* had blunt horns. And besides, the beasts usually acted bored — as so my friends told me.

2 "To that blanket on the bull's back were fastened fruit, vegetables and money which local dignitaries tried to snatch without getting trampled or tossed. Not I, senor — I wanted to play Matador!"





3 "I waved a red cloth at a young bull who charged it with vigor. I awarded myself *olé's* for graceful cape work the first two times. But then he charged me, not the cloth. I was lucky to get off with just torn pants!

4 That's when I retired as a *torero* and went off with my friends to a local cantina for a drink of their favourite whisky and mine — Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? Because, as other whisky is so light and smooth and yet so satisfying. And as other whisky tastes quite like it. You may stay with it all evening long — in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club — the world's lightest whisky — tonight.

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